LETTERS,

BY

SEVERAL EMINENT PERSONS DECEASED.

INCLUDING

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF

JOHN HUGHES, ESQ.

(AUTHOR OF THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS)

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS,

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS;

WITH

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL.

VOLUME II.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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ERRATA.

Page 68, note *, read "countefs 'of' Shelburne"
— ib. —— †, for "cxxiv" read "cxiv"
— 75, l. 2, for "Herford's" read "Hertford's"
— 76, note *, for "1758" read "1757"
— 242, note *, for "David" read "Daniel"
— 293, note †, for "Wincheſter" read "Saliſbury"
— 320, l. 2, for "non ad" read "ad non"

☞ In the preface to vol. i, p. viii, l. 13, for "tranſient" read "this tranſient"

LETTERS, &c.

LETTER *LXXXV.

Mr. POPE to the Rev. Mr. BERKELEY*.

DEAR SIR, Sunday.

MY lord biſhop † was very much concerned at miſſing you yeſterday: he deſired me to en-

* Afterwards the juſtly celebrated biſhop of Cloyne. This letter, though without a date, muſt have been written in the year 1713, when the author, by the means of Swift, firſt became acquainted with Mr. Berkeley, who was then in England, in his way to Italy, as chaplain to the earl of Peterborough, ambaſſador to Sicily and the Italian ſtates. His letters to Pope from Leghorn and Naples (ſee that poet's "works," 12°. vol. viii, pp. 264, 277, and 289.) make us regret that there are only three of them. During his abſence, Trinity-college, Dublin, of which he was then

gage you and myſelf to dine with him this day; but I was unluckily pre-engaged. And (upon my telling him I ſhould carry you out of

one of the ſenior fellows, created him, in 1717, D. D. by diploma. Dr. Berkeley returned to Ireland in 1718, and in 1724 was advanced to the deanery of Derry, where he was no ſooner ſettled, than he formed a plan for the promotion of religion and learning in America, by eſtabliſhing a college in the iſlands of Bermuda. With this benevolent and truly chriſtian view, having obtained a royal charter, the dean ſet ſail for Rhode-iſland in September, 1728. But not finding himſelf ſupported, in this laudable deſign, by thoſe who alone could render it effectual, he returned to England in 1731, and in 1733 was promoted to the biſhopric of Cloyne. His lordſhip died at Oxford, in the 73d year of his age, on January 14, 1753, (having ſettled there a few months before, to ſuperintend the education of his ſon) and was interred in Chriſt-church cathedral, where an elegant monument is erected to his memory, with as elegant an epitaph by Dr. Markham, now biſhop of Cheſter.

To Cato Virgil paid one honeſt line.
Pope never wrote a truer than that which does juſtice to Berkeley.

† Atterbury, who, having heard much of Mr. Berkeley, wiſhed to ſee him. Accordingly he was one day introduced to the biſhop by the earl of Berkeley. After ſome time, Mr. B. quitted the room: on which lord B. ſaid to the biſhop, "Does "my couſin anſwer your lordſhip's expectations?" The biſhop, lifting

town to-morrow, and hoped to keep you till the end of the week) he has desired that we will not fail to dine with him the next Sunday, when he will have no other company.

I write you this to intreat you will provide yourself of linen and other necessaries sufficient for the week; for, as I take you to be almost the only friend I have, that is above the little vanities of the town, I expect you may be able to renounce it for one week, and to make trial how you like my Tusculum, because I assure you it is no less yours, and hope you will use it as your own country villa, the ensuing season.

I am faithfully yours,

A. POPE.

lifting up his hands in astonishment, replied, "So much under-"standing, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such "humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but "angels, 'till I saw this gentleman."

LETTER *LXXXVI.

Rev. Dr. SWIFT* to the Rev. Mr. WALLIS †.

SIR, Dublin, May 13, 1721.

I HAD your letter, and the copy of the biſhop's ‡ circular incloſed, for which I thank you; and yet I will not pretend to know any thing of it, and hope you have not told any

* Dean of St. Patrick's, &c.

† Son of the dean of Derry, and rector of Athboy in the county of Meath. He died in 1746.

‡ Dr. Evans, tranſlated from the ſee of Bangor to that of Meath in 1715. In this dioceſe was the vicarage of Laracor, which Swift held with his deanery. Some diſſentions having ariſen between biſhop Evans and his clergy, Swift took part with the latter. At the firſt viſitation which he attended, hearing his dioceſan very ſevere in his animadverſions on a poor curate, for a matter of little or no importance, the dean ſtood up, and told his lordſhip, that "having once been witneſs of ſuch improper un-"epiſcopal behaviour, he would never be witneſs of it again, and "therefore gave his lordſhip notice, that if he had any fault to "find with him, he muſt find it then, as he was determined not "to attend any other viſitation."

body

body what you did. I ſhould be glad enough to be at the viſitation, not out of any love to the buſineſs, or the perſon, but to do my part in preventing any miſchief. But in truth my health will not ſuffer it; and you, who are to be my proxy, may ſafely give it upon your veracity. I am confident the biſhop would not be diſſatisfied with wanting my company, and yet he may give himſelf airs when he finds I am not there *. I now employ myſelf in getting you a companion to cure your ſpleen.

I am your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

J. S.

* By a warm expoſtulatory letter from Swift to this Cambro-Hibernian prelate, dated July 5, 1721, (ſee "Swift's works," vol. xviii, p. 141) it appears that his lordſhip "did give himſelf airs," by refuſing to admit this proxy at the viſitation, though he atteſted the dean's want of health, &c. he being then tormented with an ague. "At the ſame time," (Swift proceeds) "I muſt be plain "to tell you, that if this accident had not happened, I ſhould "have uſed all endeavours to avoid your viſitation, upon the "public promiſe I made you three years ago, and the motives "which occaſioned it; becauſe I was unwilling to hear any more "very injurious treatment and appellations given to my brethren "or myſelf, and, by the grace of God, I am ſtill determined to "abſent myſelf on the like occaſions, as far as I can poſſibly be "diſpenſed with by any law, while your lordſhip is in that dioceſe, "and I a member of it,"

LETTER

LETTER *LXXXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WALLIS.

SIR, Dublin, Nov. 3, 1722.

YOU ſtole in and out of town without ſeeing either the ladies * *or* † me, which was very ungratefully done, conſidering the obligations you have to us, for lodging and dieting with you ſo long. Why did you not call in a morning at the deanery? Beſides, we reckoned for certain that you came to ſtay a month or two, as you told us you intended. I hear you were ſo kind as to be at Laracor ‡, where I

* Mrs. Johnſon (or Stella) and Mrs. Dingley. Theſe ladies went to Ireland, by Swift's invitation, in 1701. The former was his concealed but undoubted wife, being married to him in the year 1710, by Dr. Aſhe, biſhop of Clogher, who had been his tutor. She died January 27, 1727-8, aged 44, "abſo-"lutely deſtroyed," as lord Orrery ſays, "by the peculiarity of "her fate."

† "And" in the original, no doubt by miſtake.

‡ The dean's vicarage-houſe there, where he intended to make ſeveral improvements, is now totally ruined, though one of his biogra-

hope you planted ſomething; and I intend to be down after Chriſtmas, *where** you muſt continue a week. As for your plan, it is very pretty, too pretty for the uſe I intend to make of Laracor. All I would deſire is, what I mention in the paper I left you, except a walk down to the canal. I ſuppoſe your project would coſt me ten pounds and a conſtant gardener. Pray come to town and ſtay ſome time, and repay yourſelf ſome of your dinners. I wonder how a miſchief you came to miſs us. Why did you not ſet out a Monday, like a true country parſon? Beſide, you lay a load on us, in ſaying one chief end of your journey was to ſee us; but I ſuppoſe there might be another motive, and you are like the man that died of love and the cholic. Let us know whether you are more or leſs monkiſh, how long you found yourſelf better by our company, and how long before you recovered the charges we put you to.

biographers ſays, "he left it a convenient and agreeable retreat "to his ſucceſſor, at a conſiderable expence."

* The dean, it may be ſuppoſed, rather meant "when."

The

The ladies assure you of their hearty services, and I am, with great truth and sincerity,

Your most faithful humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

LETTER *LXXXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WALLIS.

SIR, Dublin, February 12, 1722-3.

I WOULD have been at Laracor and Athboy* before now, if an ugly depending chapter-business † had not tied me here. There is a lay difficulty that concerns the government, the archbishop ‡, the chapter, the dean §, Dr.

* Mr. Wallis's living, near Laracor.

† Probably the disposal of the curacy of St. Bridget's, Dublin, in which the dean espoused the interest of Mr. Robert Grattan.

‡ Dr. King, then archbishop of Dublin.

§ Dr. Swift himself.

Howard,

Howard *, and Robin Grattan †, and I know not whether it will be determined in a month. All my deſign is to do a job for Robin Grattan, but the reſt have their different ſchemes and politics, too deep and too contemptible for me to trouble myſelf about them. Mean time you grow negligent, and the improvements at Laracor are forgotten.—I beg you will ſtep there for a day or two, and *do* ‡ what is neceſſary now, before the ſeaſon is too late, and I will come when this affair is over, and bring down wine (which will not be ready 'till then, for it is but juſt bottled) and we will be merry at your houſe and my cottage.

* Afterwards biſhop of Elphin.

† Afterwards curate of St. Bridget's, prebendary of St. Audeon's, and one of the dean's ten executors. To this Mr. Grattan, (who was one of the ſeven ſons of Dr. Grattan, a venerable and hoſpitable clergyman) Swift whimſically bequeathed his "bottle-"ſcrew, his ſecond beſt beaver, and his ſtrong box, on con-"dition of his giving the ſole uſe of the ſaid box to his brother, "Dr. James Grattan, [a phyſician] during the life of the ſaid "doctor, who hath more occaſion for it."

‡ The word in the original is illegible.

I ſent your memorial, drawn up by myſelf, with my opinion upon it, and a letter to Dr. Kearney *, to recommend it to the primate †; I likewiſe deſired Mr. Morgan to ſecond it. I have in vain hitherto ſought Dr. Kearney, but ſhall find him ſoon; and I intend to engage Dr. Worth ‡ and Mr. Croſs §, and probably all may come to nothing—*Sed quid tentare nocebit?* The ladies are as uſually—Mrs. Johnſon eats an ounce a week, which frights me from dining with her. My crew || has drunk near three hogſheads ſince I came to town, and we muſt take up with new when I come down. I ſuppoſe you are in the midſt of ſpleen and juſtice. I have often an ill head, and am ſo fortunate

* Treaſurer of Armagh.

† Dr. Lindſay.

‡ An eminent phyſician.

§ Rector of St. Mary's, Dublin.

|| Meaning, perhaps, his chapter.

as to pick out rainy days to ride in. What is it to you that old Pooley the painter is dead?

I am ever yours,

J. SWIFT.

LETTER *LXXXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WALLIS.

SIR, Dublin, April 8, 1727.

I AM juſt going for England *, and muſt deſire you to be my proxy at the biſhop's viſitation †. I find there is likewiſe a triennial viſitation, and think the encloſed ‡ may ſerve

* The dean being on a viſit to Mr. Pope in 1726, haſtened back to Ireland on receiving an account that Mrs. Johnſon was dangerouſly ill; and on her amendment, he returned back to England in 1727, to finiſh the "miſcellanies," in concert with Pope and Arbuthnot.

"Swift's letters to Sheridan, No. xx and xxiv,"

† See letter *lxxxvi, p. *6.

‡ A proxy from the dean, as vicar of Laracor.

for both, with your wiſe management. The ladies are with me, being now come to live at the deanry for this ſummer*, you have their ſervice, and ſo has Mrs. Wallis, as well as mine. I reckon you are now deep in mire and mortar, and are preparing to live ſeven years hence. I have been plagued with the roguery of my deanry proctor, whom I have diſcharged. I believe I am worſe for him 600l. and his brother is not much better. I wiſh you had been at my elbow to adviſe me, for you are fitter for the world than I am. I hope to come ſafe back, and then to have done with England†.

I am ever yours, &c.

J. S.

* They had lodgings on Ormond-quay, on the other ſide of the river Liffy, and never reſided at the deanery but in the dean's abſence: when he returned, they removed, nor were Stella and he ever known to meet but in the preſence of a third perſon.

† He had ſo; this being his laſt viſit. He returned to Ireland, on the news of Stella's laſt illneſs, in September following.

LETTER

LETTER XC.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. WALLIS.

SIR, Market-hill *, Nov. 16, 1728.

I AM extremely obliged to you for your kind intention in the purchaſe you mention; but it will not anſwer my deſign, becauſe theſe lands are let in leaſes renewable for ever †, and conſequently can never have the rent raiſed, which is mortal to all eſtates left for ever to a public uſe, and is contrary to a fundamental maxim of mine; and moſt corporations feel the ſmart of it.

* The ſeat of ſir Arthur Acheſon, where the dean paſſed two ſummers. He had a farm near it, which was let to him by ſir Arthur, called afterwards Drapier's Hill. See ſome verſes on that ſubject, vol. xviii of his "works," p. 52.

† Accordingly, in his will, by which he deviſed his fortune to the building and endowing an hoſpital for lunatics, he reſtrained his executors from purchaſing any lands that were "encumbered "with leaſes for lives renewable."

I have

I have been here ſeveral months to amuſe me in my diſorders of giddineſs * and deafneſs, of which I have frequent returns—and I ſhall hardly return to Dublin till Chriſtmas.

I am truly grieved at your great loſs †. Such misfortunes ſeem to break the whole ſcheme of a man's life; and although time may leſſen ſorrow, yet it cannot hinder a man from feeling the want of ſo near a companion, nor hardly ſupply it with another ‡. I wiſh

* This diſorder, which with intermiſſions purſued him till it ſeemed to complete its conqueſt, by rendering him the exact image of one of his own Struldbrugs, lord Orrery often heard him aſcribe to a ſurfeit, occaſioned by eating an immoderate quantity of fruit at ſir William Temple's in 1691.

† The death of Mrs. Wallis.

‡ This ſentiment, no doubt, came from the writer's heart. Stella, the incomparable Stella, was then no more.

you health and happineſs, and that the pledge* left you may prove a comfort. I am, with great ſincerity,

Your moſt obliged and
moſt humble ſervant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

* A ſon, now a barriſter at law.

☞ It appears by a letter from Swift to Ben. Tooke, his bookſeller, dated Dublin, June 29, 1710, (ſee his "works," vol. xvii, p. 76) that Mr. Thomas Swift (his "little parſon-couſin," as the dean ſtyles him) affected to be thought author of the "Tale of a Tub." This will account for Swift's diſlike of him, as hinted vol. i, p. 228.

LETTER

LETTER XCI.

Rev. Mr. PITT* to WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, Esq;

SIR, Pimpern, July 6, 1728.

.... YOU desire me to recommend a tutor to your nephew. If he is designed for a gentleman-commoner, I would recommend him to New-college, (for we take no commoners) and to Mr. Spence†, a fellow of the

* This amiable poet (who was educated at Winchester-school, and was afterwards fellow of New-college, Oxford,) was at this time rector of the parish from whence he dates, near Blandford in Dorsetshire, to which he was presented by his relation, George Pitt, esq; and which he held during the remainder of his life. His translations of the "Poetics of Vida," and the "Æneid of "Virgil," have established his fame, and his "Imitations of "Horace" have been thought, by many good judges, not inferior to Pope's. A volume of his "miscellaneous poems" was published in 1727. He died in 1748. On his tomb-stone were engraved these words:

"He lived innocent, and died beloved."

† The author of "Polymetis," &c. He died in 1768, being then professor of modern history at Oxford, and prebendary of Durham.

house,

houſe, for his tutor. I need not enter upon his character, which is very well known; he has a more extenſive character, than you inſiſt upon in your letter *. I believe he is about my age; and he is the completeſt ſcholar, either in ſolid or polite learning, for his years, that I ever knew. Beſides, he is the ſweeteſt-tempered gentleman breathing.

I am mightily taken with your nephew's verſes, and would tranſlate them, if I thought I could do juſtice to them. Accept of theſe, though I am ſenſible, they do not hit off the true turn of the epigram:

FROM a ſmall acorn, ſee the oak ariſe,
Supremely tall, and tow'ring in the ſkies!
Queen of the groves, her ſtately head ſhe rears,
Her bulk increaſing with increaſing years!
Now moves in pomp, majeſtic, o'er the deep,
While in her womb Britannia's thunders ſleep;

* Viz. "A man of letters, without pedantry, no bigot, nor "violently attached to any party, but of a catholic ſpirit, and "not unacquainted with natural philoſophy and the mathe-"matics."

With

With fame and conqueſt graces Albion's ſhore,
And guards the iſland, where ſhe grew before*.

I hope, ſir, you will accept of this, as it is written extempore; I know the laſt couplet has ſomething of a turn, but not the ſame with the original. . . . .

Yours, &c.
CHRISTOPHER PITT.

* The original is as follows:

DE MINIMIS MAXIMA.

Exiguâ creſcit de glande altiſſima quercus,
Et tandem patulis ſurgit in aſtra comis;
Dumque anni pergunt, creſcit latiſſima moles,
Mox ſecat æquoreas, belliea navis, aquas.
Angliacis hinc fama, ſalus hinc naſcitur oris,
Et glans eſt noſtri præſidium imperii.

LUDOVICUS DUNCOMBE, Hertfordienſis.

Some elegant Latin verſes, by the ſame hand, are prefixed to Mr. Hughes's "poems."

LETTER

LETTER XCII.

MONTAGU BACON, Eſq;* to GEORGE JEFFREYS, Eſq;†

Cambridge, Oct. 6, 1732.
At Quarles's coffee-houſe.

DEAR GEORGE,

TO make ſome amends for my dogged ſilence in Leiceſterſhire, I here begin a corre-

* Younger ſon of Nicholas Bacon, eſq; of Shrubland in Suffolk, and fellow-commoner of Trinity-college, Cambridge, where he was admitted in 1704-5. He died in 1740, aged 51.

† This gentleman, who was educated at Weſtminſter-ſchool under Dr. Buſby, was the ſon of Chriſtopher Jeffreys, eſq; of Weldron in Northamptonſhire, and nephew to James lord Chandos. He was admitted of Trinity-college, Cambridge, in 1694, where he took the degrees in arts, was elected fellow in 1701, and preſided in the philoſophy-ſchools as moderator in 1706. He was alſo ſub-orator for Dr. Ayloffe, and not going into orders within eight years, as the ſtatutes of that college require, he quitted his fellowſhip in 1709. In the words of one of his contemporaries, (the late vice-maſter, Dr. Walker,) "he performed "his exerciſes in the college and univerſity with applauſe; which, "with a genteel modeſt deportment, gained him much eſteem." Though Mr. Jeffreys was called to the bar, he never practiſed the law,

ſpondence with you from the banks of Cam. Is not that a poetical beginning? I have but very little news to tell you; for all college-

law, but, after acting as ſecretary to Dr. Hartſtonge biſhop of Derry, at the latter end of queen Anne's and the beginning of king George the I's reign, ſpent moſt of the remainder of his life in the families of the two laſt dukes of Chandos, his relations. In 1754 he publiſhed, by ſubſcription, a 4to volume of "miſcellanies, in verſe and proſe," among which are two tragedies, (viz. "Edwin" and "Merope," both acted at the theatre-royal in Lincoln's-inn-fields) and "The triumph of truth," an oratorio. All that the compiler of "The companion to the "playhouſe" ſays of Mr. Jeffreys, is, that "he enjoyed ſome "poſt in the cuſtom-houſe, and was author of 'one' dramatic "piece, which met with very little ſucceſs, entitled 'Edwin'." And Mr. Francklin, the tranſlator of "Voltaire's dramatic works," publiſhed in 1762, ſuppoſes his author "miſtaken in aſſerting, "that 'an Engliſh Merope was acted at London in 1731,' as, by "all the enquiry he (the tranſlator) had made amongſt perſons "concerned in the theatres at that time, he could not diſcover "that any ſuch tragedy was ever exhibited." Yet Quin, Ryan, Milward, &c. acted in it, and the names of Mr. Francklin himſelf (then Greek profeſſor,) and above twenty other members of Trinity-college, appear in the liſt of ſubſcribers to Mr. Jeffreys's "works." "This collection" (as the author obſerves in his dedication to the preſent duke of Chandos, then marqueſs of Carnarvon,) "includes an uncommon length of time from the verſes 'on the duke of Glouceſter's death in 1700' to thoſe 'on his lordſhip's marriage in 1753." Mr. Jeffreys died in 1755, aged 77.

news

news I am mortally ſick of; 'tis very nauſeous at the firſt hand; and 'tis no wonder a commodity, that is bad upon the place, ſhould very ill bear the carriage. . . . . .

Bentley is preparing an "anſwer to the articles*," againſt next year; and, as an appendix to it, his "Homer†" is to come out, which he is hard at work at. I hope your "*Schacchia* ‡" is finiſhed and ready for the preſs; I thank you for the ſight of it. Beſides the pleaſure it gave me, it made me underſtand

* Of complaint, exhibited againſt him by the college, in June, 1729, before the biſhop of Ely, their viſitor.

† It does not appear that this (if written) was ever publiſhed. nor is it mentioned by Dr. Bentley's biographers.

‡ A "poem on cheſs," tranſlated from Vida at the deſire of the firſt duke of Chandos. "It was a happy choice," ſays Dr. Warton, "to write a poem on cheſs, nor is the execution leſs "happy. The various ſtratagems and manifold intricacies of this "ingenious game, ſo difficult to be deſcribed in Latin, are here "expreſſed with the greateſt perſpicuity and elegance, ſo that "perhaps the game might be learned from this deſcription."

"Eſſay on Pope," p. 192.

Pope's "game at ombre," in his "rape of the lock," (as this writer alſo obſerves, p. 232,) is certainly imitated from it.

a very unintelligible book, at leaſt to me. I am at preſent doing little elſe, but cleaning my books, and accommodating my taſte to this very dull place; and to do the latter of theſe, conſidering the preſent diviſions, and continual bones of contention, is not an eaſy matter. However, that you may not think I wholly neglect reading, I muſt tell you I have, with great pleaſure, been reading over a French book, called *Mélanges d' hiſtoire et de literature*, by Vigneul Marville*, 3 vols. I never read it before, though I have often ſeen and heard of the book. There are many curious anecdotes in it, and a great knowledge of books and authors. His judgment is not always certain, but has ſometimes a little of the coxcomb. I'll give you an inſtance, in a compariſon, he makes, between Virgil and Homer; but, on ſecond thoughts, it will be too long for this letter; I will very ſoon give it you, with my reflections, in another.—

I dipped lately into Cowley's "Davideïs," and read one book of it, and found there, what

* A fictitious name. Dom. Noel Dargonne was the real author.

I thought,

I thought, I could not have met with in Engliſh, twenty monoſyllables together, in two very well-ſounding verſes. I remember that Vaugelas, and the French academy, both agree, that there is even a ſweetneſs in joining twelve monoſyllables, and produce a verſe of Malherbe to juſtify it:

Et moi, je ne vois rien, quand je ne la vois pas.

This, they ſay, is one of the ſweeteſt, and runs the beſt, of any he has made. For my part, with my foreign ear, I cannot think ſo; but, if it be ſo, I think I can ſay almoſt as much for theſe Engliſh ones:

His birth, great ſir, ſo much to mine is tied,
That praiſe of that might look from me like pride.

Book iii.

Again, there is another couplet, where all, but one word, are monoſyllables, and yet they are harmonious enough:

Forbid it, God, that, where thy right is try'd,
The ſtrength of man ſhould find juſt cauſe
for pride *.

Pray tell me one thing, and I'll trouble you no further; is it Engliſh, do you think, to uſe *advance* as a ſubſtantive, for *advancement?* I believe not. Yet he has uſed it in a fine repetition of the words *fate* and *chance*,

So vain are mens deſigns! for fate and chance,
And earth and heaven, conſpire to his *advance*.

I'll mention, now my hand is in, one thing more, which is to me an odd and new tranſpoſition, and yet really I think it good; 'tis in the ſecond of theſe verſes about Jonathan,

A name, which every wind to heaven would
bear,
Which men to ſpeak, and angels joy to hear.

* For Mr. Jeffreys's opinion of monoſyllable verſes, ſee an eſſay in the "appendix."

I have

I have tired you with my lucubrations, and ſo I conclude, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

M. BACON.

P. S. There is a particular beauty in the above lines, "His birth, &c." which I juſt now recollect, viz. that 'tis at the beginning of a narration, and it is obſerved, that Virgil almoſt always begins a deſcription with a monoſyllable:

Eſt in ſeceſſu.

And twenty other examples I have ſeen laid together by Pontanus.

LETTER XCIII.

Mr. BACON to Mr. JEFFREYS.

DEAR SIR, Cambridge, Oct. 26, 1732.

AS to your "rhetoric," I profeſs I am at a loſs for the author of it; I ſuppoſe it to be ſomebody about biſhop Andrews's time, a long time

time ago, before the flood, as I think Mr. Dryden calls the grand rebellion. And I can only anſwer it by another of the famous ſir John Cheek, viz. " Where *treaſon* is above " *reaſon*, and *might* rules *right*, and *commotioners* " are better than *commiſſioners*," — with ſuch pretty jingle. . . . . .

. . . As to my French critic*, he is making a compariſon between Homer and Virgil, and obſerves, very judiciouſly, " that Virgil has " given the fineſt example of unlawful love, " that ever was, in Dido; and Homer the " moſt beautiful inſtance of conjugal love, " that is any where to be met with, in Andro- " mache." So far he is right; but what I object to, is this; he ſays, " the ſupper of " Alcinoüs is the beſt-contrived entertainment " that can be; and that of Dido's ſupper in " Virgil is not even within the rules of *bien-* " *ſéance*. In Homer, (he ſays,) they ſing the " adventures and gallantries of the gods; in " Virgil, matters of philoſophy, the ſtars, " and the tides, and I know not what all.—

* See the laſt letter, p. 10.

" Place

" Place Dido's feaſt in Phæacia, and Alcinoüs's " in Carthage, and all will be right." And, I believe, the Frenchman would have done indeed juſt ſo. But Virgil underſtands decency a little better. What! ſhould Dido, that ſevere widow and queen, whoſe heart, till that time, was in the grave with Sichæus, and had deſpiſed Iärbas, and I know not how many lovers more, have nothing but bawdy ſongs ſung at her table, the *dulcia furta* of the gods, to tell Æneas, from the very beginning, what ſhe was thinking of? That would have been an advance indeed! And as to the philoſophy, which he thinks improper, it is to be conſidered, that the country Dido came from, was near the original of aſtronomy, and at that time the moſt learned part of the world: beſides, the Phœnicians dealing wholly in navigation, the ſtars and the tides, and the length and ſhortneſs of the days were ſubjects that concerned them. And it had almoſt the dignity of a hymn, or, as formerly here in England, a chapter of the bible. This, I think, is enough to preſerve Virgil's feaſt from tranſportation; to rehabilitate it in the place where

where it is; and to ſave it from the fate of ſir John Daw's ſupper, to be carried over the way.

The author I blame in this, is Vigneul Marville, who, however, has many good things in him. I forgot to ſay, that Atlas, who was ſuppoſed to live in Afric, had taught Iöpas, which makes it ſtill more proper for the place where they were. Take it which way you will, 'tis excuſable enough: this laſt I have from the common notes.

As to your notion of tranſpoſitions, I think it does not at all affect the merit of the poet; for it is certain, that the conſtraint of verſe, and even of rhyme, as it is a hindrance to the writer in ſome things, ſo that very conſtraint occaſions many of the beauties of poetry, to thoſe who have the genius to get over it, as every good poet has. But it would require too long, and too philoſophical a diſcuſſion to go through with the proof of it. I have an idea how it may be demonſtrated.

You

You frightened me a little about *Father Francis**; I was afraid you were going to make a funeral oration on Atterbury †, which might contain ſome treaſon; but the name of the *Spectator* made me take heart of grace again: we have recollected the ſtory.

I ſhall be glad to receive your "works" into my ſtudy; and I am preparing a place for them,

Tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens Scorpius, &c.

I doubt not but you will do an honour to my collection; though, without vanity, as poetry goes now, it would be a ſort of an apotheoſis for moſt of the preſent writers.

Yours moſt affectionately,

M. BACON.

* "Father Francis and ſiſter Conſtance, a tale, from the 'Spec-'tator,' vol. 2, numb. 164, turned into verſe and enlarged by "Mr. Jeffreys." See it in his "works," p. 119.

† That biſhop died in exile at Paris, February 17, 1731.

To ſhow you how differently the ſame things may be ſaid by different poets, and how a great genius makes things ſhine where a trifler makes them ridiculous, take theſe inſtances of Cowley and Milton. I ſhall quote only the verſes of Cowley, and leave you to recollect thoſe of Milton.

"Here a vaſt hill 'gainſt thund'ring Baäl was
"thrown,
"Trees and beaſts on't, &c.
"One flings a mountain, and its river too,
"Torn up with't; that rains back on him,
"that threw."

Again.

"His ſpear the trunk was of a lofty tree,
"Which nature meant, ſome tall ſhip's maſt
"ſhould be."

Again.

"Their jocund ſhouts th' air, like a ſtorm,
"did tear."

How inferior this to

"Tormented all the air!"—Milton.

LETTER

LETTER XCIV.

Mr. BACON to Mr. JEFFREYS.

DEAR SIR, Cambridge, Dec. 10, 1732.

I THANK you kindly for your entertaining letter, but muſt be ſhort in my preface, having two long points to anſwer. You talk to me, as of a *terra auſtralis incognita*, about two authors that I am particularly acquainted with; I mean, if by "father *Hardin*," you intend "father *Hardoüin*," which I ſhould hardly imagine. Malebranche I was complete maſter of above twelve years ago, and, of what you call "jargon," I dare ſay, I underſtand as much as the author himſelf did. I know full well all his faults, and had, many years ſince, a deſign to have extracted his good things, by way of *ana**, and left the bad behind. His ſcheme about "ideas, union with God," &c. is unintelligible nonſenſe, come from what father it will; but he muſt be a critic in conſequences indeed, that can extract atheiſm out of non-

* Like *Menagiana Hyetiana*, &c.

ſenſe. But, not to run down Malebranche neither; for a knowledge of human nature, in all its branches, the imagination, the ſenſes, the inclinations, and the paſſions, no man has ſhown a greater and more comprehenſive underſtanding. And for ſtyle, he is the moſt noble, the moſt magnificent, and the cleareſt writer, I may very near ſay, that ever I read. Is Plato, whoſe ſucceſſor Malebranche is, deſpiſed, becauſe his principles are unintelligible, when the beauty of imagination is ſo great in his works? Malebranche has likewiſe written againſt imagination with the fineſt imagination that can be. As to the objection of "atheiſm," I always thought him bigottedly ſuperſtitious, and that, like his maſter, Plato, he was as proper a man as could be, to have diſcovered the *Trinitarian* notion, before it was revealed, by mere ſtrength of thinking out of the way. But the clergy, I am afraid, of all nations, have an arch-chemic power to produce atheiſm in what ſoil they pleaſe; or elſe not even a Jeſuit could have charged ſo devout a man as Malebranche, with it; a man, who thought of nothing, but the love of God, and moral duties,

ties, all his life; and ſhowed a contempt for all things elſe. Conſequences, eſpecially where principles are dark, may be wire-drawn any how.

I have a long article for you about father Hardoüin, if he be the man you mean; but I durſt not venture to affront you ſo much, as to ſuppoſe you can want information upon the ſubject of the famous editor of Pliny, the great chronologer, medalliſt, geographer, and ſtill more famous for his ſcheme to prove all the ancient authors, (fathers and all) ſuppoſititious *. I never heard of any father *Hardin* ſo late as you ſpeak of.

I entirely agree with you about Cowley, and am ſo far from any incendiary deſign upon him,

* F. Hardoüin excepted "Cicero's works," "Virgil's geor-" gics," "Horace's ſatires, and epiſtles," and "Pliny's natural "hiſtory." M. Le Clerc, in a letter to Mr. Addiſon, (dated Amſterdam, Feb. 12, 1709, and publiſhed in Swift's "works,") ſays, "The Jeſuits of Paris have condemned in the ſtrongeſt terms the ſentiments of father Hardoüin, and have obliged him to recant them in a ſhameful manner." He died at Paris in 1729, aged 83.

that

that I like his *Davidëis*, which is the work we are ſpeaking of, (ſhall I venture to ſay it?) beſt of all his works. I am ſure, the fineſt things, ſome of them, that we have in our mock heroic poems, are imitated from thence. No, it muſt be a Zoilus, not an Ariſtarchus, that would do that. He was undoubtedly a man of very fine parts. But a deſultory life, and, for the moſt part, unfortunate, will hinder any man from coming to that perfection, for which nature deſigned him.

I am, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate, and

moſt obliged humble ſervant,

M. BACON.

LETTER

LETTER XCV.

Earl of ORRERY* to THO. SOUTHERNE, Eſq; †

MY DEAR OLD MAN, Marſton ‡, Nov. 1, 1733.

AT my arrival at this dear and delightful place I was welcomed with a letter from you, which had lain ſome days on my table. Your

* Alſo earl of Corke in 1753, (on the death of his third couſin, Richard earl of Burlington and Corke) the tranſlator, and, in his own letters, the rival, of Pliny. He died at Marſton in 1762, aged 56.

† This celebrated dramatic writer was born at Dublin, and received the firſt rudiments of his education in that univerſity, but afterwards, in the year 1678, he went to England, and entered himſelf in the Middle Temple. At the time of the duke of Monmouth's invaſion he had a captain's commiſſion in king James's army. He wrote ſeveral plays with different ſucceſs, and having acquired a handſome fortune, ſpent the latter part of his days in quiet. His plays participate too much of the licentiouſneſs of the age in which they were written; but he lived long enough to ſee and lament it. He died in 1746, aged 86.

‡ Near Frome in Somerſetſhire, a ſeat purchaſed of ſir John Hippeſley by the firſt earl of Corke. It was formerly part of the eſtate of Edmund earl of Cornwall.

com-

commands will be ever obeyed by me with pleaſure, which is ſtill increaſed by your deſiring to know how we go on in the gardens. We are hard at work both within and without doors, but in the gardens we are outdoing Hannibal, and working through rocks more obdurate than the Alps. This difficult taſk is undertaken in order to complete the three hanging terraces that ſhall exceed any of the eaſtern gardens; perhaps too to indulge a ſecret pride, that from the loweſt of theſe I may look down on the higheſt of my neighbours. The wood-walk, which I deſigned a labyrinth, is almoſt finiſhed. Three little fountains, at three ſeveral diſtances, add to the beauty of the place. The goddeſs of ſpring, and her follower the deity of ſummer, ſtand ſmiling at the beautiful proſpect in the diſtant vale, while Bacchus, in another cabinet of wood, preſents you with the produce of the autumn, to baniſh melancholy and diſſipate gloomy thoughts. *Winter* is ſeen ſhivering in a corner, to remind us of mortality, and I think I muſt carry a death's head always in my pocket, leſt the charms of Marſton make me forget to hope one day to

be

be an inhabitant of the kingdom of Heaven. Near the uppermoſt fountain is to ſtand a ſeat, erected according to a plan of your faithful ſervant: two little cloſets at each end, one of which will contain a couch, are the places where you and Phyllis may conſummate your unfiniſhed loves, and where I may count my beads, and ſay my mattins.

I have now told you all that will be finiſhed next ſummer. I am ſcratching out upon paper ten thouſand deſigns for the other parts of the gardens, and my plans commonly ſhare the ſame fate that I wiſh may befall all my works, they are thrown into the fire and forgotten.

From the garden if you will enter the houſe, you will ſee a repreſentation of the golden age; the cats, the dogs, the birds, the children, the maſter, and the ſervants, *omnes ſine vindice tuti*. Lions at Marſton would loſe their fierceneſs; the panther would grow tame: within my territories the emperor and the king of France would be reconciled; whilſt, like my firſt parent, I ſtand in the garden which my

great Creator hath planted for me, and where he hath made *every tree pleaſant to the ſight*, nor can I fall but by diſobedience, from which perhaps your prayers, and my own endeavours, may preſerve me. I well remember that my mother Eve tempted my poor weak father Adam, and loſt him Paradiſe: wonder not therefore, my good friend, if I chuſe Paradiſe, and refuſe woman.—The groves of Marſton—but I am returned to the garden, when I was juſt going to carry you into the hall. There you will ſee as fine a ſet of arms, as are in his majeſty's three kingdoms: pictures and marble tables adorn other ſides of the room; but I am more delighted with the proſpect from the windows, than from the moſt magnificent moveables that can be invented. The great dining-room is covered with pictures: two beautiful canary-birds hang near the windows, and however delighted I may ſometimes be with Italian muſic, theſe choiriſters charm my ears more than the ſofteſt notes of Cuzzoni's voice ever did. In this room I have had the honour to entertain one of the greateſt men of

this

this nation, your much honoured lord Carteret *; with him were lord Weymouth †, &c.

Our champaign flew about with the alacrity it uſually does in this houſe, nor is the maſter ever better pleaſed than when he has an opportunity of improving himſelf by the converſation and countenance of ſuch men. I am then, methinks, in the ſame ſituation in which a Greek epigram, which Fenton ‡ has tranſ-

* Afterwards earl of Granville, on the death of his mother in 1744.

† Father of the preſent viſcount and ſon-in-law to lord Carteret.

‡ "Mr. Fenton," ſays this noble writer in a letter to another friend, dated in 1756, "was my tutor; he taught me to read "Engliſh, and attended me through the Latin tongue from the "age of ſeven to thirteen. When I became a man, a conſtant "and free friendſhip ſubſiſted between us. The fact which Mr. "Warton aſſerts concerning him [in the "eſſay on Pope"] is far "from being true. He tranſlated double the number of books "in the 'Odyſſey' that Pope has owned. His reward was a "trifle, an errant trifle. He has even told me, that he thought "Pope feared him more than he loved him: he had no opinion of "Pope's heart, and declared him, in the words of biſhop Atter-"bury, 'mens curva in corpore curvo.' Poor Fenton died of a "great chair, and two bottles of port a day. He was one of the

 "worthieſt

lated, puts old Homer; I am liſtening to Apollo ſinging, and ſtealing his ſong from him.

" worthieſt and modeſteſt men that ever belonged to the court " of Apollo. Tears ariſe when I think of him, though he has " been dead above twenty years."

Pope, in a letter to Gay, dated July 20, 1730, juſt after Fenton's death, mentions him in much the ſame manner: " I have " juſt received the news of the death of a friend whom I eſteemed " almoſt as many years as you; poor Fenton! He died at Eaſt- " hamſtead [lady Trumbull's] of indolence and inactivity." The writer of Fenton's life in the " ſupplement to the Biographia," p. 50, ſays, "that being diſmiſſed from his employ of ſecretary to the " earl of Orrery in 1705, he gladly accepted the offer of the free- " ſchool at Sevenoak in Kent." It appears, however, from the above, that Fenton was tutor to his lordſhip's ſon (then lord Boyle) from 1713 to 1720, and for that reaſon probably " his ſalary" (as mentioned by the biographer) might " juſtly be continued to " him."

As Sevenoak is but five miles from Penſhurſt, if we had not ſuch good vouchers for his indolence, we ſhould be at a loſs to account for a man of Mr. Fenton's taſte and genius never viſiting that ſeat of the muſes, that Engliſh Arcadia, like ancient Greece the theme of poets, the nurſe of heroes. If he had, he could not have ſaid, in his obſervations on theſe lines of Waller " at Penſhurſt,"

Go, boy, and carve this paſſion on the bark
Of that old tree, which ſtands the ſacred mark
Of noble Sydney's birth——

" Theſe

I will not tire you with a deſcription of any other parts of the houſe, with which you are

" Theſe verſes apparently refer to ſome tree in Penſhurſt-park, " that was planted at the birth of the famous ſir Philip; of which " there is now no tradition remaining in the family; but we may " apply to it what Cicero ſays of the Marian oak, &c."

This tree is ſtill in being, though now in decay, not ſo much perhaps from its age, it being but 218 years old, as from ſeats having been cut in it, &c.

Ben Johnſon alſo mentions it in the following manner:

" That later tree, which of an oak was ſet,
" At his great birth, where all the muſes met."

And this hint the late Mr. Coventry (author of " Pompey " the little") has improved into a beautiful epiſode in his poem " on Penſhurſt," printed in " Dodſley's collection," vol. iv, p. 50.

Mr. Coventry wrote " an inſcription" for the ſame oak, which is printed in the " Gentleman's magazine" for 1760, p. 184.

It is no leſs ſurpriſing that Fenton and every other biographer of Sachariſſa, ſhould mention only her firſt marriage to the earl of Sunderland, (whom ſhe ſurvived above forty years) and omit her ſecond to —— Smyth, eſq; of Bounds near Tunbridge, from whom the preſent baron Smyth, the inheritor of that ſeat, is lineally deſcended, and derives from her his chriſtian name of " Sydney."

already

already well acquainted. The days are now grown ſhort; I have therefore prepared all the amuſements within doors that will make a ſolitary life agreeable. When my children are put to bed, I betake myſelf either to the ſtudy of hiſtory, poetry, or natural philoſophy; and with theſe I make ſhift to ſit up till towards eleven; and, then, like Othello, I *put out the light*, and, without his guilt, wiſh for Deſdemona; but in vain*! And if I am ever melancholy, it is then, when I cannot help repeating what that black monſter ſays, with the additional horror of ſoul, which attends murder,

"My wife! my wife! what wife? I have
"no wife!
"O inſupportable! O heavy hour!

Sometimes indeed, unluckily enough for my friends, I am in a humour to write long letters, and that, you ſee, is the preſent turn of my temper, for I have been gazing at dried butterflies, hornets, and beetles, 'till I remembered

* Henrietta counteſs of Orrery, daughter to the earl of Orkney, died in 1732. See her character (and epitaph) in lord Orrery's "Pliny," vol. ii, p. 183.

I was

I was a letter in your debt, and ſo took a reſolution to pay you with intereſt.

Lord Boyle * is very much your humble ſervant. He is employed all day long on my errands, which he executes without the leaſt miſtake. He puzzles me ſometimes with his queſtions, and makes me bluſh with his obſervations. I endeavour to turn off the diſcourſe as well as I can; but if I do not take care, the boy will ſoon grow too wiſe for me, and find out that there are but few years difference in our age, and much fewer in our underſtandings. Hammy †, who is leſs ſedate than his brother, contents himſelf with his tops and his marbles, without enquiring into the natural cauſes of things: by this means, the youngeſt bids fair

* Charles, afterwards ſtyled viſcount Dungarvan. He was at this time about five years old. He married in 1753 the daughter of Henry Hoare, eſq; and died in 1759, leaving only a daughter. His relict is married to lord Bruce.

† The hon. Hamilton Boyle, afterwards viſcount Dungarvan, and on his father's death, earl of Corke, &c. He was at this time about four years old. He died, unmarried, in 1764.

to

to be the favourite, for I find I muſt give the other a rap* over the head in my will, or the next age will quite forget me. Betty † is the erranteſt romp in Chriſtendom. She talks as faſt as any of her ſex, and, like moſt fine ladies, in a dialect not eaſy to be underſtood. Sickneſs and indolence tremble at the ſight of her, for ſhe is the picture of health, and a "veritable" Miſs Hoyden.

The great king Nobby ‡ brought me home ſafe in the dark laſt night, and the invincible Hector § is faithful and courageous ſtill. Our

* His lordſhip, it is probable, here ſpoke feelingly, with an alluſion to the cruel and moſt undeſerved "rap" that he had received from his own father, in the bequeſt of his library, conſiſting of above 10,000 valuable books, and a very fine collection of mathematical inſtruments, to Chriſt-church, Oxford.

† Lady Elizabeth Boyle, now the relict of ſir Thomas Worſley, bart.

‡ A favourite horſe, whoſe life by great care was prolonged to the uncommon age of 34.

§ A favourite grey-hound, who lived to the age of 14. In an invitation of Dr. Swift, to Marſton (dated April 3, 1737,) lord Orrery

aviary has received a great loſs by the death of a favourite paroquet, who died, as he lived, with ſilence and tranquillity: he has left a diſconſolate widow, who, we feared, would not have ſurvived him, but, to my great joy, has admitted the addreſſes of an Indian nightingale, who courts her every morning with a ſong. This is the ſtate of men and beaſts at Marſton; whilſt our neighbours have their misfortunes. Lord Weymouth has had a fall from his horſe, by which his life was endangered: lady Weymouth has miſcarried, occaſioned by the fright ſhe received at ſeeing her lord brought home bloody and lifeleſs.

Great, undoubtedly, are the preparations for the enſuing nuptials*; but let them bury, or let them marry, I am content, ſo that the fates permit me to be lord of Marſton, and

Your humble ſervant,

ORRERY.

Orrery ſays, "Hector ſhall fawn upon you." Both theſe old ſervants have monumental inſcriptions to their memory in the gardens at Marſton.

* Of the prince of Orange and the princeſs royal.

LETTER XCVI.

Mr. POPE to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

SIR, Saturday, Nov. 23, 1734.

MY abſence from home prevented my receiving your two letters till this day. I would elſe have read your tragedy * willingly; and I beg you not to take it amiſs that I return your preſent of the tickets, ſince it is not in my power to be there next week, through indiſpenſable obligations in the country at ſome diſtance. I think your prologue † a good one, and I think of players as I always thought of players, and of the ſon as I thought of the father. I ſincerely wiſh you ſucceſs, and am,

Sir, your moſt obedient
humble ſervant,
A. POPE ‡.

* "Lucius Junius Brutus." See vol. i, p. 211.

† This prologue, (which was afterwards ſpoken by Mr. Milward with applauſe,) had been juſt returned to the author, with great contempt, by Mr. Theophilus Cibber.

‡ Mr. Pope died May 30, 1744, aged 56.

LETTER

LETTER XCVII.

Rev. Dr. RUNDLE* to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

SIR, Edgcumbe†, Dec. 9, 1734.

I AM moſt extremely obliged to you for the concern you have expreſſed for my ſucceſs, and ſhall ever acknowledge the friendlineſs of the advice you have given me, though 'tis by no

* At this time prebendary of Durham, archdeacon of Wilts, and chaplain to lord chancellor Talbot.

Dr. Rundle being recommended to the king by the lord chancellor for the biſhopric of Glouceſter, (on the death of biſhop Sydall,) his appointment was ſtrenuouſly oppoſed by the biſhop of London (Dr. Gibſon) from a notion of the doctor's being a deiſt, founded on ſome unguarded expreſſions which had dropped from him ſome years before in a private converſation, at which Mr. Venn, (who was the informer) Dr. Stebbing, &c. were preſent. In conſequence of this oppoſition, the lord chancellor was at length induced to withdraw his recommendation, Dr. Benſon was promoted to the Engliſh biſhopric, and Dr. Rundle to the biſhopric of Derry in Ireland. On this occaſion, Mr. Pulteney (afterwards earl of Bath) thus expreſſes himſelf in a letter to Dr Swift, dated March 11, 1734-5: "What do you ſay to the buſtle made here to prevent the man from being an Engliſh biſhop, and afterwards

means proper for me to follow it. The lord chancellor* hath been pleaſed to think his honour concerned more than mine, to deſire me to be quiet and eaſy, and accordingly I

" terwards allowing him to be a good Chriſtian enough for an " Iriſh one? Sure, the oppoſition, or the acquieſcence, muſt " have been moſt abominably ſcandalous. By what I can learn " of Dr. Rundle's character, (for I am not in the leaſt acquainted " with him myſelf) he is far from being the great and learned " man his friends would have the world believe him; and much " farther yet, from the bad man his enemies repreſent him." And, Dr. Swift, in a letter to Mr. Pope, dated Sept. 3, 1735, ſays, "I have the honour to know Dr. Rundle; he is indeed " worth all the reſt you ever ſent us; but that is ſaying nothing, " for he anſwers your character." To which Mr. Pope replies, " I am glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He will be an " honour to the biſhops, and a diſgrace to one biſhop, two " things you will like: but what you will like more particu- " larly, he will be a friend and benefactor to your unfriended " unbenefited nation; he will be a friend to human race where- " ever he goes.—I never ſaw a man ſo ſeldom whom I liked ſo " much as Dr. Rundle."

† In Cornwall, the ſeat of Richard Edgcumbe, eſq; created lord Edgcumbe in 1742.

* Charles lord Talbot, ſo created on receiving the great ſeal in 1733, the delight and honour of his country, both in his judicial and miniſterial capacity. He died Feb. 14, 1736-7.

have

have taken not one ſtep in this affair from the beginning, and ſhall be ſatisfied with any thing that he thinks proper to do, without interpoſing any ſcheme of my own in the leaſt. I deſire not any preferment which muſt be owing to a diſregard of him and his honour. If an intimate knowledge of me, and the higheſt friendſhip for me, during twenty years together, is not a ſufficient teſtimony to my reputation, nor to be preferred to Mr. Venn's, I muſt be contented to ſuffer at preſent. Poſterity will think his unexampled zeal for me the higheſt honour, though now it is diſregarded. I have not lived with obſcure men, but have enjoyed the favour of others, who are eſteemed by all that love this nation and our conſtitution. The late ſpeaker * hath ſhown the ſincerity of his affection for me on this occaſion. He firſt offered me his friendſhip on the account of a public diſpute I had againſt Tindal and Collins at the Grecian coffee-houſe, in defence of Chriſtianity, and hath

* Spencer Compton, created earl of Wilmington in 1730. He was ſpeaker of the houſe of commons all the reign of George the firſt. At the time of his death, in 1743, he was firſt lord of the treaſury.

con-

continued it ever ſince. I am an open talkative man; and not one of my acquaintance ever ſuſpected my diſbelief of the Chriſtian religion from any expreſſion that ever dropt from me, in the moſt unguarded hour of vehemence in diſpute. I never omitted one opportunity of defending it in private, when the turn of converſation made it decent; or in public, when the diſputes of the age made it neceſſary. I have ſpoken charges to the clergy, or preached on the moſt ſolemn occaſions, againſt Collins, Woolſton, Tindal, as multitudes will and have teſtified. But from a chance converſation Mr. Venn thinks otherwiſe. How apt he is to miſtake, and report his imagination, let his uſage of Dr. Hutchinſon teſtify; and I accuſe him of nothing more. But Dr. Stebbing was alſo offended with what I then ſaid! Let his cruel ſhocking charge againſt Dr. Sykes witneſs, how eaſily he is provoked to work up the expreſſions of thoſe he diſlikes into moſt deteſtable meanings. But I forgive them both, and though they treat me thus, I would ſerve them, if I could, to-morrow. Though they will not believe my profeſſions of Chriſtianity,

I will

I will always obey, and enjoy the conſolation of its precepts and promiſes. They may injure my fortune, but ſhall not my temper. I do not doubt but the biſhop of London thinks me a very bad man; and thinks in oppoſing me he doth God and the church good ſervice; but it is not me, but the phantom repreſented to him under my name that he ſo vehemently oppoſes. If he knew me, poſſibly I ſhould have the favour of his eſteem and recommendation. I only complain that he prefers a title-tattle hear-ſay character from men that have no intimacy with me, to the dean of Chriſt-church *, whom he loves, to all my acquaintance, whom he hath examined, to the ſpeaker, whom he cannot but eſteem, and the lord chancellor, whom every man in England (unleſs thoſe who are angry on this occaſion) loves, and eſteems, and rejoices in his integrity. I deſire no greater reputation in life than to be named the friend of the Talbot family, who loves and is beloved by them all; nor any nobler praiſe to be inſcribed on my

* Dr. Conybeare, afterwards biſhop of Briſtol.

grave.

grave. If theſe teſtimonies on my behalf are inſufficient, I am contented to be diſregarded, and muſt ſubmit to an uſage, that is as unexampled as undeſerved. I am obliged to you for your good wiſhes, and ſhall be glad to have it in my power to aſſure you that

I am, your obliged and
obedient humble ſervant,
THO. RUNDLE.

LETTER XCVIII.

Mr. SOUTHERNE* to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

From Mr. Killegrew's†, at Shanville-hall,
DEAR SIR, near Chelmsford, Jan. 2, 1734-5.

YOU do me more honour than I deſerve in the ſeveral parts of your letter. I am not worthy to be the ſire of ſo good a poetical ſon; but it has often been that the ſon has exceeded the father in his own profeſſion. your epi-

* See note † on letter xcv, p. 23.

† See vol. i, p. 137, note †.

logue

logue * is very good, and lady Sarah Cowper † did credit to her judgment in approving it, and an honour to her own character in praiſing the decency with which it is written ‡. . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

THO. SOUTHERNE.

LETTER XCIX.

Mrs. Rowe to Mr. Duncombe.

SIR, Frome, April 8, [1735.]

THE tragedy you were ſo obliging to ſend me, has given me a very juſt and ſincere entertainment. The ſentiments are truly noble, and expreſſed with a becoming grandeur and

* To Lucius Junius Brutus.

† Daughter of lord chancellor Cowper, a lady diſtinguiſhed for her ſenſe and accompliſhments. She died unmarried in 1758.

‡ " Si ſic omnia !"—

elegance. The character of Lucia is perfectly amiable, and nothing can be more moving than the laſt ſcene between Titus and his father. Their parting touches every generous ſentiment in the human ſoul:

Open your arms to your relenting ſon,
Give him the comfort of one kind embrace,
Before he is remov'd for ever from you!
O ſay, at leaſt, that Brutus does not hate him,

Without any forced ornament, nature ſpeaks here with all its prevailing energy. . . . .

I am, Sir,

Your very humble ſervant,

ELIZ. ROWE.

LETTER

LETTER C.

Rev. Mr. PITT to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Pimpern, May 23, 1736.

. . . . I THANK you for the epilogue, which I like in all reſpects, but chiefly for the honeſt and moral ſentiments in it. I am never better pleaſed with myſelf, than when I find I am pleaſed with any thing that is affecting and good-natured. I agree to ſeveral of your criticiſms, but probably ſhall never have occaſion to make uſe of them, becauſe I believe another edition* will never be called

* "The tranſlation of Vida's Poetics." "The merits of "Vida," ſays a judicious critic, "ſeem not to have been parti- "cularly attended to in England, till Pope beſtowed this com- "mendation upon him in his Eſſay on Criticiſm, 'Immortal 'Vida, &c.' The Poetics are perhaps the moſt perfect of his "compoſitions: they are excellently tranſlated by Pitt. This "poem has the praiſe of being one of the firſt, if not the "very firſt, pieces of criticiſm, that appeared in Italy ſince the "revival of learning; for it was finiſhed in the year 1520."

Eſſay on the writings and genius of Pope, p. 192-4.

for. Indeed I have heard nothing from the bookſellers about the thing, good or bad. I am glad, however, that the verſion pleaſed Meſſrs. Spence*, Browne†, Duncombe, Glover‡, Benſon §, and ſome more of the beſt judges in town. But I ſhould be mortified, ſhould the bookſellers complain, as I am afraid they will. As I never wrote with a view to lucre for myſelf, ſo would I much leſs care to do it to the prejudice of others. If I may be

* See letter xci, p. 4.

† Iſaac Hawkins Browne, eſq;

‡ Author of Leonidas, &c.

§ One of the auditors of the impreſt. This gentleman, who, in a pamphlet of his writing, has treated Dryden's "tranſlation "of Virgil" with great contempt, was yet charmed with that of Mr. Pitt, and found in it ſome beauties of which he was fond, to a degree of enthuſiaſm. For his ignorance of architecture, though ſurveyor of the buildings to king George I, and alſo for his paſſionate admiration of Milton, and Johnſton, the tranſlator of the pſalms, Pope has placed him in the Dunciad:

"On two unequal crutches prop'd he came,
"Milton on this, on that one Johnſton's name."

Book iv, ver. 111. See alſo book iii, ver. 325.

allowed

allowed to judge in my own caſe, I think this laſt to be the beſt of my poetical performances; and, I believe, you will agree with me, that the three laſt books have fewer grammatical inaccuracies than the firſt book. I cannot tell what to ſay to your compliment, that "this "verſion will be admired as long as the Engliſh language laſts;" but I am highly obliged to you, for your partiality to me, ever ſince the "tranſlation of Vida." I believe it was you who gave a public teſtimony to the merit of that performance, (if it has any) in the "Whitehall evening-poſt," when it made its firſt appearance in the world, which, I ſuppoſe, did not a little contribute to its reputation and ſale; for ſix or ſeven hundred were ſoon diſpoſed of. I am anxious at preſent on both theſe accounts; firſt, in regard to myſelf, ſecondly, in regard to the bookſellers. If it fails on their part, I ſhall think there is ſome accurſed thing in the performance itſelf, that hinders its ſucceſs. I wiſh you would privately enquire, and ſend me a ſincere account how it ſells, and how it is approved of. If it

is only—*Laudatur, et alget*,—it is pretty much the ſame thing, as to reputation, as if it was d—'d. . . . . .

I am, Sir,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

LETTER CI.

Rev. Mr. PITT to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Pimpern, Jan. 4, 1736-7.

. . . . I HAD ſome thoughts of attempting that "epiſtle to Auguſtus" in the modern way. But if Mr. Pope has done it, no doubt, it is done in perfection. I have done in that way lately four or five of the epiſtles, and one of the ſatires, which are much approved of by thoſe who have read them; which I may ſhow you on another occaſion.—But, as I ſay in one of the epiſtles,

What I write,
In theſe looſe ſheets, muſt never ſee the light;

Epiſtles,

Epiſtles, odes, and twenty trifles more;
Things, that are born, and die, in half an hour.

That invitation was written to Mr. Rolle, fellow of New-college, a friend of Spence and mine. Dr. Cobden begged it of me, to give a friend, ſo it was printed.

I am afraid I can ſcarce remember all my brother's verſes, but theſe are at yours and Mr. Highmore's ſervice.

To my brother, CHRISTOPHER PITT.

An EPISTLE.

On his having a fit of the gout.

AMONG the well-bred natives of our iſle,
"I kiſs your hand, ſir," is the modiſh ſtyle;
In humbler manner, as my fate is low,
I beg to kiſs your venerable toe:
Not old infallibility's can have
Profounder reverence from its meaneſt ſlave.

What dignity attends the ſolemn gout,
What conſcious greatneſs, if the heart be ſtout!

Me-

Methinks I ſee you o'er the houſe preſide,
In painful majeſty and decent pride,
With leg toſſ'd high, on ſtately ſofa ſit,
More like a ſultan, than a modern wit;
Quick at your call the trembling ſlaves appear,
Advance with caution, and retire with fear;
Ev'n Peggy trembles, though, (or authors fail)
At times, the anti-ſalic laws prevail.

Now Lord have mercy on poor Dick, ſay I;
" Where's the lac'd ſhoe?—Who laid the flan-
" nel by?"
Within, 'tis hurry, the houſe ſeems poſſeſt;
Without, the horſes wonder at their reſt.
What terrible diſmay, what ſcenes of care!
Why is the ſooty Mintrem's hopeful heir*
Before the morning-dawn compell'd to riſe,
And give attendance with his half-ſhut eyes?
What makes that girl with hideous viſage ſtare?
What fiends prevent Ead's† journey to the
fair‡?

* Mr. Pitt's ſervant, the ſon of a blackſmith.

† Another ſervant of Mr. Pitt.

‡ Blandford-fair, two miles from Pimpern.

Why

Why all this noiſe, this buſtle, and this rout?
" Oh! nothing—but poor maſter has the gout."

Mean time, ſuperior to the pains below,
Your thoughts in ſoaring meditations flow,
In rapt'rous trance on Virgil's genius dwell,
To us, poor mortals, his ſtrong beauties tell,
And, like Æneas, from your couch of ſtate,
In all the pomp of words diſplay the Trojan fate.

Can nothing your aſpiring thoughts reſtrain,
Or does the muſe ſuſpend the ſenſe of pain?
Awhile give o'er your rage; in ſickneſs prove
Like other mortals, if you'd pity move;
Think not, your friends compaſſionate can be,
When ſuch the products of diſeaſe they ſee;
Your ſharpeſt pangs but add to our delight:
We'll wiſh you ſtill the gout, if ſtill you write.

I am, Sir,
Your friend and ſervant,
CHR. PITT.

LETTER CII.

Rev. Mr. PITT to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Pimpern, June 1, 1737.

THE papers * came ſafe to hand. I am glad you and yours like them ſo much, and am apt to think they are (ſome of them at leaſt) pretty well done. Perhaps I may attempt ſome more of them at my firſt leiſure, but they muſt be thoſe that Mr. Pope has not touched upon; for I ſhould think it ſacrilege to touch upon any, where he has gone before. . . . .

Since I received yours, I have read "Leo-"nidas †" for the firſt time, and believe it to be a very good thing, upon the whole; for I do not pretend to read it with a critical eye: good poetry is as much above, as bad poetry is beneath, criticiſm. His ſimiles are generally drawn from the grandeſt objects in

* Imitations of Horace.

† By Mr. Glover.

human

human nature; which, you know, is pretty much after Milton's manner. . . . .

Will you let me know, by your next, if Mr. Spence's eſſay* (the ſecond edition) is yet publiſhed; becauſe he wrote me word, before he went to Italy †, that he had given my verſes on that book into the printer's hand? That laſt line on Dr. Keil is even yet perſpicuous to me:

"He came, ſaw, vanquiſh'd, wept—"
[Becauſe there were no more worlds to conquer—]
"Return'd" [from his expedition, not from the grave]—"and died."

I am, Sir, affectionately yours
CHR. PITT.

* On Mr. Pope's "Odyſſey."

† Mr. Spence was then travelling with Charles earl of Middleſex, afterwards duke of Dorſet, a pupil worthy of ſuch a tutor, as he inherited the, genius together with the titles, of his family. Witneſs his "Arno's Vale," written at Florence, on the extinction of the houſe of Medici, (an elegiac paſtoral worthy of the Auguſtan age,) his verſes to Mr. Pope, &c. The former is well known: the latter (not having appeared in print) is added in the "appendix."

LETTER CIII,

Rev. Mr. PITT to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Pimpern, Aug. 21, 1737.

MR. Jabez Hughes's "poems *," I received, and like ſeveral of them very well; as alſo the young gentleman's verſes †. . . . . ;

I wrote the under invitation the other day to Mr. Dodington ‡:

If Dodington will condeſcend
To viſit a poetic friend,
And leave a numerous bill of fare,
For four or five plain diſhes here;

* See vol. i, p. 196, note †.

† A tranſlation of the epigram on the oak, [ſee letter xci, p. 5] by Mr. Theophilus Wheler, (eldeſt ſon of the late rev. Granville Wheler, of Otterden-place in Kent.) This young gentleman died immaturely of the ſmall-pox, at Chriſt's-college, Cambridge, in the 19th year of his age, as did the author of the epigram, at the ſame age, and of the ſame diſtemper, at Merton-college, Oxford, in 1730.

‡ Created lord Melcombe in 1761. He died in 1762.

No

No coſtly welcome, but a kind,
He and his friends will always find;
A plain, but clean, and ſpacious room,
The maſter, and his heart, at home,
A cellar open, as his face,
A dinner ſhorter than his grace:
Your mutton comes from Pimpern-down,
Your fiſh (if any) from the town;
Our rogues indeed, of late, o'eraw'd
By human laws, not thoſe of God,
No veniſon ſteal, or none they bring,
Or ſend it all to maſter King*:
And yet, perhaps, ſome vent'rous ſpark
May bring it, now the nights are dark.
Punch I have ſtore, and beer beſide,
And port, that's ſound, though frenchify'd.
Then, if *you* come, I'm ſure to get,
From Eaſtb'ry†, a deſert,—of wit.

One line, good ſir, to name the day,
And your petitioner will pray, &c.

* The Blandford carrier.

† Mr. Dodington's ſeat.

.... In

..... In the merry months of May and June I tranſlated two Æneids *; and ſince that have been on the ramble. Theſe three or four days laſt paſt I have ſat to it again in the mornings, which is the only ſeaſon I appoint for theſe religious exerciſes, or indeed that I can command; for I have ſo many engagements, that I am obliged to ſacrifice the other part of my time to another kind of genius than the poetical; to which laſt, by the bye, I think I have no pretenſions.

LETTER CIV.

Rev. Mr. PITT to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Pimpern, May 20, 1738.

I THANK you for the clear account of the new things. Comus † I have read, and like it much.

* The 7th and 8th books.

† As altered for the ſtage by the late Dr. Dalton, by dividing it into ſcenes and acts, and introducing ſome vocal muſic admirably compoſed by Mr. Handel, whoſe muſic never appears to more advantage than when it is adapted to Milton's words.

War-

Warburton* is juſt put into my hands, and, you may needs think, my curioſity was raiſed, at ſeeing a new light thrown on the ſixth Æneid †. How far it will hold, I am no judge; but the

* "The Divine Legation of Moſes demonſtrated."

† See "The Divine Legation," book ii, ſect. 4. The deſcent of Virgil's hero into the infernal regions, I preſume, was no other than a figurative deſcription of an "initiation" [into the "myſteries,"] and particularly a very exact picture of the "ſpectacles" in the "Eleuſinian myſteries;" where every thing was done in ſhow and machinery; and where a repreſentation of the hiſtory of Ceres afforded an opportunity of bringing in the ſcenes of heaven, hell, elyſium, purgatory, and whatever related to the future ſtate of men and heroes.

"Divine legation, p. 270, fifth edition."

The allegorical deſcent of Æneas into hell ... is no other than an enigmatical repreſentation of his "initiation into the "myſteries." Virgil was to repreſent an heroic lawgiver in the perſon of Æneas; now, "initiation into the myſteries" was what ſanctified his character and ennobled his function.

Another reaſon for the hero's initiation was, the important inſtructions the founders of empires received in matters that concerned their office. .....

A third reaſon for his initiation was, their cuſtom of ſeeking ſupport and inſpiration from the god who preſided in the myſteries.

A fourth

parallel, at leaſt, is plauſible and ingenious.—I remember, the name of Ceres occurs but once in that book, among the ghoſts of departed warriors.——

Cererique ſacrum Polybœten.*

A fourth reaſon for his initiation was, the circumſtance in which the poet has placed him, unſettled in his affairs, and anxious about his future fortune. . . . .

A fifth reaſon was, the conforming to the old popular tradition, which ſaid, that ſeveral other heroes of the Trojan times, ſuch as Agamemnon and Ulyſſes, had been initiated.

A ſixth and principal was, that Auguſtus, who was ſhadowed in the perſon of Æneas, had been initiated into the "Eleuſinian "myſteries." Ibid. p. 288-290.

* Purgatory, the firſt diviſion [of the infernal regions] is inhabited by ſuicides, extravagant lovers, and ambitious warriors: and, in a word, by all thoſe who had indulged the violence of their paſſions, which made them rather wretched than wicked: It is remarkable that amongſt theſe we find one of the "initiated!"

Cererique ſacrum Polybœten.

This was agreeable to the public doctrine of the "myſteries," which taught that initiation with virtue procured men great advantages over others in a future ſtate; but that without virtue, it was of no avail. Ibid. p. 316.

. I

. . . . . I take the Templars to be the managers of the houſe; whatever Cibber or Rich pretend to the contrary.—I wrote two or three trifles lately. . . . . Dr. Coney, of Wells, wrote an ill-natured paper of verſes againſt my friend Hare's Horace; and at the end falls on Stephen Duck; thus anſwered:

The COUNTER-HUNT;

OR,

A REPLY to Dr. CONEY'S VERSES againſt Meſſrs. HARE and DUCK.

SURE 'tis enough to make one ſtare,
To ſee a *Coney* hunt a *Hare*;
And when in that he fails of luck,
To leave the *Hare*, and hunt the *Duck*.
Doctor, you yet may loſe the day,
At once the chaſer and the prey;
The *Hare* and *Duck* may turn upon ye,
And, at long run, hunt down the *Coney*.

Theſe laſt books of the Æneid are terribly long, as long again as moſt of the books of the Iliad or Odyſſey. But what ſaid Cæſar?

Nil actum eſſe puta, ſi quid ſupereſſet agendum.

In ſhort, after a long fit of lazineſs, with ſome illneſs, for theſe laſt ſix or ſeven weeks, I have ſate to it for a large part of a good number of mornings; and then I get on horſe-back, or in my chaiſe, and in both ſenſes leave the world behind me;

Campoque potitus aperto,
Flectit equum, curruque volans dat lora ſecundo.

Yours affectionately,

CHR. PITT.

LETTER

LETTER CV.

Rev. Mr. PITT to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Pimpern, June 3, 1738.

I WAITED a poſt, before I would anſwer your letter, for I was willing to ſend you a piece of news, that Æneas will certainly carry the lady, and that Turnus is laid fairly on his back. I have rode, for two months paſt, on a violent ſtretch to reach the goal; which I did yeſterday morning*. I propoſe a good deal of pleaſure in correcting this long work; and hope that, in time, my friends will not be aſhamed of it, though I know, that in many reſpects, Mr. Dryden's verſion † muſt have the advantage; and yet I ſaw lately my name and verſion very candidly uſed by the Journaliſts in their diſputes, when they made very free

* This tranſlation was firſt publiſhed (in two volumes quarto) in 1740.

† In another letter Mr. Pitt ſtyles Mr. Dryden's "a glorious tranſlation."

with my betters. Biſhop Secker told me, three years ago, about Mr. Martin's Georgic *. I have read ſome of Balguy's tracts, and he is a favourite author with me. Mr. Hare publiſhed a very good "verſion of Horace's odes "and epodes," by a crown ſubſcription. He is ſchool-maſter of Blandford, juſt by. I believe, in all my verſion, there are not above ſeven or eight borrowed lines. I could not help taking two together from Mr. Dryden in this paragraph; they are ſo very ſweet:—

"All, all my life," replies the youth, "ſhall
"aim,
"Like this one hour, at everlaſting fame.
"Though fortune only this attempt can bleſs,
"Yet ſtill my courage ſhall deſerve ſucceſs.
"But one reward I aſk, before I go,
"The greateſt I can aſk, or you beſtow:
"*Of Priam's royal race my mother came,*
"*And ſure the beſt, that ever bore the name.*
"Such was her love, ſhe left her native Troy,
"And fair Trinacria, for her darling boy;

* A proſe tranſlation, with notes, firſt publiſhed in 1741.

"And

" And ſuch is mine, that I muſt keep unknown
" From her, the danger of ſo dear a ſon.
" To ſpare her anguiſh, lo! I quit the place,
" Without one parting kiſs, one laſt embrace!
" By night, and that reſpected hand, I ſwear,
" Her tender tears are more than I can bear.
" For her, good prince, your pity I implore,
" Support her, childleſs, and relieve her, poor.
" Oh! let her find in you, when I am gone,
" A friend, a ſpouſe, a guardian, and a ſon!
" With that dear hope embolden'd I ſhall go,
" Brave every danger, and defy the foe."

Æn. ix, ver. 280.

You have often mentioned this epiſode, which makes me ſend you a ſingle paragraph, which is not the worſt, you may be ſure *.

I can only add, that I have not ſeen Horace ſince I ſaw you, and that

I am affectionately yours,

CHR. PITT.

* The tranſlator had certainly reaſon to be proud of theſe lines, it being ſcarce poſſible to find any ſuperior to them in any verſion. Dryden's of the ſame paſſage, ("ſweet" as are the two above-mentioned,) are much inferior to them.

LETTER

LETTER CVI.

Rev. Mr. PITT to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Pimpern, June 24, 1738.

. . . . I THANK you for your accurate obſervations on Dryden's Eclogues; and ſhould be glad to ſee more. Not that I have the leaſt thought, myſelf, of turning them*. Mr. Dryden never ſaw lord Lauderdale's tranſlation of them, or the Georgics. He only ſaw the Æneid, and borrowed ſome lines here and there †. I believe Mr. Dryden is

* The Eclogues, together with the Georgics, have ſince been very accurately tranſlated by another Wickhamite, the preſent maſter of Wincheſter-ſchool, and are now prefixed to Mr. Pitt's Æneid.

† See Dryden's dedication of his Virgil to the marqueſs of Normanby, p. 295.

The earl of Lauderdale, in the reign of Charles II, fled into France, having loſt his places for correſponding with the earl of Argyle, who was attainted. He there tranſlated the Æneid, and ſent his tranſlation over to Dryden.

right

right in that paſſage,—

—— *Sorti pater æquus utrique eſt* *,

notwithſtanding

Cuperem ipſe parens ſpectator adeſſet †,

goes before it. Pollio, as you ſay, is done very nobly; I always thought ſo, when I read it at ſchool. Will not Dryden's arguments, which were written by Mr. Addiſon, ſerve for another verſion?

I did write an idle thing, on lord Stanhope ‡, the work of a day or two, which I have forgot, as I hope every body elſe has. The lines, I believe, ſome at leaſt, were round and ſtrong; but, upon the whole, I own it was a raſh incorrect

* "Jove' is impartial, and to both the ſame." Æneid x, ver. 450. Mr. Warton, in his notes, criticiſes Dryden, and tranſlates it "My father ſtands prepared," referring (with Ruæus) both "pater" and "parens" to Evander, the father of Pallas, though Mr. Pitt (like Dryden) has tranſlated "pater" by "almighty Jove," and "parens" by "his ſire."

† Oh! were "his father" here my juſt revenge to view! x, 443.

‡ James earl Stanhope, conqueror of Minorca, and father of the preſent earl.

thing.

thing. I knew indeed very little of the ſubject; but as he married a relation *, I fell to ſcribbling without fear or wit, to ſhow my reſpect. I am juſt going to read over Ogleby's Virgil †, which is lately put into my hands, remembering Vida's practice,

Nor would I ſcruple, with a due regard,
To read ſometimes a rude, unpoliſh'd bard,
Among whoſe labours, I may find a line,
Which from unſightly ruſt I may refine,
And, with a better grace, adopt it into mine.

You know the ſtory of my maſter's reading Ennius ‡.

I am, Sir, affectionately yours,

CHR. PITT.

* Lucy, daughter of Thomas Pitt, eſq; of Stratford in Wilts.

† In like manner, Ogleby's "tranſlation of Homer," notwithſtanding the deadneſs and inſipidity of the verſification, arreſted Mr. Pope's attention by the force of the ſtory, when he was but eight years old, and the raptures this tranſlation, and Sandys's Ovid, gave him, were ſo ſtrong, that he ſpoke of them with pleaſure to the period of his life.

‡ "To pick gold out of his droſs."

LETTER CVII.

Counteſs of POMFRET* to the Counteſs of HERTFORD†.

Monts, Sept. $\frac{2}{13}$ 1738.

AS every one is willing to believe the thing they wiſh, ſo I cannot but hope, that letter muſt be written with more than common kindneſs, which, directed to my houſe in Hanover-

* Daughter and ſole heireſs to John lord Jeffreys, and mother of the preſent earl of Pomfret. Her ladyſhip's noble donation to the univerſity of Oxford, in 1755, of that part of the Arundel collection which was purchaſed by ſir William Fermor, has juſtly endeared her to all lovers of the polite arts. She died in 1761.

It is remarkable that this lady met with very rude inſults from the populace, on the weſtern road, only becauſe ſhe was grand-daughter to the inhuman lord chancellor Jeffreys.

See Granger's "Biog. Hiſtory," vol. 2, pt. 2, p. 533.

† This lady, as eminent for her virtues as her rank, the friend of Mrs. Rowe, and afterwards dutcheſs of Somerſet, died in 1754. She was eldeſt daughter of the hon. Henry Thynne, (only ſon of Thomas lord viſcount Weymouth) and mother of the preſent dutcheſs of Northumberland.

ſquare, has followed me not only to France, but through every place in it that I have ſtopped at. I am much obliged to you, madam, for giving yourſelf that trouble with lord Lempſter's * letter to his brother †. I am very glad the gentleman is ſo good as to keep it; for he will ſoon be, if he is not already, returned to Port-Mahon, and ſhould be ſorry he miſſed the receiving it.

Your ladyſhip's obliging command of writing to you, I with great pleaſure obey, but am aſhamed to think how little entertainment I can ſend you from a country that is eſteemed an inexhauſtible fund of amuſements to all the polite world that ſees it: neither am I inſenſible to all its charms; a clear air, a beautiful and well-cultivated ſoil, with a civil and diverting people. Yet all this is nothing but what Gordon's grammar can tell you better than I. What then? Am I to deſcribe palaces,

* Now earl of Pomfret.

† The hon. William Fermor, a captain in the royal navy. He died in 1749.

parks,

parks, and gardens; which (beſides that you have heard a thouſand times already) I ran over in ſuch haſte, I ſcarce know where I ſaw this apartment, that grove, or t'other caſcade? The ſum of all of them is this: Lewis XIV for ever had Pharamond* in his view; love, arms, and arts were the characters in which he ſtrove to tranſmit his name to poſterity. But, like the Egyptian monarch, he is deceived: a little time has worn thoſe pompous forms away, and vanity appears the only architect. This Lewis takes a different turn, and if he gave the leaſt occaſion to ſuſpect his reading, I ſhould believe he fetched his pattern from the Italian Paſtor Fido, and that Silvius was the man. Thus much for kings.

And now to ſhow you how little elſe I can ſay, I will inform you of my ſituation and manner of life. The firſt is in a ſmall, but very pretty, village, with two or three gentlemens families in it. My houſe is old, but convenient, with as large a garden as I deſire.

* Firſt king of the Franks, and founder of the French. He died about the year 427, after reigning eight or nine years.

My dreſſing-room looks down on the river Seine, which runs through a various and delightful country. For the ſecond, I riſe early, work a little, read more, and walk very much; this being the vintage, adds greatly to the pleaſure of the laſt. As I do not talk French, I cannot converſe ſo freely as I would with my neighbours, and, I fear, I am too old to learn. But were it otherwiſe, I have, for this laſt fortnight, been ſo uneaſy for Sophy*, who has had an intermitting fever, that I could think of nothing elſe till ſhe was better; which, I thank God, ſhe is at preſent.

I heartily hope this may find your ladyſhip, lord Hertford †, lord Beauchamp ‡, and lady Betty § in all the happineſs you merit, and

* Lady Sophia Fermor, married in 1744 to the late earl of Granville, by whom ſhe had one daughter, the late counteſs Shelburne.

† Algernon, earl of Hertford, only ſon of Charles duke of Somerſet, whom he ſucceeded in his titles in 1748, and died in 1749.

‡ Only ſon of the earl of Hertford. See letters cxxiv and cxxxii.

§ The preſent dutcheſs of Northumberland.

your

your friends wiſh; in which number permit me to place, dear madam,

Your ladyſhip's moſt obliged,
and moſt obedient humble ſervant,
HENRIETTA LOUISA POMFRET.

LETTER CVIII.

Counteſs of POMFRET to the Counteſs of HERTFORD.

Monts, Oct. $\frac{6}{17}$ 1738.

SINCE you have ſo kind a wiſh for me, dear madam, as that of coming to my dreſſing-room, I will indulge the agreeable thought that it is effected; and though I do not know how to believe you here, I will imagine I have placed you in my great chair, where, on your left hand, is the fire, (no bad thing, this weather) and, on your right, a window, from which you ſee the river, bordered on each ſide with meadows, vineyards, corn-fields, villages, and chateaux. I congratulate my own happineſs in your arrival. I recount to you my journey,

the

the things I have ſeen, and the things I was forced to leave unſeen, by the hurry we were in. And as, I believe, you may have heard leſs of St. Germain's than of ſome other palaces, I enlarge moſt upon that. I tell you it was built by that polite hero and gallant prince, Francis I*. In compliment to his miſtreſs, whoſe name was Diana, it is erected in form of a Gothic D, with five towers, and is ſix ſtories high; the three firſt are ſtone, the three higheſt brick, and there is an open gallery which runs round the middle on the outſide with iron rails; within, is a court that coaches, to the degree of a duke, have privilege of entering, and the whole caſtle is encompaſſed with a large dry ditch; over which are drawbridges. The emblem of this king was a ſalamander in flames, which is placed alternately with a crowned F round the turrets, as alſo

* This prince (who died in 1547) built many of the royal palaces in France, and adorned them all with pictures, ſtatues, tapeſtry, and all kinds of choice and coſtly furniture, and is ſaid never to have been equalled in generoſity, ſweetneſs of temper, and magnificence.

carried

carried over the gate-way. The apartments within are noble, and the convenience for the ſervants very great. The gardens are not large, but there is, perhaps, the fineſt terras in the world on the ſide of the foreſt, two thouſand ſeven hundred yards long, and fifty broad, from which you have a view of the Seine and a moſt beautiful country. The foreſt itſelf is of vaſt extent, and finely wooded, cut into walks and ſtars; and is by nature as much fitted for walking as any garden in England is by art. In this palace the ſucceeding kings of France generally lived, till Lewis XIV (who was born here) built Verſailles, much more extenſive, leſs noble, and reſigned this to king James II, ſince the death of whoſe widow the royal lodgings have been unfurniſhed, and it is now of much the ſame uſe that Somerſet-houſe is in London. There are ſtill ſome remains of that abdicated court: amongſt others is lady Middleton, ſiſter to lady Weſtmoreland, and two years older than herſelf, in perfect poſſeſſion of her health and ſenſes. She followed her huſband * out of England, was lady of the

* The earl of Middleton, ſecretary of ſtate to king James II.

bed-

bed-chamber to queen Mary, and governeſs to the princeſs Louiſa, whoſe picture I ſaw, and, if I had not ſeen it there, ſhould have taken it for our princeſs Caroline. This poor lady, while I was at St. Germain's, loſt her youngeſt ſon, whoſe ſtory has ſomething ſo particular, that (as I can anſwer both for the truth and knowledge of the perſons who told it me) believing it may entertain you, I will relate it.

He was born about the time of the revolution, and chriſtened Charles. As ſoon as his mother was able to travel (as I ſaid before) ſhe followed her huſband, taking this boy along with her; whoſe beauty, when he grew up, was only equalled by the wit, politeneſs, and a thouſand other perfections that he poſſeſſed, and that made him the admiration and delight of all his acquaintance. When he was old enough, he entered into the army, where his behaviour was anſwerable to all his other merits. One winter that his regiment was quartered in Normandy, he lodged in the houſe of an officer, who had an only daughter, young, pretty, and ingenious. You will eaſily gueſs,

the

the event of this acquaintance was first a liking, and then a love; and that so violent and open on his side, that the father thought fit to interpose, and tell him, with all the respect due from an inferior, and all the warmth of an alarmed parent, that "he knew his daughter undeserving "of the honour of being his wife, but also "thought her above being his mistress." On this, he was obliged to quit the house, but could not quit his passion; and finding equal return from the young lady, he, to assure her of his faith, and himself of hers, gave and received a contract. As this affair could not pass in silence, lord Clare, (who was his colonel) and others of his relations, sent word of it to lady Middleton, who immediately ordered him to return home; where she made use of so many arguments, threats, and persuasions, (amongst others, that he would ruin the young woman he loved, as well as himself) that, after contending with them for two or three years, he yielded to write a letter, in which he said, that "he be-"lieved it would be happier for her to think "no more of a man whose friends were deter-"mined never to receive her; and that he

"might not be a hindrance to her fortune "elſewhere, he returned her promiſe, and "deſired his." The lady ſent it directly, aſſuring him ſhe had never taken it with an intention to injure him, whoſe happineſs ſhe preferred to her own, and heartily wiſhed it him in ſome more worthy choice; but did not long outlive her generoſity, and his change, falling into a conſumption, and dying within the year. The news of which made ſuch an impreſſion on Mr. Middleton, that, from the moſt lively, he became the moſt melancholy, of men; and, though he lived ſome years after, he never enjoyed life, for the laſt three months of which he ſecluded himſelf from all company, and died of a fever that had no appearance of being mortal.

You ſee, dear madam, by the length of my diſcourſe, I do not mean to part ſoon with you, whenever you come, for I find myſelf on the laſt ſide of my paper, and have not aſked you one of thoſe many things I want to know. The actions, the words, the deſigns of our acquaintances muſt be agreeable to hear of, if you

you relate them; for even the duke of Marlborough's purchaſe, in lady Herford's letter, is worth the money. Write me word then, dear madam, what is doing where we do no more, but, ſafe in harbour, ſee the main covered with floating veſſels, ſome ſailing with auſpicious gales, ſome ſtruggling with adverſe winds, ſome cruiſing, ſome ſinking. I am not out of humour with the world, though retired from it, and therefore ſhould take as much pleaſure in hearing how it goes, as in ſeeing a new play; where, though I am no actor, I am as attentive to the opening, progreſs, and cataſtrophe of the plot. I believe, you will more than once wiſh, (if you have the patience to read this out) that I had thought of concluding ſooner; but ſince I have gone ſo far, I muſt detain you ſo much longer as to ſay, I am, dear madam,

Your ladyſhip's moſt faithful,
and moſt obedient humble ſervant,
HENRIETTA LOUISA POMFRET.

LETTER CIX.

Biſhop HERRING* to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Rocheſter†, Nov. 3, 1737.

I THANK you moſt affectionately for your obliging enquiry after me, and I bleſs God, have the ſatisfaction to inform you that I am very well, after the moſt agreeable journey I ever had in my life. We travelled ſlowly and commodiouſly, and found Wales a country al-

* Afterwards ſucceſſively archbiſhop of York and Canterbury. "This amiable prelate" (as he is juſtly characteriſed by the late Dr. Jortin) "had piety without ſuperſtition, and moderation "without meanneſs, an open and a liberal way of thinking, and "a conſtant attachment to the cauſe of ſober and rational liberty, "civil and religious. Thus he lived and died, and few great "men paſſed through this malevolent world better beloved, and "leſs cenſured, than he."

Life of Eraſmus, vol. i, p. 42, note.

His grace died March 13, 1758, aged 64.

† His lordſhip held this deanery in commendam with his biſhopric.

together

together as entertaining as it was new. The face of it is grand, and beſpeaks the magnificence of nature; and ſo enlarged my mind, in the ſame manner as the ſtupendouſneſs of the ocean does, that it was ſome time before I could be reconciled again to the level countries: their beauties were all in the little taſte; and, I am afraid, if I had ſeen Stow in my way home, I ſhould have thrown out ſome very unmannerly reflections upon it. I ſhould have ſmiled at the little niceties of art, and beheld with contempt an artificial ruin, after I had been agreeably terrified with ſomething like the rubbiſh of a creation. Not but that Wales has its little beauties too, in delightful ſtreams and fine valleys; but the things which entertained me were the vaſt ocean, and ranges of rocks, whoſe foundations are hid, and whoſe tops reach the clouds. I know ſomething of your caſt of mind, I believe, and I will therefore take the liberty to give you an account of an airing one fine evening, which I ſhall never forget. I went out in the cool of the day, and rode near four miles upon the ſmooth ſhore, with an extended view of the ocean, whoſe waves

waves broke at our feet in gentle murmurs: from thence we turned into a little village, with a neat church and houſes, which ſtood juſt at the entrance of a deep valley: the rocks roſe high, and near, at each hand of us, but were, on one ſide, covered with a fine turf full of ſheep and goats and grazing herds, and, on the other, varied with patches of yellow corn and ſpots of wood, and here and there a great piece of a bare rock projecting. At our feet ran a ſtream clear as chryſtal, but large and foaming, over vaſt ſtones rudely thrown together, of unequal magnitudes, and over it a wooden bridge, which could ſcarce be ſaid to be made by the hands of art; and as it was evening, the hinds appeared, in many parts of the ſcene, returning home, with pails upon their heads. I proceeded in this agreeable place till our proſpect was cloſed, though much illuminated, by a prodigious cataract from a mountain, that did, as it were, ſhut the valley. All theſe images together put me much in mind of Pouſſin's drawings, and made me fancy myſelf in Savoy at leaſt, if not nearer Rome.

Indeed

Indeed both the journey, and the country, and the reſidence were moſt pleaſing to me. . . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and aſſured friend,

THO. BANGOR.

LETTER CX.

Biſhop HERRING to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Kenſington, Sept. 11, 1739.

. . . . I MET your letter here on my return from Wales. I bleſs God for it, I am come home quite well, after a very romantic, and, upon looking back, I think it a moſt perilous journey. It was the year of my primary viſitation, and I determined to ſee every part of my dioceſe; to which purpoſe, I mounted my horſe, and rode intrepidly, but ſlowly, through North Wales to Shrewſbury. I am a little afraid, if I ſhould be particular in my deſcription, you would think I am playing the traveller upon you; but indeed I will ſtick religiouſly

giouſly to truth; and becauſe a little journal of my expedition may be ſome minutes amuſement, I will take the liberty to give it you. I remember, on my laſt year's picture of North Wales, you complimented me with ſomewhat of a poetical fancy: that, I am confident, you will not now; for a man may as well expect poetical fire at Copenhagen, as amidſt the dreary rocks of Merionethſhire *. You find, by this intimation, that my landſcapes are like to be ſomething different from what they were before, for I talk ſomewhat in the ſtyle of Othello,

—— "Of antres vaſt, and deſerts idle,
"Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whoſe
"heads touch heaven."

I ſet out upon this adventurous journey on a Monday morning, accompanied (as biſhops uſually are) by my chancellor, my chaplain, ſecretary, two or three friends, and our ſervants.

* To this his lordſhip's letter is one exception, and Ambroſe Philips's poem "from Copenhagen," publiſhed in the "Tatler," is another.

The

The first part of our road lay croſs the foot of a long ridge of rocks, and was over a dreary moraſs, with here and there a ſmall dark cottage, a few ſheep, and more goats, in view, but not a bird to be ſeen, ſave, now and then, a ſolitary hern watching for frogs. At the end of four of their miles we got to a ſmall village, where the view of things mended a little, and the road and the time were beguiled by travelling for three miles along the ſide of a fine lake, full of fiſh, and tranſparent as glaſs. That pleaſure over, our work became very arduous, for we were to mount a rock, and, in many places of the road, over natural ſtairs of ſtone. I ſubmitted to this, which, they told me, was but a taſte of the country, and to prepare me for worſe things to come. However, worſe things did not come that morning, for we dined, ſoon after, out of our own wallet, and though our inn ſtood in a place of moſt frightful ſolitude, and the beſt formed for the habitation of monks (who once poſſeſſed it) in the world, yet we made a chearful meal. The novelty of the thing gave me ſpirits, and the air gave me appetite much

keener than the knife I ate with. We had our muſic too, for there came in a harper, who ſoon drew about us a groupe of figures that Hogarth would give any price for. The harper was in his true place and attitude; a man and woman ſtood before him, ſinging to his inſtrument wildly, but not diſagreeably; a little dirty child was playing with the bottom of the harp; a woman, in a ſick night-cap, hanging over the ſtairs; a boy with crutches, fixed in a ſtaring attention; and a girl carding wool in the chimney, and rocking a cradle with her naked feet, interrupted in her buſineſs by the charms of the muſic; all ragged and dirty, and all ſilently attentive. Theſe figures gave us a moſt entertaining picture, and would pleaſe you, or any man of obſervation: and one reflection gave me particular comfort, That the aſſembly before us demonſtrated, that, even here, the influential ſun warmed poor mortals, and inſpired them with love and muſic. When we had diſpatched our meal, and had taken a view of an old church, very large for that country, we remounted; and my guide pointed to a narrow paſs between

two rocks, through which, he ſaid, our road lay. It did ſo; and in a little time we came at it. The inhabitants call it, in their language, "The road of kindneſs." It was made by the Romans for their paſſage to Carnarvon. It is juſt broad enough for an horſe, paved with large flat ſtones, and is not level, but riſes and falls with the rock, at whoſe foot it lies. It is half a mile long. On the right hand, a vaſt rock hangs almoſt over you; on the left, cloſe to the path, is a precipice, at the bottom of which rolls an impetuous torrent, bounded, on the other ſide, not by a ſhore, but by a rock, as bare, not ſo ſmooth, as a whetſtone, which riſes half a mile in perpendicular height. Here we all diſmounted, not only from reaſons of juſt fear, but that I might be at leiſure to contemplate in pleaſure, mixed with horror, this ſtupendous mark of the Creator's power. Having paſſed over a noble bridge of ſtone, we found ourſelves upon a fine ſand, then left by the ſea, which here indents upon the country, and arrived in the evening, paſſing over more rough country, at our deſtined inn. The accommodations there

were better than expected, for we had good beds and a friendly hoſteſs, and I ſlept well, though, by the number of beds in the room, I could have fancied myſelf in an hoſpital. The next morning I confirmed at the church, and after dinner ſet out for the metropolis of the country, called Dolgelle. There I ſtayed and did buſineſs the next day, and the ſcene was much mended. The country I had hitherto paſſed through was like one not made by the Father of the Creation, but in the wrath of power; but here were inhabitants, a town and church, a river, and fine meadows. However, on the Thurſday, I had one more iron mountain of two miles to paſs, and then was entertained with the green hills of Montgomeryſhire, high indeed, but turfed up to the top, and productive of the fineſt ſheep; and from this time the country and the proſpects gradually mended, and indeed the whole oeconomy of nature, as we approached the ſun; and you cannot conceive, what an air of chearfulneſs it gave us, to compare the deſolations of North Wales with the fine valleys and hills of Montgomeryſhire, and the fruitful green fields

of

of fair Warwickſhire. For I made myſelf amends in the following part of my journey, directing my courſe through Shrewſbury, Woolverhampton, Birmingham, Warwick, and Oxford, ſome of the fineſt towns and counties in the iſland. But I muſt ſtop, and not uſe you ſo unmercifully. . . . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and

affectionate humble ſervant,

THO. BANGOR.

LETTER CXI.

Biſhop RUNDLE to the Rev. Dean CLARKE *.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Barrington †, Sept. 9, 1740.

IF I was not the moſt inactive mortal living, I would quickly come to you at Wincheſter,

* Alured Clarke, D. D. prebendary of Weſtminſter and Wincheſter, and dean of Exeter. This laſt preferment, to which he was advanced May 12, 1740, he did not long enjoy, dying, before he had completed the 46th year of his age, on May 31, 1742.

He

to assure you what esteem and affection for you have ever been in my heart; but, I believe, I must defer my visit to you, till I can pay it in that city [Exeter] where I was born, and which still continues the delight of my imagination. Though I think it by far the finest climate, and most agreeable place of residence in England, yet it never appeared in so fair a light to me, as it will, when I see you presiding in its cathedral. I have still some few valuable acquaintance left in that country, who will think themselves happy in your friendship, and rejoice to perform to you all the self-rewarding duties of good neighbourhood; and, I am confident, they will think themselves more obliged to me for making them known to you,

He was interred, without any monument, in Westminster-abbey; but the county-hospitals of Winchester and Exeter (the first of the kind) which, in a great measure, owe their rise to his indefatigable assiduity, are much more durable memorials of his benevolence and charity.

† Lord Talbot's seat in Gloucestershire.

"At Barrington shall English bounty stand,
"And Hensol's glory never leave the land."

Pope.

than

than for all the other civilities it has ever been in my power to ſhow them.

Your houſe*, there, as well as I remember, is large, but gloomily ſituated under the ſhadow of the church, crowded with houſes in ſuch a manner, as not to ſuffer you to have any gardens of value; but the variety of public walks round the town, and the beauty of the landſcapes, and the warmth of the air, will make you ample amends for every inconvenience at home, if any ſuch there is. But I am juſt informed that you have not yet taken poſſeſſion of it. Whence this delay? I hope it is not from indifference. If you go down next ſpring, I will offer you my company, if that can make the journey more agreeable. You will find there every thing that your hoſpitable heart can deſire, in greater plenty, greater elegance, and at leſs expence, than in any city in England, and I may almoſt ſay Ireland, if I am not deceived by my memory and my friends. Forgive my indulging

* On the repair of this houſe dean Clarke expended a large ſum of money.

myſelf

myſelf in the praiſes of my firſt love, to one who is to enjoy her beauties, whilſt I am baniſhed to Thulé, far from ſunſhine, and the converſation of thoſe friends, whoſe company would make even Thulé pleaſant and ſunſhine forgotten. If you have any taſte for gardening, and cultivating and amaſſing any kind of vegetable riches, the trees there ſhoot with a more luxuriant verdure; the flowers glow with warmer colours; and the fruits ripen to a richer flavour, than in any part of this iſland: and the fig and the grape ſcarce deſire better ſkies.

I am glad you are pleaſed with Capt. Folliot*; he is a ſenſible, friendly, upright man; indefatigable in obliging thoſe for whom he has conceived an eſteem; and generous to the full extent of his fortune. He has a taſte for the beauties of nature, and indulges himſelf in the enjoyment of every rational amuſement of that kind, which he can purchaſe with diſcretion. You and he have many things in common in the turn of your indefatigable cha-

* Afterwards lieutenant-general, colonel of the 18th regiment of foot, and member of parliament for Sligo. He died in 1762.

rity

rity to relieve the diſtreſſes of mankind; and our hoſpital for invalids, by his dexterity and diligence, was raiſed from being *vox & præterea nihil*, into a comfort to many hundred of unhappy wretches; and is now an honour to our kingdom; and, whilſt it continues ſo, will preſerve to poſterity an account of the fortitude, and virtue, and wiſdom of Folliot.

I intend to continue here till the meeting of the parliament, and then to remove to Mr. John Talbot's *, in Red-lion-ſquare. You know me well enough, to be ſure that the chief call I have into England is to enjoy the company of thoſe friends, to whoſe family and affection I owe all the good fortune of my life. Inclination and gratitude united in determining me to undertake my preſent journey. I deſign to continue the winter and ſpring in London, and in the beginning of the ſummer ſee my other friends, and then return to Ireland—for ever. I grow too old and too inactive to pro-

* Third ſon of the lord chancellor, afterwards one of the Welch judges, member of parliament for Ilcheſter, and a lord of trade. He died in 1756.

poſe any future expeditions: I have recovered my health and ſpirits, but not my ſtrength; I am infinitely better than ever I expected, or could even hope for without preſumption; but yet the effects of a diſtemper, as well as the infirmities of old age, will diſable me from any proſpect of being hereafter fit for any thing, but talking in an elbow-chair.

I own to you, my friend, my ſituation in Ireland is as agreeable to me as any poſſibly could be, remote from the early friendſhips of my life. I have been ſerved as Plato in his commonwealth would have Homer treated; "Firſt," ſays the philoſopher, "do him ho-"nours, reward his merit, and then baniſh "him." At Dublin I enjoy the moſt delightful habitation, the fineſt landſcape, and the mildeſt climate that can be deſcribed or deſired; I have a houſe * there rather too elegant and too magnificent; in the north, an eaſy dioceſe and a large revenue. I have but thirty-five beneficed clergymen under my care; and they

* On Stephen's-green.

all

all regular, decent, neighbourly: each hath conſiderable and commendable general learning, but not one is eminent for any particular branch of knowledge. And I have rather more curates, who are allowed by their rectors ſuch a ſtipend, as hath, alas! tempted the moſt of them to marry; and it is not uncommon to have curates, that are fathers of eight or ten children, without any thing but an allowance of forty pounds a year to ſupport them.

The only diſcipline that I have as yet exerted, hath been to diſcard three out of my dioceſe, who, though refuſed certificates by me and my clergy, have obtained good livings in America, and found room for repentance. If their former misfortunes have been a warning to them, I rejoice at their ſucceſs; but if they are once more negligent of their conduct, there is no farther beneficial pardon for their follies in this life, though they ſhould ſincerely ſeek it with tears.

My dean *, your kinſman, is much beloved at Derry, and is highly delighted with the preferment. That place was the firſt object of his fondneſs, and agrees with his conſtitution; his wife was born in it, and is related to great numbers near it. He is very generous, and a great oeconomiſt; lives ſplendidly, yet buys eſtates; and equally takes care of his reputation and his family. The income is above 1300 l. per ann. but he hath ſeven curates, to whom he is generous. It is a preferment which will increaſe daily, and the out-goings continue the ſame. It is now a clear 1000 l. and will next year be probably better. I have only room to aſſure you, that I am,

Yours moſt ſincerely,

THO. DERRY †.

* Mr. Robert Downes, afterwards ſucceſſively biſhop of Ferns, Down, and Raphoe. He died in 1763.

† Biſhop Rundle died at Dublin April 14, 1743, and left the bulk of his fortune, amounting to 25,000 l. to Mr. John Talbot above-mentioned.

LETTER CXII.

Rev. Mr. SAY* to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Octob. 10, 1740.

ACCORDING to your desire, I herewith send you my Latin version of the introduction to Paradise Lost. It was composed (as I think I told you) while I lay on my bed in the night, and scarce knew whether I was asleep or awake, writing or hearing verses; and the heavenly muse gave me, in the words of Milton,

Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
And whisper'd to me slumb'ring, and inspir'd
Easy my unpremeditated verse:

Or, in plain prose, suggested it to one who does not remember to have made ten Latin hexameters together in his whole life at any other time, nor designs ever to make ten more. For you will easily believe, *he* can lay very little stress on the inspiration, who has since at-

* See note on letter iv, vol. i.

tempted

tempted to make ſo many improvements by a mere human judgment or induſtry.

The reading over a Latin manuſcript-verſion of the firſt book of Paradiſe Loſt, which had been put into my hands a little before, gave my thoughts, as I imagine, this turn; for I was endeavouring to convince the author, that Milton would be but half-tranſlated, if his numbers were not transfuſed, as well as his general ſenſe given; and if there was not the ſame ſtudied, or happy neglect, or choice of ſounds, either harſh or indifferent, or ſweet and ſoothing to the ear, in the copy as in the original.

Humani generis lapſum, mitiſſima rupta
Fœdera, lethiferæ fructum arboris, unde malorum
Dira cohors, cum morte ſimul, mortalibus ægris
Incubuit, Paradiſo Amiſſo; major Adamus
Dum moriens mortem vincat, ſedemque beatam*

* Eodem ſcilicet ſenſu, quo Virgilius de Niſo:

——— *et moriens animam abſtulit hoſti.*

Æneid. ix, v. 443.

Et Apoſt. ad Hebræos, II, 9——14.

Et imperium moriens morti abſtulit.

Dying he ſlew.———Dryden.

Reſtituat,

Reſtituat, cane muſa: Sinæ quæ vertice ſummo,
Orebive olim, ſecreto numine mentem
Illius afflâſti Paſtoris, ſemen Abrami
Qui ſanctum docuit, quo motu terra fretumque,
Quo, primùm è cæco lux ipſa & ſidera cæli
Emerſêre Chao—Vel ſi juga ſacra Sionis,
Seu Siloæ mage flumen ames, oracla Jehovæ
Quæ placidè prætervehitur, veneranda, vocata,
Exaudi, Uranie, atque ingentibus annue cœptis:
Dum niſu inſolito ſurgens ſuper æthera pennis,
Supra anni ſoliſque vias, ſublimis Olympum
Deſpiciam; dicamque, audax, miracula rerum
Non audita aliàs, neque vatum dicta priorum
Carminibus, numeris unquam neque lege ſolutis.

Tuque adeo, tibi dilectas qui deligis ædes
Cor purum, ſceleriſque vacans, tu, Spiritus, adſis!
Omnia nota tibi—Naſcentis ſemina mundi
Foviſti, præſens, vaſtum per inane coacta,
Et paſſis magnum, omniparens, genialibus alis
Maturâſti ovum. Tenebras de pectore, Diva,
Diſcutias; humilemque leves, & talibus auſis
Eſſe parem jubeas, dum juſtum atque omnibus æquum,
Æternum oſtendam Patrem, rerumque potentem.

S. SAY.

LETTER

LETTER CXIII.

Rev. Mr. Say to Mr. ———.

DEAR SIR, March, 1742-3.

IF you remember a converſation we had once at our common friend Mr. H——'s, you will never put any queſtion to me concerning a ſubject of which I am unwilling ever to think more, unleſs it be in reflections on the diſproportion between a finite and an infinite mind, and the improbability, that the one ſhould ever be in circumſtances, to judge of all the proceedings of the other.

I was glad, therefore, that in the letter you ſent me, you put the queſtion in terms which made it eaſier to ſend you ſome kind of anſwer; for it will never be difficult to me, that an innocent being ſhould ſuffer, if the difficulty ariſes merely from the innocence, unleſs you ſuppoſe its ſufferings, upon the whole, to be greater than its enjoyments, or rewards.

As

As for the brute-creation, we know ſo little of their ſenſations, or the laws of Providence, by which they are governed, that I think it impoſſible for us to determine, whether this be the caſe with them, conſidered in the general. As to individuals, I think I ſhould chuſe to be a managed horſe, or a diſciplined dog, for a few months, that I might be the favourite of my maſter for all the reſt of my life: in the ſame manner as Paul of Tarſus ſaith to his young converts, expoſed to ſome degrees of perſecution, *If ye endure chaſtiſement*, or (as his words intend,) if ye are under paternal diſcipline, παιδεια, *God dealeth with you as with ſons.* And in fact, we ſee among ourſelves that the future and greater happineſs of the life of many a youth is owing to this wiſe and uſeful diſcipline.

There was a time, indeed, when under a wreck of every delightful idea, I was willing to catch at any fragment that might ſave me from ſinking, and endeavoured to perſuade myſelf that there never was a ſenſible or conſcious being, who, upon the whole of his exiſtence,

ſhould not poſſeſs an over-balance of good to his evil, notwithſtanding the two different ſtates of good and bad men, which we believe hereafter, and I pleaſed myſelf with theſe lines:

——— ——— ——— For who would loſe,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Thoſe thoughts that wander through eternity;
To periſh rather; ſwallow'd up and loſt
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of ſenſe and motion?

Paradiſe Loſt, b. ii.

And yet (if we underſtand the words aright,) we muſt except one perſon at leaſt, concerning whom it is ſaid; *Good were it for that man if he had never been born.* But this ſingle inſtance, I perceive, you would not have allowed.

But whatever difficulties there are (as there are difficulties never to be thought of again by me) as to the general conduct of Providence, I could never think with you, that pain and ſufferings ought never, no, not in any one inſtance, to befall an innocent being, not though the

the joy, that ſhould be ſet before him as the reward of it ſhould be his own, and the joy of millions of other beings in conſequence of it, the higheſt pleaſure that a generous and god-like mind could propoſe to itſelf; or, to deſcend lower, while I am conſcious I owe the ſtrongeſt pleaſures of my life to preceding pains, and which nothing but thoſe pains could have put me into a capacity to enjoy. And with what reluctance ſoever I may ſuffer ſome preſent painful or ungrateful things, may I not have the ſame reaſon to ſay,

— *Forſan et* hæc *olim meminiſſe juvabit ?*

Hunger is pain, but a pain which the ſofteſt epicure would hardly be without. And the *Helluo librorum*, the man that is greedy of various knowledge, or ambitious of the higheſt poſts in the church or in the ſtate,

Multa tulit fecitque puer, ſudavit & alſit.

So that you ſeem to reaſon here againſt common ſenſe, and common practice,

Cum ventum ad verum eſt, ſenſus moreſque repugnant.

But to come nearer to you, let me only remind you, that nothing gives a greater, nothing, perhaps, an equal pleaſure, to acts of virtue, and the more ſo, the more difficult they are to be exerted, as in the nobler inſtances of continence, reſolution, fortitude, and a command over our ſtrongeſt inclinations and paſſions; without which there could be no ſuch thing as virtue, or the inward and eternal reward of a ſelf-approving mind:

——— *Pulcherrima præmia primum,*
Dii moreſque dabunt veſtri.

Virg.

I cannot conſent therefore that "juſtice" or "goodneſs" ſhould not permit the innocent to ſuffer in any inſtance whatever, or for any conſiderations.

Whether the Governor of the world could have attained the ſame ends, or given the ſame pleaſure,

pleaſure, without the ſame previous pain in other inſtances, I know not; but not the ſame virtuous pleaſure, I imagine, without the ſame exerciſe of virtue, which, in ſome inſtances at leaſt, is its own reward.

Thus far I can venture to think, but no farther.

Yours, &c.

S. SAY.

May 27, 1743.

IN confirmation of what is advanced by the learned and pious author of the foregoing letter, (whom it pleaſed God to take to himſelf ſoon after the writing it*,) it may be farther obſerved; that there can be no temporal evil, but what may, upon the whole, tend to the advantage and happineſs of the ſufferer, ſuppoſing a Providence, a future ſtate, and the immortality of the ſoul. But, without thoſe principles, the ſtate and condition of mankind

* April 12, 1743.

ſeem

ſeem to be the moſt wretched and forlorn of all creatures; and, if not true, the belief of them contributes at leaſt to our preſent happineſs. They, therefore, who endeavour to ſubvert theſe animating principles deſerve to be treated as enemies to human ſociety. Perhaps all thoſe natural evils, or moral obliquities, of which we ſo grievouſly complain, may be no ſtronger an objection to the rectitude of the whole ſyſtem, than hills and mountains are to the rotundity of the globe; and may anſwer various excellent purpoſes, though we are too ſhort-ſighted to diſcover them. "Vindictive "juſtice" in the Deity is, I own, no article of my creed. All puniſhment in the hands of an infinitely wiſe and good Being, I think, muſt be medicinal, or what we call chaſtiſement.

There is a paſſage in Milton's maſk of Comus, which ſeems to compriſe the marrow of theology;

Virtue may be aſſail'd, but never hurt,
Surpriſ'd by unjuſt force, but not inthrall'd;
Yea even that, which miſchief meant moſt harm,

Shall

Shall in the happy trial prove moſt glory.
But evil on itſelf ſhall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodneſs, when at laſt
Gather'd like ſcum, and ſettled to itſelf,
It ſhall be in eternal reſtleſs change,
Self-fed, and ſelf-conſumed: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenneſs,
And earth's baſe built on ſtubble.

What St. Paul ſpeaks more directly of the reconciliation both of Jews and Gentiles to God by Jeſus Chriſt, Romans xi, 32, *For God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all*, I am willing to underſtand in a more extenſive ſenſe, of the general redemption of mankind, at the conſummation of all things. With what raptures of devotion muſt every one, who cheriſhes this generous doctrine, join with the apoſtle in the following pathetic exclamation; *O the depth of the riches both of the wiſdom and knowledge of God! How unſearchable are his judgments, and his ways paſt finding out!*

Nor will theſe ſentiments appear, on reflection, ſo contradictory to revelation, as they

they may perhaps, at firſt, be thought; for (as has been obſerved by a moſt excellent author*,) "he that threatens hath ſtill the power "of execution in his own hands. And there "is this remarkable difference between pro-"miſes and threatenings, that he who pro-"miſes paſſeth over a right to another, and "thereby ſtands obliged to him in juſtice and "faithfulneſs to make good his promiſe; and "if he do not, the party to whom the promiſe "is made is not only diſappointed, but injuri-"ouſly dealt withal: but in threatenings it "is quite otherwiſe. He that threatens keeps "the right of puniſhing in his own hand, and "is not obliged to execute what he hath "threatened any farther than the reaſons and "ends of government do require: and he may, "without any injury to the party threatened, "remit and abate as much as he pleaſeth of the "puniſhment that he hath threatened: and "becauſe in ſo doing he is not worſe but bet-"ter than his word, nobody can find fault, or "complain of any wrong or injuſtice thereby "done to him.

* Archbiſhop Tillotſon, vol. i, fol. p. 413.

"Nor

" Nor is this any impeachment of God's
" truth and faithfulneſs, any more than it is
" eſteemed among men a piece of falſhood not
" to do what they have threatened. God did
" abſolutely threaten the deſtruction of the
" city of Niniveh, and his peeviſh prophet did
" underſtand the threatening to be abſolute,
" and was very angry with God for employ-
" ing him in a meſſage that was not made
" good. But God underſtood his own right,
" and did what he pleaſed notwithſtanding the
" threatening he had denounced, and for all
" Jonah was ſo touched in honour that he had
" rather have died himſelf than that Niniveh
" ſhould not have been deſtroyed, only to
" have verified his meſſage."

No certain judgment can be formed of the juſtice and goodneſs of God (more than of any other governor,) by a partial view of his diſpenſations. Before we can be qualified to cenſure his ways, we muſt take into the account not only the preſent ſhort duration, but likewiſe the paſt and the future; and then it will be found, on ſumming up the whole,

that his throne is founded on equity, and all his ways are righteouſneſs and truth.

If we take a ſummary view of the diſpenſations of God to mankind, it will evidently appear what little ground we have to complain of any want of goodneſs towards us.

He called us into being of his mere bounty, and has made us capable of a thouſand excellent qualities. He has ſpread all around us a great variety of ſenſible goods, which, when uſed with moderation, tend to prolong our life, and give us, at the ſame time, the moſt agreeable ſenſations. So indulgently has he blended the delightful with the uſeful! He hath made known to us, both by reaſon and revelation, the methods whereby we may render ourſelves acceptable to him, and become happy both here and hereafter. The commandments, to which he enjoins our obedience, are all calculated for our benefit; *for a man cannot be profitable to his Maker.* Theſe commandments require little more of us than what the voice of reaſon dictates; and are all eaſy to be performed,

formed, 'till we have corrupted ourſelves by vicious habits. Theſe depraved habits may be reformed; and God is not implacable, but will accept of our ſincere repentance: and, after this life is ended, he will convey the virtuous and truly penitent to manſions of everlaſting glory. They indeed, who obſtinately refuſe to be converted, ſhall ſuffer puniſhment proportionable to their offences, and ſuch as the rules of juſtice and equity dictate. And this the order of God's government, the reverence due to his laws, the benefit and final converſion of the offenders themſelves, and the improvement of other moral agents, manifeſtly require.

Abſolute indefectibility, or an incapacity of deviating in any inſtance from the rule of right, is probably one of the incommunicable perfections of the Deity; and, if that be the caſe, to require a creature not ſubject to error, grief, or pain, is to require an impoſſibility: but if, upon the whole, the good overbalances the evil, that ſurplus of happineſs muſt be aſcribed to the free grace or benevolence of God.

The celebrated Bayle employed his laſt hours in raiſing objections againſt the juſtice and goodneſs of the Governor of the world, which he has diſplayed in the moſt artful manner imaginable: and it is to be feared, that his writings have contributed to drive many a thoughtful man, of a melancholy complection, into deſpair. In how different a ſtrain does the divine Epictetus (for ſo, I think, he may be juſtly called,) diſcourſe of the ways of God, of the diſpoſition of his own heart, of the thoughts and employments in which he would be glad to be ſeized by death. "For my own part," (ſays he,) "I wiſh death may overtake me "wholly employed in correcting my will, "that I may be free from all terror, diſen- "tangled from all cares and paſſions, and "ready to obey his ſummons without reluc- "tance. So that I may then be able to addreſs "myſelf to God in this manner:

"Have I, in any inſtance, tranſgreſſed thy "laws? Have I neglected the opportunities "of doing good, which thou haſt afforded me? "Have I miſemployed my faculties or my underſtanding?

" derſtanding? Did I ever accuſe thee, or ar-
" raign thy government? I have been ſick, be-
" cauſe it was thy pleaſure: others have been
" ſick too, but I without repining. I have
" lived in a ſtate of poverty, becauſe it was
" thy will; but content and eaſy. I have not
" been a magiſtrate, becauſe thou did'ſt not
" ſee fit it ſhould be ſo; nor have I deſired to
" be one. Did'ſt thou ever behold me more
" melancholy on this account, or have I ever
" addreſſed thee with a countenance leſs chear-
" ful? I am ready to obey, or to ſuffer what-
" ever thou ſhalt ordain. Is it thy will, that
" I ſhould now quit this grand theatre? I am
" content to quit it; and return thee all poſſible
" thanks for deigning to admit me to be a
" ſpectator of this glorious ſcene of thy works,
" and for giving me ſuch a ſenſe of thy over-
" ruling Providence. May death ſeize me me-
" ditating, writing, or reading ſuch things as
" theſe!"

Epictetus, as quoted by Arrian, b. iii, c. 5.

Abſtracting from theſe words a little of the Stoical pride, with which they are tinctured, and

and underſtanding them in a qualified ſenſe, there is no conſiderate man but would wiſh to die with ſuch ſentiments. At leaſt, nothing can be more juſt than the general maxim of this philoſopher, that it is the intereſt, as well as duty, of every one to be found at the hour of death, fulfilling the taſk aſſigned him by Providence, grateful for the bleſſings he has received in life, and entirely reſigned to the will of his wiſe Creator.

W. D.

LETTER CXIV.

Counteſs of HERTFORD* to the Rev. Dr. BURNET†.

SIR, Oct. 1744.

I AM very ſenſibly obliged by the very kind compaſſion you expreſs for me under my heavy

* See note † on letter cvii, p. 65.

† Prebendary of Saliſbury, and rector of Weſt-kington, Wilts.

affliction.

affliction *. The meditations you have favoured me with afford the ſtrongeſt motives for conſolation that can be offered to a perſon under my unhappy circumſtances. The dear lamented ſon I have loſt, was the pride and joy of my heart, but I hope I may be the more eaſily excuſed for having looked on him in this light, ſince he was not ſo from the outward advantages he poſſeſſed, but from the virtues and rectitude of his mind. The proſpects which flattered me in regard to him were not drawn from his diſtinguiſhed rank, or from the beauty of his perſon, but from the hopes that his example would have been ſerviceable to the cauſe of virtue, and would have ſhown the younger part of the world, that it was poſſible to be chearful without being fooliſh or vicious, and to be religious without ſeverity or melancholy. His whole life was one uninterrupted courſe of duty and obedience to his parents, and when he found the hand of death upon him, his only regret was to think of the agonies which muſt rend their hearts; for he was per-

* The death of her ladyſhip's only ſon, George lord viſcount Beauchamp, at Bologna in Italy, Sept. 11, 1744.

fectly

fectly contented to leave the world, as his conſcience did not reproach him with any preſumptuous ſins, and he hoped his errors would be forgiven. Thus he reſigned his innocent ſoul into the hands of his merciful Creator, on the evening of the birth-day which completed him nineteen. You will not be ſurpriſed, ſir, that the death of ſuch a ſon ſhould occaſion the deepeſt ſorrow; yet, at the ſame time, it leaves us the moſt comfortable aſſurance that he is far happier than our fondeſt wiſhes could have made him, which muſt enable us to ſupport the remainder of years, which it ſhall pleaſe God to allot for us here, without murmuring or diſcontent, and quicken our endeavours to prepare ourſelves to follow him in that happy place whither our dear valuable child is gone before us.

I beg the continuance of your prayers; and am, Sir,

Yours,

F. HERTFORD.

LETTER

LETTER CXV.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. HIGHMORE.

DEAR SIR, Frith-ſtreet, December 1, 1748.

THE laſt time I was with you, I took notice, that Mr. Addiſon (in the *Spectator*, numb. 40,) had, to the beſt of my remembrance, miſrepreſented Ariſtotle's ſentiments, in ſome particulars, relating to tragedy.

Now, that you may judge for yourſelf, I will tranſcribe Ariſtotle's words, with the remark of M. Dacier; which you may, at your leiſure, compare with the above-mentioned *Spectator*. "The end and deſign of tragedy, (ſays he) is to excite pity and terror. From "hence it follows, that we ought not to re- "preſent a 'very good man' as falling from "proſperity into great afflictions; for this, in- "ſtead of exciting pity and terror, will raiſe hor- "ror; which is condemned by all. Moreover, "we ought not to repreſent the misfortunes

" of a ' very wicked man.' This, indeed, may
" give us ſome pleaſure, but it will neither
" raiſe fear nor pity, in perſons of a virtuous
" character: for the firſt is chiefly raiſed by
" the misfortunes of thoſe who are like our-
" ſelves; and the latter by the afflictions of
" ſuch as ſeem to deſerve a better fate. The
" only proper ſubject then for tragedy, is a
" perſon of a mixed character, neither very
" good, nor very bad; who does not draw his
" misfortunes on himſelf by any enormous
" crime; but becomes unhappy by infirmities,
" or ſome involuntary fault.

" It follows from hence, that tragedy ought
" rather to end with the ill, than with the
" good, fortune of the principal characters,
" provided this unhappineſs be the conſequence
" of ſome great fault, and not the natural ef-
" fect of notorious crimes. In a word, the
" ſum of what I have been ſaying is, that the
" poet ſhould deſcribe the misfortunes of a
" man, who is neither bad nor good, but if
" he cannot find a character exactly ſuch, let

" his

" his good qualities preponderate his bad " ones *,"

Ariſtotle's Poetics, c. 13.

DACIER's REMARK.

" Ariſtotle rightly here obſerves, that the " misfortunes of a man ſuperior to others in

* No one has done more juſtice to this firſt and beſt of critics than a late eſſayiſt, in oppoſition to " the faſhionable and nauſe- " ous petulance of ſeveral impertinent moderns, who have at- " tempted to diſcredit this great and uſeful writer." Of the " Poetics" in particular he obſerves, that " they ſeem to have " been written for the uſe of that prince with whoſe education " Ariſtotle was honoured, to give him a juſt taſte in reading " Homer and the tragedians. . . . . To attempt to underſtand " poetry without having diligently digeſted this treatiſe, would " be as abſurd and impoſſible, as to pretend to a ſkill in geometry, " without having ſtudied Euclid. The 14th, 15th, and 16th " chapters, wherein he has pointed out the propereſt methods of " exciting 'terror' and 'pity,' convince us, that he was inti- " mately acquainted with thoſe objects which moſt forcibly affect " the heart. The prime excellence of this precious treatiſe is, " the ſcholaſtic preciſion, and philoſophical cloſeneſs, with which " the ſubject is handled, without any addreſs to the paſſions or " imagination. It is to be lamented, that the part of the Poetics " in which he had given precepts for comedy, did not likewiſe " deſcend to poſterity."

Eſſay on the writings and genius of Pope, p. 170.

" virtue cannot excite either fear or pity, but
" will raiſe horror. Conſequently, the miſ-
" fortunes of ſuch a one cannot refine the paſ-
" ſions, for the audience, when they find that
" virtue makes us unhappy, will be driven
" into deſpair. Why, indeed, ſhould we take
" pains to correct the paſſions, if thoſe who
" guide them by reaſon, are no leſs wretched
" than the vicious; and if virtue itſelf plunges
" us into miſery?

" Surely, therefore, this precept of Ariſtotle,
" by which he forbids his poet to make a very
" good man unhappy, is juſt and true."

Thus far Dacier.

In regard to the difference of opinion between Ariſtotle and Addiſon, I ſhall only ſay, with the ſhepherd in Virgil,

Non noſtrum inter vos tantas componere lites.

However, though Addiſon was at liberty to have ſhown (if he could) that the rule here laid down by the philoſopher, has no foundation

tion in nature or in reaſon, (for though his *ipſe dixit* formerly ſwayed the whole chriſtian world, authors cannot now avail themſelves of it,) yet, I think, it is by no means allowable to preſs (if I may ſo ſpeak) a venerable name into our party, againſt the plain and obvious meaning of his own words.

The late duke of Buckingham has copied, in his *Eſſay on Poetry*, the rule here laid down by Ariſtotle:

Reject that vulgar error, which appears
So fair, of making perfect characters:
There's no ſuch thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultleſs monſter, which the world ne'er ſaw;
There muſt be faults that his misfortunes drew;
But ſuch as may deſerve compaſſion too.

The players, in general, are very fond of this "perfect character" (as the duke of B. calls it)

it) becauſe it makes them ſhine, as they think, in the eyes of the audience.

Yours ſincerely,

W. DUNCOMBE.

LETTER CXVI.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. JEFFREYS*.

DEAR SIR, Feb. 3, 1748-9.

THE ingenious author of Clariſſa has, in a poſtſcript annexed to his laſt volume, endeavoured to juſtify his conduct in making a very virtuous character unhappy, by the authority of Ariſtotle and Addiſon; on which occaſion, I ſent the incloſed letter† to our common friend, Mr. Highmore. But there are ſome paſſages in Ariſtotle himſelf, which, if rightly tranſlated, (for I have not the original by me,) I am at a loſs to reconcile.

* See note † on letter xcii, p. 7.

† See the foregoing.

For

For example: "A perſon of ſuch a cha-
"racter as is a proper ſubject for tragedy,
"muſt (he ſays) draw his misfortunes on him-
"ſelf by 'ſome involuntary fault."

Now, I think, there can be no "fault" at all, without the concurrence of the will; and conſequently, that an "involuntary fault" is a contradiction in terms.

Afterwards he ſays, that "this unhappineſs
"muſt be the conſequence of ſome 'great
'fault,' but not of a 'notorious crime." As you have formerly read lectures on Horace, I beg you'll read a lecture to me on Ariſtotle, and explain the preciſe difference between "fault" and "crime." Ariſtotle aſſerts, that "the end of tragedy is to purge and refine the "paſſions;" and afterwards adds, that "this "can be no other way effected than by exciting "pity or terror:" but why is not "admi-
"ration" a fit object of tragedy? Surely this tends to diſcountenance all low purſuits, and to excite a noble emulation, which I ſhould call "refining of the paſſions."

But

But if (upon the authority of Ariſtotle) we muſt not ſtyle ſuch plays as Cato and Heroic Love, tragedies; they are, at leaſt, (as Mr. Pope ſpeaks of his own paſtorals*) "ſome-"thing better."

As Ariſtotle formed his rules for epic poetry from the Iliad and Odyſſey, I am apt to think, his canons for the drama were drawn from the tragedies then extant; which he conſidered as ſtandards of perfection. He ſays, that "to "repreſent a very good man as falling from "proſperity into great afflictions, is apt to ex-"cite 'horror,' and therefore condemned by "all." The reaſon of its exciting "horror," I take to be, that ſuch ſubjects tend to impeach the juſtice of Providence. This is very rational; but how ſhall we reconcile his recommending the character of Oedipus, as a perfect model for tragedy, with this maxim? Can any thing be more apt to excite "horror," and to drive men into deſpair, than to ſee ſo virtuous a perſon, as Oedipus is repreſented to be, (a

* In the Guardian, vol. i, numb. 40.

man

man adorned with every princely and heroic quality) plunged into ſuch terrible calamities by an abſolute decree of the gods, made before he was born, and without any fault of his own? He killed his father indeed; but ignorantly, in a rencounter, and merely in his own defence. He married his mother; but did not ſuſpect ſhe was his mother, nor had any reaſon to think ſo. What juſt grounds, therefore, can there be for thoſe terrible complaints of his wickedneſs? The reproach he caſts on the gods, in Dryden, is ſurely more reaſonable;

" Impute my errors to your own decree;
" My hands are guilty, but my heart is free;"

which is juſt ſuch a ſort of guilt, as the knife, that had killed an ox, offered as a victim to the gods, was puniſhed for, of old, by the Cretans and Athenians, as Porphyry relates; and becauſe there is ſomething droll in the ſtory, I will ſtop and tell it you. " Prepara-
" tory to the ſacrifice, they choſe ſome maids
" of an unblemiſhed character, to carry a veſſel
" of water, to moiſten the grind-ſtone, on

" which the axe and knife were to be ground " and ſharpened. After they were whet by a " man prepared for that purpoſe, he delivered " the axe to a ſecond, and the knife to a third, " perſon. The ſecond ſtruck down the ox, and " the third cut his throat. Afterwards, flay- " ing the beaſt, they all fed upon the fleſh. " Then they ſtuffed the ſkin with hay, and, " tacking it together, ſet him upon his feet in " an erect poſture, and faſtened a plough to " him, as if he were going to work. A for- " mal proceſs was now carried on againſt all " the perſons acceſſary to his death, and they " were called upon to defend themſelves. The " virgins pleaded that they only carried the " water, and accuſed the man that delivered " the inſtruments; he, the man that knocked " down the ox; and he, the man that cut his " throat; and the laſt perſon impeached the " knife itſelf; which, becauſe it was refrac- " tory, and refuſed to plead, was unani- " mouſly found guilty, and accordingly con- " demned to be plunged into the ſea and " drowned."

Porphyrius de abſtinentiâ ab animalibus necandis, lib. ii, ſ. 30.

Porphyry

Porphyry relates this ſtory to ſhow, that thoſe, who firſt ſlew tame animals, were conſcious they had committed a wicked and immoral action, and therefore made uſe of this fantaſtical expedient to acquit themſelves of the guilt of it.

But to return to Oedipus; the ills that he commits are, throughout the whole play, aſcribed entirely to the uncontroulable decree of fate. Thus, act ii, ſcene 2d, Tireſias ſays to him,

" Thou art entangled in the ſnare
" Of winding fate."

Again, in the ſame ſcene,

" The fate that raiſ'd thee, but prepar'd thy
" ruin."

To which Oedipus generouſly anſwers,

" If ſaving Thebes I fall, then welcome
" ruin."

But ſuch noble ſentiments make his ſufferings appear the more ſhocking.

Oedipus himſelf ſays, in act iii, ſcene 4th,

" Whoever dares think freely, all the guilt
" Muſt to the partial gods and fate aſcribe,
" And me acquit as guiltleſs."

This is no rant, but ſober truth.

In the laſt act, ſcene the 3d, Oedipus declares, " he is well aſſured, it was not in the " power of ſickneſs, or any accident, to cut " him off, till he had accompliſhed all the ills " he was born to fulfill." Is it not therefore evident, (as was obſerved before,) that " Oe- " dipus" and the " knife" were equally guilty? All the difference is, one was an " inanimate," and the other a " conſcious," machine. And what rational ground can there be for all thoſe repeated complaints of his enormous crimes?

It may now perhaps be aſked, " What then " is the moral of this play?" Plainly no more than

than this, viz. To impreſs on the minds of the populace the higheſt veneration for the truth and veracity of oracles, by ſhowing the fatal effects of neglecting to obey their ſacred commands.

The magiſtrates (under whoſe direction the ſtage then was,) might probably think this a very important "political" moral; and ſo indeed, I believe, it was, in thoſe times: for it is to be preſumed, from ſeveral ſtories in hiſtory, that the civil government had a great influence over the prieſts, who preſided in the temples, where oracles were delivered, and by theſe means, they became uſeful inſtruments to keep the people in due obedience. How liable the oracles were to be corrupted, by wealth and power, is evident from ancient hiſtory.

Demoſthenes, ſenſible of this great truth, ſays, "The Pythian Philippiſes;" complaining, that the oracle of Apollo at Delphi was always partial to Philip.

"Cleomenes,

" Cleomenes, one of the kings of Sparta," (as Herodotus relates in his 6th book) " being " deſirous to have Demaratus, the other king, " depoſed, pretended that he was not the ſon " of Ariſton, his predeceſſor; and that Ariſton " himſelf had confeſſed that his wife was de- " livered of him before her time. Hereupon " the Spartans determined to enquire of the " oracle at Delphi, whether Demaratus were " the ſon of Ariſton, or not. But, before this " reſolution was divulged, Cleomenes had " pre-engaged Cobon, the ſon of Ariſto- " phantus; who, being a perſon of great au- " thority in Delphi, prevailed upon Perialla, " the arch-prieſteſs, to give ſuch an anſwer as " Cleomenes deſired. So that when the Spar- " tans came to conſult the oracle, the Pythian " pronounced Demaratus not to be the ſon of " Ariſton. By theſe artifices, Cleomenes car- " ried his point, and Demaratus was depoſed. " The colluſion being afterwards diſcovered, " Cobon fled from Delphi, and Perialla was " deprived of her dignity."

Many

Many other ſtories of the like kind might be cited from hiſtory. But the fatality of events, ſo ſtrongly inculcated in Oedipus, (how well ſoever it may ſerve the purpoſe of the Athenians) is utterly ſubverſive of all true religion and virtue. "How then comes this play to "be ſo generally applauded?" I doubt, we are apt to admire the writings of the ancients implicitly and in the lump, as we take the principles of our religion from our fore-fathers upon truſt, and without ſifting too narrowly into the grounds and reaſons of them. However, though the moral is wrong, it muſt be allowed that the *denoûment*, as the French call it, or the unravelling of the plot, in this play, is conducted with great art and addreſs: particularly, in the 4th ſcene of act iii, between Oedipus and Jocaſta, where all the circumſtances ſhe produces to ſatisfy him it was impoſſible he ſhould be the perſon who had killed Laius, tend to raiſe and confirm his jealouſy and ſuſpicion of it: and alſo in the 5th ſcene of act iv, between Oedipus and the ſhepherd, which no one can ſee or read without being extremely affected, and ſympathiſing with the virtuouſly-wretched king. I would

I would not have you think, that I affect to dogmatiſe in this letter: on the contrary, I only open my thoughts freely, that you may be tempted to ſet me right, and correct the errors of, dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble ſervant,

W. D.

P. S. In the Ajax of Sophocles, act iv, ſcene 4, Tecmeſſa, the miſtreſs of Ajax, on occaſion of his terrible calamities, makes this reflection,

" The daughter of great Jove, avenging
" Pallas,
" Inflicts theſe ills to gratify Ulyſſes."

On this Mr. Jackſon, the tranſlator, makes the following juſt remark: " It ſeems un-
" worthy of the Divine Nature, that the gods
" ſhould take ſuch part with the perverſeneſs
" of our paſſions, as to puniſh one man only
" to gratify the malice of another. But this
" is one ill effect of the machinery of the an-
" cient poets, (though very ornamental) where
" the

" the gods are repreſented every moment
" deſcending and mixing with the affairs of
" human life. In Homer there is ſcarce a
" ſtone or javelin caſt, or an arrow ſhot, that
" is not 'directed,' or 'turned aſide,' by
" ſome god. What miſerable wooden pup-
" pets upon wires are the heroes all the while!
" How much more noble is the Chriſtian
" ſyſtem of Providence, where though there
" is a conſtant care of us, that accompanies
" the whole courſe of our lives, yet man is
" ſtill left in the dignity of a free agent!"

The devout madam Dacier would have curſed Mr. Jackſon by bell, book, and candle, for daring thus to blaſpheme her adored Homer; nor would ſhe have been much more favourable to the earl of Roſcommon for theſe lines,

" Whoſe railing heroes, and whoſe wounded
" gods,
" Make ſome ſuſpect he 'ſnores,' as well as
' nods."

LETTER CXVII.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Brook-ſtreet, Feb. 21, 1748-9.

YOURS of the third inſtant has been unanſwered till now, on the account of many more avocations than I could have expected. If Clariſſa is unfortunate, without being criminal, or ſo much as faulty, ſhe ſtands condemned, in my opinion, by right reaſon, no leſs than by the doctrine of Ariſtotle, ſo well explained in your letter * to Mr. Highmore; for I ſhould think that thoſe diſpenſations which confirm ſome atheiſts, make others, puzzle the wiſe, and ſhock the good, can anſwer no deſirable end in books calculated (as all works of invention ſhould be) for delight, or inſtruction, or both. We muſt account, in the beſt manner we can, for the dark diſpenſations of Providence recorded in hiſtory, which we

* See letter cxv, p. 113.

find

find too often there, to wiſh for them elſewhere: however, as misfortunes are the proper ſubject for tragedy, and the innocent are protected from them by poetical juſtice, they muſt be the natural reſult of faults, and ſometimes of crimes, provided thoſe crimes are not flagitious. The ſufferer therefore is to be virtuous, but frail, or, at the worſt, partly bad, and partly good, and, upon the whole, more good than bad; and, if this mixed character is required to move pity and terror, there ſeems to be no occaſion for the diſtinction between "fault" and "crime," explained as above; the difference between them (though poſſibly not ſo preciſe as you may expect) I apprehend to be this: The intention of the will is eſſential to a crime; for example; if I kill a man, walking under my window, by dropping a ſtone out of it, at a venture, or an offending ſervant, by ſtriking him an unlucky blow, the fault, in both caſes, is obvious; but, as in the firſt, I did not deſign ſo much as the ſtroke, and, in the laſt, I deſigned the ſtroke only, but not its effect, I have not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, committed a "crime," but an "involuntary fault;" that

is, the actions themſelves were voluntary, but not their conſequences. If, (to proceed a ſtep farther) tranſported with rage, upon ſome ſudden and grievous provocation, I kill the offender deſignedly, afterwards repent very heartily, and am a good man in the main, and more unhappy, in the ſenſe of my guilt, than the ſentence of the law can make me, this is certainly a "crime," but not a "notorious "one;" and, being attended with the circumſtances above-named, deſerves compaſſion. The caſe is otherwiſe, if I deſtroy a man in cold blood; ſo that, to ſpeak in the language of our law, chance-medley, or man-ſlaughter, may be an object of pity, but not murder; and in all caſes whatſoever, as well as in thoſe I have ſpecified, it will depend upon the circumſtances of the fact, call it "fault," "crime," or what you pleaſe, to determine the compaſſion due to him who has committed it, and the terror naturally ariſing from its puniſhment.

You aſk "why 'admiration' (which Ari-"ſtotle chuſes to derive from 'heroic poetry') "is

" is not a proper object of tragedy?" The anſwer is, that excited, as it ought to be, by great and worthy actions, it gives our imagination a " lofty" turn, whereas tragedy is a leſſon of " humility," by expoſing the foibles of our nature, bringing the misfortunes of others home to ourſelves, exciting terror and compaſſion, and thereby ſtriking at the root of ſin and miſery, which is " pride;" of which it is truly ſaid by Roſcommon,

" Pride, of all others the moſt dangerous
" fault,
" Proceeds from want of ſenſe or want of
" thought."

Under the dominion of this fault we can never judge righteouſly between ourſelves and others, or ſet a true value upon perſons and things; we are ſelfiſh, unjuſt, blind, and hard-hearted; engage in abſurd purſuits, and miſtake wealth, equipage, titles, and rank, for happineſs; in a word, our admiration has taken an immoral turn, and we cannot be edified by Cato or Heroic Love, till we are firſt humbled by the Orphan.

If

If "refining the paſſions" means (as I underſtand it) regulating the meaſures of them, and fixing them on their proper objects; and if pride is an invincible obſtacle to our obtaining that ſalutary end, it follows that the correction of that pride, by pity and terror, is the beſt, if not the only, method of refining our paſſions in general, and thoſe two in particular. To do Ariſtotle juſtice, he ſeems to have laid his foundation very deep; and the whole moral diſpenſatory affords no remedy ſo univerſal and efficacious, as his recipé for purging the paſſions; ſo that if the regimen, which ſubdues an ill habit of body, and eſtabliſhes its health, is preferable to the cure of a fever, a dropſy, or any particular diſeaſe, I cannot doubt but that what extirpates pride, and inſtills humanity, is more meritorious than the puniſhment of vice, or the moſt illuſtrious patterns of virtue. It is admitted that, upon this plan, many excellent tragedies have been written, but they are not the tragedies, for which Ariſtotle has laid down his rules; on the contrary, they belong, as I obſerved before, to another ſpecies of poetry; and accordingly

dingly our Engliſh tragedies in rhyme, which frequently deal in characters of that ſtamp, are ſtyled "heroic," and were formerly the favourite entertainments on our ſtage, as they ſtill are on the French; where you often meet with a young heroine, ſacrificing a true and tender paſſion to the duty ſhe owes her king, her country, or her parents. And to theſe "triumphs over nature," (as lord Bacon calls them) our neighbours, now and then, add the triumphs of "grace;" but ſurely with no deſign to move pity or terror; for who can pity, in La Motte, the Maccabees and their mother, or be terrified by the torments to which they ſubmit with alacrity? And if ſuch tranſcendent efforts of religion are propoſed as examples to be followed by an audience under the like circumſtances, I fear the poet had a better opinion of his countrymen, than we have reaſon to have of ours. But not to digreſs any longer, I find my letter of ſuch a length, that I ſhall defer for a few days what I have to ſay to your objections againſt Oedipus: they make the greateſt part of your letter, but mine in anſwer to them will, I believe, take up much leſs

room

room than that which I now end, by aſſuring you that I am, dear Sir,

Yours moſt affectionately,

G. JEFFREYS.

LETTER CXVIII.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Brook-ſtreet, Feb. 28, 1748-9.

IN anſwer to part of your very entertaining letter, I wrote to you laſt week, and am now, according to promiſe, to conſider the remainder. As ſeveral of the ancient tragedies will not ſtand the teſt of Ariſtotle's rules, they could ſcarce be regarded by him as "ſtandards "of perfection;" but others again were written more or leſs according to thoſe rules, or rather gave birth to them, as every language does to its own grammar. And, I think, Oedipus is ſingled out by him as a maſterpiece, ſo that if your objections againſt it hold good, he is demoliſhed all at once, for recommending

mending a piece written in violation of his own doctrine. But in order to clear this point, I would obſerve, that, upon all theatres, the received ſyſtem of religion and morality, however erroneous, abſurd, or impious, in a philoſophical view, is the only rule by which a tragic poet can walk, for the ſame reaſon that the only way to convince a man, is by arguing with him upon his own principles. The ancient oracles are now exploded as ſo many impoſtures, and yet were held in the higheſt veneration for ſeveral ages, inſomuch that the contempt of them was accounted a ſin of the deepeſt die. The doctrine of abſolute predeſtination is utterly ſubverſive of all true religion and virtue, and yet it was a received doctrine among the heathens; the Mahometans embrace it univerſally: ſeveral Chriſtians do the ſame; and you will meet with ſomething a-kin to it in the nine and thirty articles. The difficulty of reconciling it with the morality of human actions is a riddle which Oedipus himſelf could not have ſolved: and yet a jury of predeſtinarians, inſtead of acquitting a murderer, would alledge, that the ſame neceſſity which made

him offend, obliged them to find him guilty. Another ſtumbling block to reaſon is, that God ſhould viſit the ſins of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation*; and "who could bear (ſays Tully) a "legiſlator who ſhould be the author of ſuch "a law?" The ſupreme Legiſlator himſelf is that author, according to the ancients; and the ſame doctrine is inculcated eve, Sunday upon us, though particularly levelled (as I take it) at ſuch offences, as may be conſtrued affronts to the Divine Majeſty, ſuch as idolatry, blaſphemy, ſacrilege, perjury, &c. By theſe laws, let us try Oedipus: his father, Laius, marries in contradiction to the oracle; his mother, Jocaſta, determines to defeat it, by expoſing him to be devoured by wild beaſts; he fulfills it, by killing him and marrying her, without knowing his relation to them; knows it afterwards, kills himſelf, and thereby frees his country from the plague, that had long annoyed it on the account of his involuntary parricide and inceſt. In this ſketch, the firſt object

* See a note on letter vii, vol. i, p. 31.

that

that ſtrikes one, is that terrible doctrine of abſolute predeſtination: theſe events were to take place by ſome means or other, if not by thoſe which actually brought them about; for if thoſe very means were decreed, as well as their end, we are to look for the neceſſity of that end in its equally neceſſary means; whence it follows, that the publication of this oracle was the ſole cauſe of its accompliſhment; for if Jocaſta had been a ſtranger to it, ſhe would not have taken the meaſures ſhe did to elude it, by devoting her infant-ſon to deſtruction; the ſhepherd would not have found him; and ſo on to the death of Laius, &c. This ſuppoſition perplexes the caſe not a little; and yet without it, and admitting Oedipus to be brought up under his father's eye, it is inconceivable that a man of his character ſhould kill him, and much more ſo, that he ſhould marry his mother. But, not to loſe ourſelves in "winding fate," Laius marrying in contempt of the oracle, and Jocaſta pretending to get the better of deſtiny itſelf, though at the expence of murdering her own ſon, are grievous offenders, and puniſhed both in themſelves, and in that ſon, who, not-

withſtanding his innocence, is condemned by the laws, that is, by the religion of his country, even though his calamity had, in the courſe of affairs, been independent on the guilt of his parents; whereas here, to qualify it ſtill more, there is ſo cloſe a connection between them, that they cannot be ſeparated; a conſideration, which, in other caſes, as well as thoſe of parents and children, will, by way of exception to a general rule, reconcile us to the diſtreſs of the innocent, occaſioned by their attachment to the guilty: Monimia, for inſtance, is entirely innocent, and yet, though her death moves pity, and ſtrikes terror, we behold it without repining at Providence; her deſtiny is united to that of Caſtalio; ſo that the natural conſequences of his fault are the ruin of both: by involving her in that ruin, he is puniſhed ſtill more ſeverely, than if he had ſuffered alone; the ſenſe of her misfortunes is more grievous to her than death itſelf, which ſhe therefore chuſes as the leaſt of two evils; it is her refuge, and not her puniſhment. But, without ſome ſuch reaſon as this, and in utter defiance of poetical juſtice, to kill an innocent perſon, as Shake-

ſpear

ſpear does Cordelia, is "murder," properly ſo called; and therefore I cannot help thinking it horrible and ſhocking. To proceed; if Monimia had reaſon to be weary of life, Oedipus had ſtill more, and though you ſhould truly ſay that the act of killing his father was no crime in him, neither was it a reflection upon Providence to ſuffer it; for Providence had given warning, which Laius neglecting, fell by the hand of his ſon: the ſon, indeed, finding what he had done, breaks out, as you obſerve, into "terrible complaints of his wickedneſs," but not in cold blood; he ſpeaks the language of deſpair and diſtraction, and is ſo much the more ready to accuſe himſelf, as a caſuiſt will be to acquit him; for let any man of virtue and ſenſibility reflect, what it would be to imbrue his hands, though by miſtake, in the blood of his father; and then for ſeveral years to live in inceſt with his mother; ſuch a one will eaſily imagine, that the remorſe and anguiſh attending theſe ſhocking facts would purſue him to his grave. Here then we have an innocent man not puniſhed as guilty, but unhappy by a natural conſequence of guilt in his parents,

parents, and relieved from his ſufferings by death, which at the ſame time relieves his afflicted country. To your better judgment I ſubmit how far theſe conſiderations ought to juſtify the misfortunes of Oedipus, blameleſs as he is in Dryden, in La Motte, and, I believe, in Corneille; but I much queſtion whether he be ſo in Sophocles, for Rymer, ſpeaking of him there, cries, "*Quantum mutatus* in Cor-"neille and Dryden!" "He is changed, (ſays Dennis) and for the worſe, in regard to the "laws of tragedy, by being repreſented, (what he calls) ſovereignly virtuous;" whereas, in Sophocles, he is made reſponſible for great foibles and blemiſhes of his own, and more particularly (if I remember right) is charged with having miſbehaved himſelf in the very rencounter with Laius: and that (if it be the caſe) will probably be of more weight, than any thing I have written, to invalidate your objections.

At our leiſure, we will examine Sophocles as to this point; in the mean time I am to aſk your pardon for a letter ſo much longer than

than that with which I threatened you, but I wanted time to make it ſhorter. . . . .

I am, dear Sir, yours affectionately,

G. JEFFREYS.

REMARKS,

Occaſioned by the three foregoing letters,

By Mr. HIGHMORE.

MR. D. ſuppoſes Oedipus a man of great and eminent virtues in general, and alſo to have acted worthily, even commendably, in the rencounter with Laius, and not inconſiſtently with the ſtricteſt morality in his marriage with Jocaſta; in the former caſe, defending himſelf againſt the unmerited inſult of a ſtranger, as he thought; in the latter, eſpouſing a perſon of ſuitable rank, and ignorant of her relationſhip. According to this repreſentation, he ſeems no way guilty, and ought to be treated by all the world, as an innocent perſon, and, in right reaſon, to eſteem himſelf as ſuch.

That

That he killed his father, and married his mother, were after-diſcoveries; ſo that the parricide and inceſt, with which he is charged, were facts, in which he was no more concerned, as a moral and accountable agent, than any indifferent perſon, who bore no relation to them. Thus far I apprehend to be clear and indiſputable, on the genuine principles of natural and rational religion; for otherwiſe, the moſt upright, the moſt religious, and even the moſt circumſpect perſon in the world may not be able to preſerve his innocence, but may become culpable by accidents wholly out of his power, and impoſſible for him to know or foreſee: than which nothing can be more diſcouraging to a man reſolved on virtue, and endeavouring to render himſelf acceptable to the Deity: for if the beſt intentions, and an uniform courſe of action on the beſt principles, are not ſufficient, virtue becomes impracticable.

If Mr. D's be not a true repreſentation of the caſe and circumſtances of Oedipus, that does not affect the reaſoning above, which will

will nevertheleſs be applicable to the caſe here repreſented.

Mr. Jeffreys's repreſentation takes in all the circumſtances, and ſituation of Oedipus; as, the prediction of the oracle, his father's marrying in defiance of it, his mother's attempt to elude it, and prevent the threatened conſequences, by expoſing him to deſtruction. And, after theſe crimes of his parents, follow, his killing Laius, and living in inceſt with Jocaſta, whom he now diſcovers to be his father and mother. All this overwhelms him, and he ſees his misfortunes to be inevitable, on the principles of the religion and laws of his country, in which he had been educated, and for which he (as well as his fellow citizens) was ſuppoſed to have the higheſt veneration. Thus ſituated, and entangled in theſe calamities perhaps he could not act otherwiſe than he did, eſpecially as his death was thought a neceſſary expiatory ſacrifice to relieve his country from the plague. But ſurely theſe conſiderations ought not to have weight elſewhere, under other and more rational principles, or become a rule and ſtandard univerſally.

His conduct, in theſe laſt ſcenes, was evidently owing to prejudices of education, &c.—for, ſuppoſing all ſuch removed, and that an innocent man (as he really was) reſolved to act on the principles of right reaſon, might he not conſider the death of his father as providential, or as a puniſhment from heaven for his crimes, and as effected by the hand of a ſtranger; and, with reſpect to himſelf, as a natural loſs only? As for Jocaſta, ſhe was his lawful wife while he was ignorant of the relationſhip; and, as ſoon as he became ſenſible of it, he ſhould have quitted her. Q. Whether, all prejudice and cuſtoms laid aſide, he might not have acted thus? And, though he could not have been ſo happy as if none of theſe events had come to paſs, yet he might have been leſs unhappy than many others of the human ſpecies, particularly than ſuch as are conſcious of real guilt, and whoſe misfortunes do not make them think death preferable to life. The opinion of the world is out of the caſe; for that is ſuppoſed here, as conformable to the reaſon of things, as is the opinion of the perſon in queſtion; and, for the ſame reaſon, glory will not be any motive to quit life. As

As for Monimia, and others abſolutely innocent, being involved in the miſery, procured by the guilt of thoſe, to whom they may be either by nature, choice, or otherwiſe indiſſolubly attached, theſe are, of all others, the moſt to be pitied and lamented; but are no examples from which any moral can be drawn of uſe to ſuch as may be in like circumſtances, becauſe their misfortunes being utterly inevitable, and brought on them by no crime of their own, can be no proper warning to any; and to ſay that Caſtalio and other guilty perſons are more ſeverely puniſhed by the effects of their crimes, reaching to the innocent, how true ſoever this may be in fact, yet equity would revolt at it, and chuſe ſome other means of puniſhing the criminal with the ſeverity he may deſerve, rather than involve the guiltleſs, if the nature of things will admit of it; and, if it will not, that is another topic, to which this argument does not neceſſarily lead, ſince we are here conſidering only poetical juſtice. But this may naturally occaſion a retroſpect to the caſe of Clariſſa, mentioned in the beginning of the former letter, where it is ſaid,

that, "if ſhe is unfortunate without being "criminal, her cataſtrophe ſtands condemned, "&c.*" Not ſurely on "Chriſtian" principles, for ſhe will be made ample amends in another world. She does not finiſh unfortunately, in the author's own opinion, but glorioufly and triumphantly, and is exceedingly happy in her aſſured expectation of eternal felicity; the conſideration of which not only alleviates her preſent misfortunes, and comforts her under them, but, according to her own ſentiments, renders her ſituation rather to be envied, than pitied. Not to inſiſt on what the ſame gentleman ſays of "the dark diſpen-"ſations of Providence recorded in hiſtory, "which we find too often there, to wiſh for "them elſewhere; and for which (he ſays) "we muſt account in the beſt manner we "can;" perhaps Clariſſa's is the "beſt man-"ner" of accounting for them; that is, on the principles of revelation, referring to a future ſtate. But whether it be ſo or not, theſe things are in the courſe of Providence con-

* See p. 139.

feſſed

ſeſſed by theſe very records; and ſhould not morals be rather drawn from things as they are, than as they may be imagined? Theſe latter reflections ariſe from the principles of our religion, and are propoſed as to Chriſtians, who are taught in this manner to account for all ſuch diſpenſations; and, if it be not thought ſatisfactory, we have no way left but that of univerſal reaſon, or the light of nature; to direct our reaſonings and our conduct.

J. H.

LETTER CXIX.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

Sept. 21, 1749.

....I HAVE juſt finiſhed Clariſſa, and am extremely pleaſed with it: By what I have heard of the author's ſtation in life, one would wonder how he could enter ſo well into characters ſo much above it, and ſupport that of Lovelace,

Lovelace, for inſtance, with ſo much wit and humour, ſuch ſpirit and gaiety throughout, Clariſſa herſelf, in my opinion, does not do him ſo much credit as a painter. But, after all, the ſtory is too melancholy for me. I admire the execution of his plan, but not the plan itſelf. I wiſh I did "admire" it, for then I ſhould be as much a ſaint as Clariſſa was; a Chriſtian in earneſt, I hope, I am; and therefore, with the author in his poſtſcript, will "envy," if he pleaſes, the triumphant death of Clariſſa, as the moſt deſirable concluſion of a life ſo unfortunate as hers; but the queſtion is, whether, taking her misfortunes and her death together, ſhe is to be envied; or, in other words, how many there are who would wiſh themſelves in her place. What I mean by this is, that the work can be of no general uſe, as the majority of readers (not excepting the clergy themſelves,) can never be reconciled to the ſufferings of Clariſſa in this life, by the proſpect of her happineſs in another; though there may be many, both among the clergy and laity, who are hypocrites enough to pretend the contrary.

Another

Another objection is, that the ſtory does not make good the title-page, and is "no cau-"tion" againſt miſconduct either in parents or children with regard to marriage; for if a daughter, whom her parents would oblige to marry againſt her inclination, were to remind them of Clariſſa's father, the anſwer, I ſuppoſe, would be, "that ſhe herſelf was no "Clariſſa, and therefore had no title to cite "the precedent;" and if ſhe ſhould run away with her lover; "what ſignifies duty (ſhe might ſay,) and every other good quality in "woman, ſince Clariſſa, dutiful as ſhe was "and every way excellent, met with ſo ſevere "a deſtiny?" I think the caſe is fairly ſtated, for Clariſſa, conſidering her great delicacy, was not diſobedient in refuſing two or three matches which ſhe could not like: it was enough, that ſhe had no great inclination to marriage, and was reſolved "never" to marry without the conſent of her parents. Her judgment might be wrong, (and was ſo in ſome other material inſtances,) but her heart was entirely right, and no diſobedience lies at her door.

But

But farther: In Clariſſa, who was all perfection, it was delicacy, not judgment, to expect the ſame perfection, or to cenſure the want of it, in miſs Howe, and others.

To that delicacy, and to her ſincerity, ſhe ſacrifices her prudence by acting, in a ſituation of ſo much diſtreſs, as if ſhe were in none, and thereby loſes the only opportunity of ſaving herſelf by taking refuge among the ladies of Lovelace's family, becauſe ſhe aimed at ſomething better, without ſuſpecting a great deal worſe, as ſhe had reaſon to do, though not the very worſt which might and did actually happen to her.

Her playing faſt and looſe with her lover, in regard to her appointments for meeting, before he carried her off, are out of character, and particularly where ſhe writes him word that "ſhe will meet him *unleſs ſhe alters her* "*mind.*"

Her apprehenſions of the ill effects attending her father's curſe, have a leaven of ſuperſtition.

Her

Her lover's generous behaviour to the *Roſe-bud*, whoſe mother confided in his honour, was known to Clariſſa; and, enforced as it was by the power her going off with him had given him over her, ſhould, in all reaſon, have made her place that timely confidence in him which would have ſet him right, and might have ended in a happy marriage.

Beſides the intrinſic merit of the work, the author has ſecured the patronage of the ladies, by the perfection he aſcribes to Clariſſa, (as he did before to Pamela) and of the clergy, by the religious turn of his work, her aſpirations, and multiplied texts of ſcripture on every occaſion.

G. J.

LETTER CXX.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

MR. Highmore's letter* entertained me very agreeably, and I wiſh you could have left it in my hands for ſome time, that I might have conſidered it with the attention it deſerves. The tranſient view I had of it allows me nothing more, than to make a few curſory remarks upon ſuch paſſages in it as I can recollect; in order to which I ſhall premiſe, that as far as I underſtand poetical juſtice, for which I am an advocate, it is by no means a puniſhment juſt adequate to the crime, and nothing farther; for, at that rate, the offender could have little or no title to compaſſion, and the examples of juſtice in our circuits and ſeſſions would be upon the ſame foot with thoſe of the theatre; whereas it is the province of tragedy to humble our pride, and awaken our caution,

* See p. 143.

by

by puniſhing tranſgreſſions out of the reach of human laws; and to that end, the hand of Providence is to be viſible in conducting "venial offenders" by natural and neceſſary ſteps to the extremity of misfortune: by this means the ſufferer, who is puniſhed ſo much beyond the meaſure of his offence, becomes the object of pity, and withal ſtrikes terror, by bringing the example home in the puniſhment of thoſe faults and miſtakes, to which we are all liable. Upon this foundation I muſt beg leave to differ from Mr. H. where he ſays, that "equity would revolt at it, and chuſe ſome "other means of puniſhing the criminal with "the ſeverity he may deſerve, rather than in-"volve the guiltleſs, if the nature of things "will admit of it;" to which I anſwer, that according to the ſtory "it cannot be avoid-"ed;" and I am not ſorry for it; for involving the innocent Monimia in his miſfortune, adds to his puniſhment, which is the point in view, and makes it the more exemplary; and her death, being her own choice, as I obſerved in my former letter, is no "puniſhment," but her "relief" from a miſ-

fortune unavoidably brought upon her by Caſtalio's fault. I conſider the death of Oedipus in the ſame light, viz. as the puniſhment of his own offence, or of the offences of his parents in him; of his own offence, if he miſbehaved in his rencounter with Laius; of theirs, in tranſgreſſing the religion of their country. Mr. H. thinks that "Oedipus, not "intending either inceſt or parricide, was "under no neceſſity of killing himſelf upon "the diſcovery of what he had done, but "might have lived afterwards with a ſafe con-"ſcience;" and ſo he might under the torture of the ſtone; but is life to be wiſhed upon ſuch terms? Or rather, does not the remorſe attending ſuch facts, however ignorantly committed, bear too hard upon human nature to make that choice poſſible, which Oedipus ſhould have made, according to Mr. H.? Another thing advanced by him is, that "morals "ſhould be drawn from incidents in life as "they really happen, rather than as they may "be imagined;" and ſo far Ariſtotle agrees with him, as to ſay, that "ſtories on the "ſtage ſhould be told as they were reported

"to

" to have been, or as they ſhould have " been;" by the laſt diviſion he is underſtood to mean, " as good men could have " wiſhed them to have happened for the ſer- " vice of virtue." But this relates to hiſtory. If Mr. H. means that ſtories may be invented to caſt a damp upon virtue, as well as to encourage it, becauſe ſuch things happen in real life, I believe he will meet with few fictions upon that plan, nor can I well conceive what good end they can anſwer, I mean, within the ſphere of mortality, for to that I confine my doctrine. The caſe is altered if you take in another world, and entertain an audience, or a reader, with examples of martyrdom. I agree therefore with Mr. H. that " revelation recon- " ciles us to the ſufferings of Clariſſa," of whom I ſaid, in a former letter, that " ſhe " ſtands condemned by the rules of poetical " juſtice, if ſhe is puniſhed without being " faulty;" but upon reading the book, which I had not done then, I find that ſhe is not puniſhed, or, in a chriſtian ſenſe, unfortunate; the full aſſurance, that ſhe ſhall be happy hereafter, makes her ſo before-hand; ſhe enjoys,

as

as ſhe ſays herſelf, the proſpect of death; and a triumphant one it is, as Mr. H. expreſſes it, for it is the death of a martyr to the inhumanity of her relations and her lover, and to her own chaſtity and virtue. In this view I could almoſt ſay, I pity Lovelace, with all his guilt, more than the divine Clariſſa. Perhaps I ſhould have been better pleaſed, with lady Bradſhaw * and numbers more, if the ſtory had taken a happy turn; but *de guſtibus non eſt diſputandum*; and never did any author receive ſo much credit from oppoſition to his plan, as Mr. Richardſon; for if the lady I have mentioned had acquieſced in the original ſcheme, ſhe could not have diſcovered that high opinion of the merit of the work in general, which is ſo apparent in her uncommon zeal to adapt it to her own taſte. "To be envied, not imi-"tated," was the motto of a celebrated artiſt upon his ſtatue. I apply the ſame to Clariſſa, not to cenſure the deſign, but to do juſtice to the execution of it, and am, with compliments to the author when you ſee him, dear Sir,

Affectionately yours,

G. J.

* The lady of ſir Roger Bradſhaw, bart. of Haigh in Lancaſhire.

LETTER

LETTER CXXI.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. JEFFREYS.

DEAR SIR, Aug. 2, 1750.

SINCE it has been ſurmiſed that Oedipus killed Laius in a diſhonourable manner, which, if true, would in ſome meaſure reconcile the puniſhment of him with poetical juſtice, I beg leave to ſet down the account of that action as it is related by Oedipus himſelf in Sophocles, act iii, ſcene 4.

"The man," ſays he, "who preceded his "maſter, endeavoured forcibly to drive me out "of the road; upon which I ſtruck the forward "ſlave; and advancing, the old man in a fury "laſhed me twice over the head with his "rowelled whip. Thus provoked, with a "ſingle blow I brought him from his chariot, "and he dropped down dead at my feet."

This is the whole account, which I refer to your farther conſideration. I am of opinion, that

that the extravagant anguiſh and ſhocking puniſhment of Oedipus cannot be juſtified but by topical arguments, if I may ſo ſpeak. I think you have offered as much as can be urged on that ſide of the queſtion. I am pleaſed with the ingenuity of the advocate, but not convinced.

What you ſay about "poetical juſtice in "general" ſeems to me preciſely right and conſonant to reaſon; but as to the particular caſe of Oedipus, I will only offer one remark on a ſingle paſſage in your letter.

By your comparing the anguiſh of Oedipus's mind, under the commiſſion of an involuntary fault, to the torture ſuffered by a man in a fit of the ſtone, it ſhould ſeem as if you thought the one as neceſſary and unavoidable as the other; which I hope and believe is not the caſe.

With regard to the body, it muſt indeed be allowed, as one of the characters in Milton juſtly argues,

"That

" That pain is perfect misery, the worst
" Of evils, and excessive overturns
" All patience.——

But God forbid, we should be so little indebted to Providence, and of such a wretched frame, as at any time to suffer necessarily extreme anguish of mind without any guilt or moral blemish!

The opinion of the Stoics is well known, and thus expressed by Horace,

Hoc satis est orare Jovem, qui donat et aufert,
Det vitam, det opes; æquum mî animum ipse parabo.

Let heaven but life and riches for me find,
And to myself I'll give an easy mind.

And though the dominion over the passions may not extend so far as the Stoics imagined, it is to be hoped that nature has at least put it into every man's power, by the due use of his

rational faculties, to correct ſuch evils as ariſe merely from ſuperſtitious notions.

I am, dear Sir, yours affectionately,

W. D.

LETTER CXXII.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Biddeſdon*, Aug. 30, 1750.

YOU expect this letter from my laſt to your ſon. Upon a review of Mr. Highmore's letter, I find the thoughts to be very well digeſted, and clearly expreſſed, and withal that I have already anſwered him in the main, as far as I am capable of doing it: ſo that I ſhall take my leave of him with one or two ſhort remarks. Speaking of the falſe notions which prevailed at Thebes, he adds †, (what I readily admit) "But ſurely theſe conſiderations ought

* Near Andover, Hants, a ſeat of the late duke of Chandos.

† See p. 145.

"not

" not to have weight elſewhere, under other " and more rational principles, or become a " rule and ſtandard univerſally;" and a little farther, "Q. Whether, all cuſtoms and preju- " dices laid aſide, he might not have acted " thus?" The anſwer is, that "cuſtoms and " prejudices" are not to be "laid aſide," but adopted, in a tragedy calculated to inſtruct people by ſtriking in with their "cuſtoms and " prejudices." The Greeks told Darius, that they abhorred the thought of ſwallowing the remains of their parents, as the Barbarians did; and thoſe Barbarians equally abhorred the practice of the Greeks in reducing theirs to aſhes, and incloſing them in urns. Neither of theſe opinions is of any weight with us; but we will take the firſt of them, and ſuppoſe that in a tragedy repreſented to an audience of theſe Barbarians, the principal character tranſgreſſing the law and cuſtom of his country, by burning his father's remains, inſtead of ſwallowing them, were to meet with ſome grievous misfortune; this misfortune attending the breach of a ſuppoſed duty, would be a proper leſſon of filial reverence to ſuch an audi-

ence; and even the Greeks, who allowed the action to be right in itſelf, would condemn it for being committed in oppoſition to the law and belief of the country, where the ſcene lay. In regard to Monimia and others in her circumſtances, "no moral can be drawn of uſe "to them," ſays Mr. H. and there likewiſe I agree with him; but the moral uſe of misfortunes befalling the "innocent," is a caution to the "guilty," as often as the innocent are unavoidably involved in tragical conſequences of their guilt; and ſo much added to what I wrote before for the controverſy between me and Mr. H. who ſuppoſes Oedipus to be "en-"tirely innocent," according to your repreſentation of the rencounter with Laius; "but," adds he, "if this repreſentation is not a true "one, that does not affect the reaſoning "above;" which brings me to your account of it from Sophocles. Oedipus, a foundling of no rank whatſoever, and travelling by himſelf, meets Laius, a perſon of diſtinction, as appears by his being attended by three or four ſervants; one of them, in right of his maſter, endeavours to force Oedipus out of the road;

Oedipus

Oedipus ſtrikes him, and advances to Laius, who being enraged at the blow given his ſervant, laſhes Oedipus twice over the head with his rowelled whip; upon which Oedipus firſt kills him, and then his ſervants who endeavoured to revenge him. This (you ſay) is Oedipus's own ſtory; and it appears hereby, that the quarrel began by his diſputing the road, where he had no ſort of title to it; ſo that all the miſchief which enſued, lies at his door: he was the aggreſſor, and Laius only upon the defenſive, when he laſhed him with his whip. In a word, I can view him in no other light than that of a boiſterous ruffian, not intending indeed to commit murder, but hurried into it from the violence of his temper, and ſuch a mixture of reſentment and inſolence as made him treſpaſs upon all the rules of decency and common prudence, and, allowing him a ſhare of humanity and reflection, we muſt ſuppoſe that this day's work was a dead weight upon his ſpirits from the time it happened, without waiting for the diſcovery afterwards made of his having murdered his father; ſo that inſtead of being "entirely

"inno-

"innocent," he is guilty to a degree almoſt out of the reach of pity: to which his chief title is, that the fact was committed ſome years before his appearance on the ſtage, under all the diſtreſs and compunction which it would naturally create in him, upon finding out the relationſhip between him and Laius: in this light we have no occaſion to juſtify his misfortunes by the third commandment; his parents are out of the queſtion; and out of his own mouth, he is juſtly and heavily charged for his own crimes.

Not that I can give up my compariſon between an involuntary fault and a fit of the ſtone, after explaining myſelf, by allowing that ſome involuntary faults occaſion no anguiſh at all, nor can I imagine the very worſt of them to occaſion it in any degree equal to a fit of the ſtone; though they may have in common the quality of making a man heartily tired of life, as ſome among us have been, not that life was a torment, but purely becauſe it was become inſipid. "It is to be hoped," (ſay you, rather "wiſhed" ſay I) "that every man

"has

" has it in his power, by the due uſe of his " rational faculties, to correct ſuch evils as " ariſe merely from ſuperſtitious notions;" and conſequently it would be a ſhame for any one to be made unhappy (though many are ſo) by omens, dreams, &c. as all fears, ariſing from ſuch cauſes, are, or ought to be, ſubject to the controul of reaſon, which, in regard to matters within its ſphere, is a proper guide, notwithſtanding the pains taken to decry it by ſome authors, and particularly Cicero, who queſtions whether it would not have been more eligible for mankind to have been wholly without the uſe of it, than to have had it attended with ſuch pernicious conſequences. But, without running into this extreme, it muſt be owned that there are myſteries above it in philoſophy as well as in religion; in regard to which the beſt ſervice it can do us, is to quit the field, inſtead of contending where it is ſure to be overcome. What I here mean are the ſecret operations of nature upon particular conſtitutions, ſometimes through the whole courſe of a man's life, as in the caſe of antipathies; and ſometimes in ſingle inſtances only,

as

as when a lady of my acquaintance fainted away at the ſight of her father's murderer, without hearing him named, without knowing him, and without any expectation of ſeeing him. I have more than once heard the ſtory, with all theſe circumſtances, from the lady's own mouth, and, conſidering the natural connection between her and her father, I can account for it better than I could for her falling into a cold ſweat at the ſight of a cat, or on a cat's being in the room, whether ſhe had ſeen it or no: nor can I doubt but that the ſame connection would have operated as ſtrongly by ſympathy, if it had been this lady's misfortune to kill her father by an accident entirely innocent. There are tempers ſo tender and ſenſible as to ſink under ſuch a calamity, and never recover themſelves afterwards. The perſon whom I ſuppoſe in this ſituation, would admit that he had been guilty of no fault, and apprehended no puniſhment; his chagrin therefore would not be the effect of a ſuperſtitious unreaſonable notion, but of a natural impreſſion prevailing againſt his reaſon. There is no accounting for ſympathy and antipathy;

tipathy; but they are as little to be queſtioned or reſiſted, as they are to be explained: ſome of our moſt received opinions are chiefly ſupported by them. Nature (for example) has implanted in us a principle of ſelf-preſervation, or it ſhrinks at the thought of diſſolution; and hence ariſe the general abhorrence and condemnation of ſelf-murder, though in ſeveral caſes that might be put by a rational man, the reaſon of the thing is for it: but "nature," ſays Thucydides, "is a higher principle than "reaſon;" on which ſentiment Father Rapin exclaims, in a kind of rapture, "There is ad-"mirable ſenſe! a profound reflection!"

Some part of this letter may want an apology, as, to the beſt of my remembrance, it is little more than a repetition of what I wrote formerly in vindication of thoſe poets who have repreſented Oedipus innocent, and yet have ſent him out of the world, partly in mercy to a wretch who could no longer live comfortably in it, and partly as a ſacrifice to the ſins of his parents. As for Sophocles, I take his conduct to be unqueſtionably juſtified in puniſhing Oedipus for

a heinous offence of his own, at the ſame time that he makes him a proper object of terror and compaſſion. . . . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate humble ſervant,

G. JEFFREYS.

LETTER CXXIII.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. JEFFREYS.

DEAR SIR, Stocks*, Sept. 4, 1750.

I HAVE read yours of the 30th ult. with great pleaſure, on which I ſhall only make a few remarks *en paſſant*.

The inſtance you give, from the Greek hiſtory, of the different ſentiments of the Greeks and Barbarians † is extremely well adapted to ſhow the juſtneſs and propriety of what I call "topical reaſoning" in tragedy.

* In Hertfordſhire, the ſeat of Arnold Duncombe, eſq;

† See p. 163.

The

The caſe is not quite fairly ſtated with regard to "Oedipus, a foundling, of no rank "whatſoever, &c.*" Though this was the fact, he thought himſelf the ſon of the king and queen of Corinth, which might naturally raiſe his ſpirits, for he could not divine his own hiſtory. He ſeems to have been too raſh and violent, and was ſo far culpable. But to ſay, that, in this ſingle inſtance, he is guilty, "to a degree almoſt out of the reach of "pity †," is putting the argument to the torture.

An offence of this kind, if tried by an Engliſh jury, would, I believe, have been deemed only "man-ſlaughter," ſince it is plain there could be no "malice prepenſe."

Cicero is ſo thoroughly an academic, that his opinion has no more weight with me than the reaſons he alledges will give it. There ſeems to be ſomething very curious in the ſtory you allude to ‡. I ſhould be glad to have

* p. 164. † p. 166. ‡ p. 168.

a more particular account of it, and the name of the lady, *ſi licet*.

As to the doctrine of ſympathies and antipathies, I muſt leave it under the cloud with which it is envelopped. Yet as to "real" (not "affected") antipathies, I believe they may be accounted for in a mechanical way. I do not underſtand the meaning of the word "ſym-"pathy," and can therefore ſay nothing to that; nor do I underſtand this ſentence in your letter, "Some of our moſt received opinions "are ſupported by ſympathy and antipathy."

As to what you inſtance in ſuicide, it is a tender ſubject to diſcuſs. "Nature (you ſay) "ſhrinks at the thought of diſſolution." It does ſo, while we are in a ſtate of eaſe and pleaſure, but not ſurely if we were in a ſtate of exquiſite pain, and there appeared no poſſible way of eſcaping from it but by diſſolution: for nature, in that caſe, would fly to death as an aſylum; and if (as you ſay) "ſeveral in-"ſtances might be put, in which the reaſon of "the thing is for ſuicide," (and in this I

agree

agree with you,) nature cannot be againſt it; for (notwithſtanding the profound reflection of Thucydides) nature and reaſon (ſtrictly ſpeaking) are never at variance, ſince it is the buſineſs of reaſon to regulate only, and not extinguiſh, our natural affections. But if they muſt be ſuppoſed to differ, the making nature a higher principle than reaſon, is ſetting the cart before the horſe. Reaſon is allowed by Hobbes himſelf to be "a part of nature,"—*Recta ratio, cum non minus ſit pars naturæ humanæ quam quælibet alia facultas vel affectus animi, naturalis quoque dicitur.*

De Cive, lib. iii, c. 2.

In other places, indeed, he confines "nature" to the animal affections of fear, deſire, anger, and the like, which are born with us.

Ibid. in præf.

But it is not my buſineſs to reconcile this author with himſelf. Caſes may poſſibly ariſe in which wiſe and good men will, with Brutus, be forced to renounce the principles they embraced in a full flow of health and ſpirits; we ſhould

ſhould therefore be cautious in cenſuring the conduct of others. *To their own maſter they ſtand or fall.*

I muſt repeat what I have ſaid in a former letter, that Oedipus could be no proper example to deter others in the like circumſtances from the like crimes, becauſe he is every where repreſented by the poet as acting under the influence of an inevitable decree of the gods, or, in other words, as a mere machine or puppet,

I am, my good friend,
moſt affectionately yours,
W. D.

If "puniſhment" be rightly defined, by Puffendorff*, (as I think it is) to be "the pain "or anguiſh which a perſon ſuffers by the com-"mand of a ſuperior, on account of ſome "evil deed, which he has voluntarily com-"mitted," it is plain, that a perſon who is acted upon, or driven, by an irreſiſtible decree of the gods, can be no object of "puniſhment."

* *De officio hominis et civis*, lib. ii, c. 13, ſ. 4.

LETTER

LETTER CXXIV.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

THIS anſwer to your laſt has been due ſome time. I did (as you ſay) "put the argument "to the torture," by having forgotten, that Oedipus was the king of Corinth's ſuppoſed ſon, and therefore a proper object of pity, by not being "inexcuſably raſh" (though raſh enough in all conſcience) in not giving way, as he certainly ſhould have done, and as, I believe, his majeſty himſelf on horſeback would do to you, or any other of his loving ſubjects, in a chariot: as the caſe ſtands, Oedipus (as you ſay) would have been found guilty of "man-ſlaughter" only, and could not have pleaded in arreſt of judgment, that he was a puppet; for, as I have formerly obſerved, juſtice muſt have its courſe; and if I rob you on the highway, the judge will give his charge, and the jury bring in their verdict, to hang me, by the ſame neceſſity which made me a felon.

The

The inſtance I gave, ſupported by ſympathy and antipathy, was the opinion, that it is our duty to live as long as we can by the courſe of nature and Providence, and a ſin to put an end to that being, which God has beſtowed upon us, by a violent death; and this opinion being but lamely ſupported by reaſon in ſeveral caſes that may happen, I reſolve it into ſympathy and antipathy, by which I do not mean, in this place, what is ſtrictly underſtood by them; but take theſe words in a larger ſenſe, as they import any ſtrong and natural inclination or averſion: it is true, the natural averſion to loſs of being may give way to that exceſs of torture, which ſhall make a man ſhoot himſelf in a fit of the ſtone; but it will hold good againſt reaſon, and does ſo every day in ſeveral inſtances between your two extremes of eaſe and pleaſure on the one hand, and exquiſite pain on the other; and as often as this is fact, that nature makes unhappy men prolong their being, where reaſon prompts them to put an end to it, ſo often, with ſubmiſſion, they are, ſtrictly ſpeaking, at variance: nor is it an argument to the contrary to ſay, that "it is the buſineſs of

"reaſon

" reaſon to regulate, not extinguiſh, our na-
" tural affections," unleſs you can likewiſe ſay, that reaſon is equal to its buſineſs, which, I am afraid, is far from being the caſe. I doubt, the affections, inſtead of being " the cart be-
" fore the horſe," are the wild horſe running away with the cart, and toſſing the poor carter, reaſon, into the mire; or ſuppoſing the horſe to be tolerably quiet and tractable, yet if the carter is unſkilful, he overturns his machine by driving it againſt a bank, or into a ditch; or, in other words, if reaſon is not extinguiſhed by the paſſions, it is in many ſo weak and defective as to be ſubſervient to them, and to take its bias, though imperceptibly, from them. A man the moſt free from paſſions in appearance may call his phlegm wiſdom, and yet ſhall be deceived by the ſecret motions of ſelf-love, and plume himſelf upon a real vice under the ſhow of virtue; as when a preacher gratifies his own vanity, by an excellent ſermon againſt the vanity of others. Right reaſon is a very valuable treaſure, and every man has it, if you believe him; but *quot homines, tot ſententiæ*, diſproves the claim. I would, with a certain

emperor *, worſhip a reaſonable man, but firſt ſhow me where he is. Reaſon, commonly ſo called, is nothing more than opinion,

—— " the twinkling lamp
" Of wand'ring life, that winks and wakes
" by turns,
" Fooling the follower between ſhade and
" ſhining †;

Or, as another author ‡ deſcribes it, "A double-
" edged weapon, wounding either way in the
" hands of its greateſt maſters; a tincture al-
" moſt equally infuſed into all our opinions;"
and then for its influence, conſider how little it has been from the beginning of the world to this day; and where is the difference between ſaying a man never " is" well, and ſaying he never " can" be well? Or between ſaying, the paſſions of mankind in general never " were," or " will be," regulated, by reaſon; and ſay-

* An inca of Peru.

† Mourning Bride, act iii, ſcene 1.

‡ Montaigne's eſſays.

ing,

ing, they never "can be" regulated by it? And ſo much for reaſon as a regulator of the affections; but ſuppoſing, not allowing, it to be ſo in the main, the queſtion between you and me remains as it was: for in joining with Thucydides to call nature "a higher principle "than reaſon," I did not mean thoſe paſſions "which," you ſay, "it is the buſineſs of reaſon "to regulate," and which, I own, it does regulate now and then, but thoſe "ſecret ope-"rations" (as I expreſſed myſelf) which are entirely out of its reach; for not to repeat what I ſaid of ſympathy and antipathy, not affected but real, as undoubtedly they often are, I would obſerve to you, that a man trying to walk over a plank, two foot broad, laid acroſs a broken arch of a bridge very high, would fall into the river, and yet had room enough to walk directly forward, and accordingly could have done it with eaſe, for a mile together, upon a path half as broad through a level ground; yet it would be hard to cenſure this poor creature for loſing his life through fear, which he ought to have regulated by reaſon, eſpecially as he was a philoſopher, which we

will ſuppoſe to be the caſe. The love of children to parents, and ſtill more that of parents to children, muſt be allowed to baffle reaſon in general, and, over and above ſuch ſurpriſing effects of that relation, as that which I mentioned in my former letter, add to this a natural connection, as it were, between grief and misfortune, when a man has been known to be dejected to the laſt degree, at the very inſtant of a friend's or relation's death a hundred miles off, and without any previous notice of his being in danger of it; add likewiſe an extraordinary power of divination in ſome people on ſome occaſions, and more eſpecially on a deathbed: but above all, add the ſuperiority of nature, where it ſupplies the want of reaſon, as in brutes by way of inſtinct, to which we owe much more valuable diſcoveries in phyſic than to human ſagacity. As therefore nature, in ſome of theſe inſtances, abſolutely controuls and ſuperſedes reaſon, as in others, it goes much farther, and as in all it is wholly incomprehenſible by it, give me leave to conclude, that "nature is a higher principle than rea-
"ſon."

If

If you ſhould be of opinion, that what I have delivered is erroneous, or even abſurd, you muſt remember, in my excuſe, that *humanum eſt errare*, and that "abſurdity is the privilege of "a reaſonable creature."

I am,
My dear Mr. Duncombe's
moſt affectionately,
G. JEFFREYS.

LETTER CXXV.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Biddeſdon, Sept. 23, 1750.

I THANK you for the papers, and have read them with pleaſure; as you deſire my ſentiments upon them, they are as follows:

In regard to my former letters, "involun-"tary faults," an expreſſion not originally mine, are, to the beſt of my remembrance, obſerved by me, to imply a contradiction, unleſs

leſs "involuntary" be applied to the unforeſeen conſequences of the fact, and not to the fact itſelf, which muſt be "voluntary" to be a fault.

After the firſt quotation from Ariſtotle, follows what Mr. Sharp* calls a "literal tranſlation:" but to begin with επιεικες, I will not be poſitive, after having dropped my acquaintance with Greek, I ſhall not ſay, for how many years, but I take it properly to ſignify "meek" or "gentle." However, what Ariſtotle means by it in this place, ought to be perfectly underſtood, and therefore Q. if it be rightly tranſlated "remarkably good men?" Mr. Sharp ſays that "puniſhing a very wicked man may "give mankind ſome pleaſure," whereas Ariſtotle ſays, "it may ſhow a love to mankind," το φιλανθρωπον. Again, I take Ariſtotle's διαφερον to mean "excelling," without "remarkably," which ſeems to be added as an authority from Ariſtotle for murdering good men upon the

* Of C. C. C. Cambridge, afterwards D. D. and rector of St. Mary Abchurch and St. Laurence Pountney, London. He died March 27, 1772.

ſtage,

ſtage, provided they are not "remarkably" good. Laſtly, what is αμαρτια? If "error," is it of that ſort, which, being unavoidable, ſhall not in the leaſt diſcredit a man's underſtanding or honeſty? Or is it an error in judgment only? It can be neither of theſe, as they are both compatible with the character of επιεικεις, and the misfortunes attending them will not produce the το φοβερον, or the ελεεινον, but the μιαρον: by αμαρτια therefore, Ariſtotle, to be conſiſtent with himſelf, muſt mean "faulty" errors, as derived from that faulty character, which, being in the middle between virtue and vice, he makes the foundation of pity and fear: but "error," without any addition, is ſo far from ſuperſeding "involuntary fault," as an adequate, clear, and preciſe idea, that nothing more indefinite and vague can be well imagined. Mr. Sharp promiſes indeed to illuſtrate his meaning in the tragedies mentioned by Mr. Addiſon, and does it in the Orphan, but in ſuch a manner, as would very much miſlead any perſon who had not read the play: for, according to him, here are two very honeſt young gentlemen, one of them guilty of an incon-

inconſiderable error, in not acquainting his brother that he was married, and the other, properly ſpeaking, guilty of no error at all, though under a miſtake indeed in believing, what any one in his circumſtances muſt have believed, that he was only beforehand with his double-dealing brother in lying with a proſtitute. But Mr. Sharp forgets, that there was a time when this Polydore had reaſon to think better of her, and yet endeavoured to debauch her under his father's roof and protection, in defiance of duty, hoſpitality, and honour; and, as to Caſtalio's "inconſiderable error," he himſelf was ſo far from quieting his conſcience under that notion, that, in the beginning of that ſcene where he kills Polydore, he takes ſhame to himſelf very plentifully,

"I made a contract I ne'er meant to keep;"

and a little farther,

"Still new ways I ſtudy'd to abuſe thee."

How candid is your friend to call theſe "inconſiderable errors!" In ſhort, both brothers

thers are ſo faulty, with all their good qualities, as to anſwer Ariſtotle's deſign of exciting pity and fear very happily: and if, notwithſtanding this, Mr. Addiſon thought Caſtalio a virtuous innocent character, no body will diſpute it with him, but a dealer in verbal diſtinctions.

Ariſtotle, in the ſecond quotation from him, is quite conſiſtent with what he advanced in the firſt, and declares for tragedies compoſed on a few family events "according to art." Then follows the point in view, which is, to reconcile Ariſtotle and Addiſon: they agree in preferring ſome of thoſe tragedies which are quoted by Addiſon, and end unfortunately; becauſe I take them to be built on Ariſtotle's model, viz. the Orphan, Theodoſius, and All for Love; but they differ in regard to thoſe tragedies which end not only unfortunately, but iniquitouſly and ſhockingly; for Ariſtotle, by his own doctrine, is bound to reject them, and Addiſon has manifeſtly eſpouſed them in the caſe of Deſdemona, who is quite innocent, and more flagrantly ſtill in that of Cordelia,

who is not only innocent, but exemplary for filial duty, and not even the leaſt ſhadow of an error (if that were of any conſequence) appears againſt her, but a monſtrous one in Shakeſpear for dealing ſo inhumanly by her. In a word, there neither is nor can be any thing of the το μιαρον in the conduct of a tragic poet, if this is not ſo almoſt beyond example. But what ſays Mr. Addiſon? Why truly, "the play is ſpoiled by "Tate's alteration, becauſe it ſaves and rewards "Cordelia by a chimerical notion of poetical "juſtice." Under favour, poetical juſtice is ſo far from being "a chimera," that it ſpares, or ought to ſpare, every innocent perſon. Indeed, where a fault is committed, poetical juſtice ſhall go much farther, though by natural ſteps, in its puniſhment, than the meaſure of it requires; otherwiſe, there would be no room for that pity, which is due to thoſe "who bear misfortunes which they do not "deſerve;" in which paſſage, Ariſtotle, to agree with himſelf, muſt not mean the innocent, but thoſe whoſe misfortunes are far ſhort of their ſufferings. To conclude; what I have here ſaid may be ſummed up in the two following propoſitions:

PROP.

PROP. I.

No two things can be more diametrically oppoſite than Ariſtotle's doctrine and Addiſon's declaration for Shakeſpear's Lear.

PROP. 2.

Ariſtotle does not differ more from Addiſon than from himſelf, if "error," *quatenus* error, is a literal tranſlation of αμαρτια, and conſequently, a proper ground of tragical events, as it deſtroys his doctrine at once, by confounding, what he has ſo expreſsly diſtinguiſhed, the "terrible and pitiable" with the "iniquitous."

Yours, &c.

G. J.

LETTER CXXVI.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

Part of a letter.

Nov. 8, 1750.

. . . . BY "a reaſonable man" I mean him, whoſe words, thoughts, and actions are regulated in the main by reaſon: he is no ſlave to paſſion or humour, and diſtinguiſhes between opinion and demonſtration: he may lean to one ſide of the queſtion, but is never poſitive, without being certain; and that he is certain is no eaſy matter for him to believe, as he is ſenſible what a mixture of obſcurity there is even in our cleareſt conceptions. To confine reaſon in its proper bounds, is a point he has much at heart. He diſcovers the ſuperiority of his underſtanding in nothing more, than by doubting its ſufficiency; and is often at a ſtand, where others, not half ſo much enlightened, think themſelves quite ſure. To conclude, he is a diſciple of Socrates, and deſerves the title of

of wiſe by confeſſing that he knows nothing, not even himſelf thoroughly; though the moſt valuable of all knowledge is that of a man's ſelf; and what, conſequently, he labours chiefly to attain.

G. J.

LETTER CXXVII.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. JEFFREYS.

DEAR SIR, Spring-grove*, May 6, 1751.

I HAVE long deſigned to make ſome remarks on a letter I received from you laſt autumn, but could not get leiſure till now, to recollect my thoughts.

If we define the terms we make uſe of, we ſhall not, I believe, differ ſo widely as we ſeem to do at preſent.

* Near Hounſlow, Middleſex, the ſeat of Mrs. Offley, (relict of John Offley, eſq;) and after her death (in 1753) purchaſed and rebuilt by Eliſha Biſcoe, eſq;

By

By "nature," may be underſtood, the God of nature, or the regular operation of his will, in the motion of the heavenly bodies, the inſtincts of animals, the vegetation of plants, &c. or (as applied to mankind) it may mean, that particular frame and conſtitution of mind and body, which diſtinguiſhes him from every other ſpecies of intelligent creatures.

This is what I mean by it in the preſent controverſy. By "reaſon," I underſtand that faculty by which we are enabled to diſtinguiſh truth and falſhood, right and wrong. Reaſon may alſo ſignify the exerciſe or operations of the rational faculty, or ratiocination. In this ſenſe I underſtand by it, the juſt and proper uſe of it.

I think there is no occaſion for the diſtinction of "true" and "falſe" reaſon. Reaſon is ſteady, uniform, and invariable as the ſun. Reaſon and ſophiſtry (and what is falſe reaſoning but ſophiſtry?) are as widely different as gold and copper, light and darkneſs.

"Opinion,"

"Opinion," I think, means a wavering aſſent of the mind, founded on doubtful evidence. *Opinionum commenta delet dies, judicia naturæ confirmat*, ſays Cicero; "time defaces the gloſſes "of opinion, but confirms the dictates of "nature." By nature he here ſeems to mean reaſon, and by opinion, popular prejudice.

By a "reaſonable man" I mean one, who, in the general tenor of his ſentiments and actions, is guided by the rules of common-ſenſe and reaſon. And that this is a natural deſcription, appears from your being ſurpriſed, when the queſtion was firſt put to you, "who "is a reaſonable man?" Forgetting you had ſuppoſed it a matter of great difficulty to find ſuch a one: which made it neceſſary for you, in order to be conſiſtent with yourſelf, to give us the idea of a "complete philoſopher *," inſtead of a "reaſonable man," who alone was aſked for, and to degrade yourſelf and your friend into the claſs of "unreaſonables."

By "ſympathy" you ſeem to underſtand what I would chuſe to expreſs by "inſtinct."

* See p. 188.

I beg

I beg you to give me an account of all the inſtincts you take to be implanted in human nature. You ſhall then have my farther thoughts on that ſubject.

You ſay, "the opinion, that it is ſinful, in all "poſſible caſes, to put an end to our being, is "but lamely ſupported by reaſon." This is granting as much as I would deſire. How then is this opinion ſupported? You reply, "by ſym-"pathy and antipathy:" by which you mean the natural love of life, and the fear of death, (if I take your meaning right) which often make unhappy men bear the misfortunes of life, when reaſon prompts them to take another courſe. But what does this prove? Only that our paſſions are ſometimes too ſtrong for our reaſon, which, I believe, no one will deny; but it will not follow from hence, that reaſon ought to be degraded, and paſſion aſſume the reins, who would be but a blind and headſtrong driver; or that reaſon and nature (in my ſenſe of that word,) are at variance; indeed, I thought it had been agreed by all philoſophers, that reaſon is a principle ſuperior to paſſion and appetite; and that the former ought to controul the latter.

By

By prefacing the witty paſſages you quote from Congreve and Montagne with theſe words, "Reaſon, 'commonly' ſo called, is nothing "more than opinion," you ſeem ſenſible that they cannot be juſtly applied to reaſon, "truly" ſo called; as certainly they cannot, and I am not concerned to defend the chicaneries of opinion, or (as I ſhould chuſe to call it) of ſophiſtry. No wonder the wits delight to cavil at reaſon, ſince ſhe ſo often detects their fallacies by the torch of truth.

As to the influence of reaſon over the actions of mankind it has, I am ſatisfied, been very great, from the beginning of the world to this day, and is ſo ſtill, whatever melancholy or ſuperſtitious writers may pretend to the contrary. Were it otherwiſe, ſociety muſt diſband, and the world would be turned into a howling wilderneſs; nor ſhould we ſee ſo much peace, order, harmony, and happineſs, as are to be met with in every civiliſed country. The inſtances to the contrary can be no more juſtly alledged againſt the prevalence of reaſon than the birth of a monſter, now and then, is

a proof that there is no regular proceſs of nature in the production of animals. I am ſenſible, it would be an eaſy matter for a man of a ſtrong imagination, and gloomy caſt of mind, to declaim on the other ſide of the queſtion, as Dr. Young has ſhown in his diſcourſes "on "the miſeries of human life," and in his "Night-Thoughts." But ſuch declamations will have little weight with perſons of ſober judgment, accuſtomed to a cloſe way of reaſoning; and are of pernicious conſequence, as they give us unworthy notions of God, cheriſh the ſpirit of ſcepticiſm, and fill the ſoul with melancholy, inſtead of that grateful chearfulneſs, which is a tribute due to the bountiful Creator. The ſame author inveighs againſt virtue (abſtracted from the hopes of a future ſtate) as tending to make us miſerable in this life, contrary to the ſentiments of all ancient philoſophers, and the experience, I believe, of the beſt men in every age.

I am ſtill at a loſs to know what you mean by "the 'ſecret operations' of nature." To ſome of the ſtories you relate I can ſcarce give credit;

credit; the ſpring and cauſes (ſuppoſing the facts true) are too uncertain to admit of any deductions; and ſome of the caſes you put may be accounted for in a rational way. There is no myſtery in the "man's falling from the "plank two foot broad*;" it is plainly owing to his fear; and he is to be pitied, and not blamed. It is not pretended, that reaſon is ſufficient to ſubdue the paſſions in every inſtance that may be put; and yet it may be ſufficient to guide us in the general tenor of our lives: elſe to what purpoſe was it given? But where our paſſions work upon us "mechanically," we ſhall ſtand acquitted in the eye of God, who knows the heart; but the caſe is different in regard to human courts, who can only judge by overt actions, except in ſome particular caſes.

I cannot allow with you, that "abſurdity "is the privilege of a reaſonable creature;" though to be ſubject to miſtakes and errors is undoubtedly the lot of a fallible one. The ſon of Sirach, in the xxxviiith chapter of Eccleſi-

* See p. 179.

aſticus, deſcribes the various occupations of the huſbandman, the carpenter, the engraver, the ſtatuary, the ſmith, and the potter. *They ſhall not*, ſays he, *be ſought for in public counſel, nor ſit high in the congregation; but without theſe cannot a city be inhabited: they will maintain the ſtate of the world, and every one of them is wiſe in his craft.* Surely therefore he muſt look upon theſe as "reaſonable" men.

Solomon aſſures us that *the ſpirit of man is as the lamp of God; wherewith he ſearcheth out all ſecret things.* Thus *Prov.* xx. and 27. is interpreted by the great lord Bacon.

The encomium given by Cicero to philoſophy may with no leſs propriety be applied to reaſon; for what is philoſophy, but the habit of reaſoning on ſubjects natural or moral, cultivated and improved by ſtudy and reflection?

"Cities were formed by reaſon; by reaſon "mankind were civiliſed, collected into ſo- "ciety, and united in houſes, wedlock, and "communion of letters and language. Reaſon

"was

" was the inventor of laws, the teacher of " manners, the guide of diſcipline. Dare any " one arraign the parent of civil and domeſtic " life, pollute himſelf with ſuch parricide, " and, impiouſly ungrateful, ſtigmatiſe reaſon, " whom he ought to reverence, though un- " able to comprehend her precepts?"

Tuſc. Diſp. b. v, c. 2.

And that which aggravates the ingratitude of theſe " parricides," (as Cicero juſtly ſtyles them,) is, that they wound their venerable mother with ſhafts drawn from her own quiver.

I am, &c.

W. D.

LETTER CXXVIII.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Dec. 7, 1752.

MY Farm* waits upon you a ſecond time for the amendment agreed upon between us.

* A tranſlation of the 1ſt book of Vaniere's "Prædium Ruſti- " cum," ſince publiſhed in Mr. Jeffreys's " poems." p. 163, b 13. " on doves," is alſo in the ſame collection, p. 210.

I would

I would only reſpite "revenge divine*," till the ladies and you, in anſwer to what I am about to offer, ſhall eſtabliſh a diſtinction between that and "vengeance," or, allowing them to mean the very ſame thing, ſhall think fit to maintain that neither the one nor the other can poſſibly belong to the Deity; though ſcripture has repreſented holy men invoking the aid of God under that view of his being "the God of "vengeance," and has, in the warmeſt terms, not only aſcribed but appropriated vengeance to him on no leſs authority than his own expreſs declaration. I take it for granted, therefore, that "vengeance" is out of the queſtion, and that the only word excepted againſt is "revenge," as manifeſtly differing from "ven-"geance," and always carrying an ill ſenſe, though Dryden has been ſo far miſtaken as to talk of "juſt revenge†," which, in your

* The ground, obedient to "revenge divine,"
No more, unbidden, yields her corn and wine,
But graſs and thiſtles ———

† If our hard fortune no compaſſion draws,
The gods are "juſt," and will "revenge" our cauſe.

ſenſe

ſenſe of the word, implies a contradiction as much as " juſt murder, juſt robbery, or juſt " idolatry ;" ſo that my good friend had reaſon, on his own ſuppoſition, to exclaim againſt this paſſage as " horrible and ſhocking." But then it may be modeſtly aſked, why the point in debate is taken for granted, or, in other words, why the queſtion is begged inſtead of being proved, not only in oppoſition to ſo great a maſter of language as Dryden, but to others on the ſame ſide with myſelf? To give one remarkable inſtance from lord Rocheſter, who is acknowledged to have been a correct writer, in theſe lines from Valentinian,

—— —— —— " What moſt abject ſlave,
" That lick'd the duſt where'er his maſter
" trod,
" Bounded not from the earth upon his feet,
" And ſhook his chains, that heard of Bru-
" tus' ' vengeance ?"

Hitherto his lordſhip is with you, but he immediately adds,

" Who

" Who that e'er heard the cauſe, applauded
" not
" That Roman ſpirit for his ' great re-
' venge ?"

He does not dream, you ſee, of any ſort of diſtinction between " revenge" and " ven-" geance," but applies them promiſcuouſly, firſt one and then another, as they happen to come foremoſt. I muſt likewiſe remind you of a celebrated treatiſe called " God's revenge " againſt murder :" the author, you will ſay, might be miſtaken as well as others, but then how unfortunate was he to fix a blaſphemous imputation upon the Almighty, in the very title of a book written to do honour to his juſtice! If from authors we paſs to dictionaries, both the French and the Latin are on my ſide. If Littleton makes any diſtinction between the two words, it is to the diſcredit of " vengeance," which he likewiſe ſtyles " cruelty * :" both

* Dr. Johnſon explains " revenge" by " return of an injury," " and vengeance" by " penal retribution;" though he makes the adjectives " revengeful," and " full of vengeance," ſynonimous.

words

words are taken by us from the French, a language ſo favourable to "revenge," that, inſtead of the frightful idea you have annexed to it, "to revenge" often ſignifies no more than "to return," as "to return a viſit," "to "return a lead at whiſt," &c. If ſo approved a maſter of language as Tillotſon, ſhould appear, through the whole courſe of his ſermons, to have ſtuck to "vengeance," and to have ſtood clear of "revenge," it would give great countenance to your opinion, but till that can be made out, I muſt beg leave to think that the whole ſtream of authorities, and the uſe of our language, as it occurs in the beſt authors, are againſt the diſtinction contended for by the ladies, the other gentleman, and you, to whoſe judgment, nevertheleſs, I am ready to ſubmit,

"And argue only to be better taught."

Yours affectionately,

G. J.

LETTER CXXIX.

Archbiſhop HERRING to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Lambeth-houſe, April 18, 1752.

AS the author* choſe to convey the encloſed† to me by your hand, I deſire to return it to him the ſame way—but upon condition that you give him my ſincereſt thanks for the peruſal of it. It has given me prodigious pleaſure, and I have but one or perhaps two reaſons for forbearing the ſtrongeſt encomium. I wiſh to God, Lucretius had had ſo good a ſubject, and ſo much at his heart!

The author's intentions‡ do me honour, and I am proud of being tranſmitted to poſte-

* Iſaac Hawkins Browne, eſq;

† *De animi immortalitate, poema,* in manuſcript.

‡ Of inſcribing it to his grace.

rity,

rity, as a friend to ſuch doctrine ſo explained and illuminated.

Dear Sir, yours faithfully,

THO. CANTUAR.

LETTER CXXX.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. RICHARDSON*.

DEAR SIR, Frith-ſtreet, Nov. 18, 1752.

ON my enquiry at Mr. Vaillant's, I find reaſon to believe, that the rev. Mr. Stinſtra, who tranſlated your Clariſſa into Dutch, was author of the little book I mentioned to you, entitled, "A paſtoral letter againſt fanaticiſm,"

* To this great "maſter of the heart," this Shakeſpear of romance, who, in the words of the Rambler, "taught the paſ-"ſions to move at the command of virtue," the graces may be ſaid to have unveiled nature, and while our language laſts, or taſte and ſenſibility remain, the madneſs of Clementina in particular will be as much admired and felt as that of Lear. And let it be remembered that the virtues which Richardſon drew he copied from his own heart, the benevolence which he inculcated he conſtantly practiſed in its fulleſt extent. He died July 4, 1761, aged 73.

deſigned to confute the extravagant pretenſions of count Zinzendorff and his deluded followers, diſtinguiſhed by the name of Moravians.

This tract is yet but little known in England; it was written originally in Dutch, and has been tranſlated into French; whether by the author himſelf, or ſome other hand, I know not; but the extracts from the count's ſermons and the hymns are printed in Dutch only.

However, it has not eſcaped the notice of his grace of Canterbury; who has read and mentioned it to ſome of his friends with the approbation it ſo juſtly deſerves. Nay more, he is endeavouring to get it tranſlated into Engliſh as a very uſeful work *. Mr. Stinſtra certainly can be no ſtranger to the character of this excellent prelate; yet I cannot help juſt obſerving, that no man, in ſo high a ſtation, was ever leſs elated with it, more communicative, or eaſier of acceſs. He ſpends his large

* It was accordingly tranſlated by Mr. Rimius. In the preface notice is taken of five ſermons, preached by Mr. Stinſtra, in defence of liberty of conſcience and toleration, and afterwards printed in Dutch. Strange it is that the enthuſiaſm, blaſphemy, and obſcenity

revenue in hoſpitality, and works of beneficence; and is ready to relieve worthy objects of every denomination, when properly recommended. In ſhort, he is a friend to the civil and religious rights of all mankind. With theſe qualities it would be ſtrange indeed if he was not eſteemed and beloved by all parties. The lovers of liberty abroad may envy the happineſs of the church of England under his mild and prudent direction. How much then do we owe to that great man*, (the "keeper "of the king's conſcience," as our laws, I think, ſtyle him,) who firſt introduced, and recommended Dr. Herring to his majeſty!

I hope you will ſoon gratify the impatience of the public with your new work †; and am,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and ſervant,

W. DUNCOMBE.

obſcenity of the Moravians ſhould have an advocate in a work of ſuch acknowledged merit as the "Biographia Britannia." But ſee "count Zinzendorff's life" in the "ſupplement," p. 214.

* Lord chancellor Hardwicke

† The hiſtory of Sir Charles Grandiſon.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXI.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to the Rev. Mr. STINSTRA,

Encloſed in a letter by Mr. Richardſon.

London, June 14, 1754.

. . . . THE preſent archbiſhop of Canterbury, while preacher to the ſociety of Lincoln's inn, had a courſe of excellent ſermons on the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer. His few printed diſcourſes were preached on public occaſions, and are all out of print*.

Mr. Browne's poem, *De animi immortalitate*, is applauded here by the beſt judges.

Mr. Balguy has been dead ſome years. His ſon, a clergyman of learning and genius, was

* They were collected and publiſhed by Mr. Duncombe, in one volume octavo, in 1763. There are ſeven of them.

lately

lately a fellow of St. John's college, Cambridge*.

Mr. D. is of opinion that ſuch a book of "practical morals" as Mr. Stinſtra ſeems to deſire, is not at all wanted in England.

The "moral diſcourſes" by Tillotſon and Clarke, cannot, perhaps, be paralleled by any thing among the ancients for ſtrength and perſpicuity.

Wollaſton's "Religion of nature delineated" is an admirable work, though his main pillar ſeems too weak to ſupport ſuch a fabric.

Dr. Foſter "on religious and ſocial duties" muſt not be omitted. The prayers at the end are rational and ſublime. It is thought that he deſtroyed his health by too cloſe an application to this work. His defence of the Chriſtian revelation, in anſwer to "Chriſtianity as "old as the creation," is worthy of the ſubject.

* Dr. Balguy is now archdeacon of Wincheſter.

Fordyce's

Fordyce's "Elements of moral philoſo-
"phy*" is a maſter-piece both for reaſon and eloquence.

Grove's ſyſtem of "moral philoſophy" is the ſubſtance of lectures, which he read to his pupils, for he kept an academy. The additional chapters by Mr. Amory (now living) ſeem not inferior to the original.

Mr. Grove was no leſs an orator than a divine and philoſopher. He is not ſo much known and admired, (which are the ſame thing) as he deſerves to be. There are four fine *Spectators* † in the viiith volume written by him, when very young.

* Firſt publiſhed in the "Preceptor." Mr. David Fordyce, who was profeſſor of philoſophy in the mariſhal college of Aberdeen, was alſo author of "Dialogues on education," and "Theo-
"dorus, a dialogue concerning the art of preaching." The laſt was publiſhed after his untimely death in 1755 by his brother, the rev. Mr. (now Dr.) James Fordyce. Returning from a tour through ſeveral parts of Europe the profeſſor loſt his life, in its full prime, by a ſtorm on the coaſt of Holland.

† Numb. 588, on the dignity of human nature, 601, on benevolence, 626, on the force of novelty, and 635, on the improve-
able

His collection of ſermons is, alſo, excellent. And, upon the whole, he ought to be numbered with our fineſt writers.

Hutcheſon is not to be ſet on a level with the foregoing writers, though he has ſome excellent things; but he founds virtue on inſtinct rather than reaſon, which may give occaſion to dangerous miſtakes. Some letters paſſed between him and Mr. Gilbert Burnet (a ſon of the biſhop) on this ſubject; in which Mr. D. thinks the latter had much the better of the argument. They are in print.

Morality juſtly complains of ſuch treacherous friends as Hume and Bolingbroke, but

able faculties of the ſoul. By theſe papers Mr. Grove ſhowed himſelf well acquainted with the lovely and generous affections of the human ſoul, as well as its ſurpriſing dignity and large capacities for happineſs, which he has repreſented in a manner fit to inſpire his readers with a ſtrong concern to act a part anſwerably generous and noble. The laſt of theſe papers was republiſhed by the direction of Dr. Gibſon, biſhop of London, in an excellent treatiſe, entitled "The evidences of the Chriſtian religion," by Joſeph Addiſon, eſq; 12°. 1731.

"Biogr. Britann." vol. iv, p. 2446.

ſmiles on theſe her genuine ſons, and delights to enroll with them the name of her Stinſtra.

To that pious and learned divine Mr. D. wiſhes health and ſpirits, that he may be able to proſecute and finiſh his laudable eſſays.

P. S. To the authors already mentioned, might have been added *Cumberland de legibus naturæ*.

LETTER CXXXII.

Dutcheſs Dowager of SOMERSET * to Mrs. ——.

1754.

I AM ſorry, good Mrs. ——, to find that your illneſs ſeems rather to increaſe than diminiſh; yet the diſpoſition of mind with which you receive this painful diſpenſation, ſeems to convert your ſufferings into a bleſſing: while

* See note † on letter cvii, p. 65.

you

you reſign to the will of God in ſo patient a manner, this diſeaſe ſeems only the chaſtiſement of a wiſe and merciful Being, who chaſteneth not for his own pleaſure, but for our profit. Were I not convinced of this great truth, I fear I muſt long ſince have ſunk under the burden of ſorrow, which God ſaw fit to wean my fooliſh heart from this vain world, and ſhow me how little all the grandeur and riches of it avail to happineſs. He gave me a ſon*, who promiſed all that the fondeſt wiſhes of the fondeſt parents could hope; an honour to his family, an ornament to his country; with a heart early attached to all the duties of religion and ſociety, with the advantage of ſtrong and uninterrupted health, joined to a form, which, when he came into Italy, made him more generally known by the name of the "Engliſh "angel" than by that of his family. I know, this account may look like a mother's fondneſs; perhaps it was too much ſo once: but alas! it now only ſerves to ſhow the uncertainty and frailty of all human dependence. This juſtly

* Lord viſcount Beauchamp. See letter cxiv, p. 119.

beloved child was ſnatched from us before we could hear of his illneſs: that fatal diſeaſe, the ſmall-pox, ſeized him at Bologna, and carried him off the evening of his birth-day *, on which he had completed nineteen years. Two poſts before, I had a letter from him, written with all the life and innocent chearfulneſs inherent to his nature; the next but one came from his afflicted governor †, to acquaint his unhappy father that he had loſt the moſt dutiful and beſt of ſons, the pride and hope of his declining age. He bore the ſtroke like a wiſe man and a Chriſtian, but never forgot, nor ceaſed to ſigh for it. A long ſeries of pain and infirmity, which was daily gaining ground, ſhowed me the ſword which appeared ſuſpended over my head by an almoſt cobweb-thread long before it dropped ‡. As to my

* Sept. 11, 1744.

† Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Dalton was tutor to lord Beauchamp, but the "Supplement to the Biographical Dictionary," (publiſhed in 1767) ſays "a bad ſtate of health prevented him "from attending his pupil on his travels abroad, and ſaved him "the mortification of being an eye-witneſs of his death."

‡ Algernon duke of Somerſet died Feb, 7, 1749-50.

bodily

bodily pains, I bleſs God, they are by no means inſupportable at preſent: I rather ſuffer a languid ſtate of weakneſs, which waſtes my fleſh and conſumes my ſpirits by a gentle decay, than any frightful ſuffering, and am ſpending thoſe remains of nature which were almoſt exhauſted in continued care and anxiety for the ſufferings of a perſon dearer to me than myſelf. My daughter *, who is very good to me, has ſent me her youngeſt ſon †, juſt turned of four years old, to amuſe me in my ſolitude, becauſe he is a great favourite of mine, and ſhows a great deal of his uncle's diſpoſition, and ſome faint likeneſs of his perſon. It is high time to releaſe you from ſo long a letter, but there are ſome ſubjects on which my tears and pen know not how to ſtop when they begin to flow.

I am, dear madam,

Your ſincerely affectionate friend,

F. SOMERSET.

* The counteſs (now dutcheſs) of Northumberland.

† Now lord Algernon Percy.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXIII.

Earl of CORKE* to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

Marignolle †, July 18, 1755.

YOUR kind letter, dear ſir, ſhould have been ſooner anſwered by me, if a gouty winter, and an unhealthy ſpring, had not rendered my correſpondence irkſome, becauſe it muſt have been plaintive. I judge of my friends by my

* See note * on letter xcv, p. 23.

† His lordſhip with his lady and youngeſt daughter, lady Lucy Boyle (now viſcounteſs Torrington) arrived at Florence October 23, 1754.

Marignolle is within two miles of Florence, and is one of the pleaſanteſt ſituations which the environs of that city afford. Some of the windows of the houſe, in which his lordſhip reſided, command a view of the ancient Fiezole, the remains of which moulder on the ſummit of a very high hill, inconvenient for want of water, moſt beautiful in point of proſpect. That Hetrurian city was enlarged by Sylla the dictator. The triumvirate, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, improved it: it was then called Florentia, and when removed for the acquiſition of water, "Fluentia, quod "ad Arni fluenta extructa ſit."

ſelf,

ſelf, and therefore would at leaſt hide from them all complaints till entirely over; well knowing what the heart feels on theſe occaſions. The heat of Italy is univerſally acknowledged; ſo ought the cold to be: yet I have ſeldom heard it mentioned. Being perfectly idle, I have kept a diary of the weather, and it would amaze you to ſee the account from December to the middle of May. The uncertainty of the weather was ſtill more ſurpriſing than the cold: we have had all kinds of ſeaſons in a day. For the future, think better of the ſituation of our own iſland than you have done. I have been a terrible ſinner in my opinion of England. Travelling has corrected and opened my eyes in that particular. I repent, and ſhall ſin no more.

We are ſettled in a country-houſe near Florence. The ſituation is high, the proſpect pleaſant, and the diſtance from the town (only two miles) allows my daughter the benefit of all her maſters, which are many and excellent in their kind. Forgive the Florentines their morals, (which appear not openly bad to ſtrangers)

gers) and they are an obliging, civil people; who, though without liberty themſelves, love to ſee inſtances of it in others; ſo that we live here very much at our eaſe, and if not with great pleaſure, at leaſt not with diſcontent.

Count Maffei* reſides at Breſcia. He is old, and at preſent engaged in a controverſy on eccleſiaſtical topics; of which diſpute I can tell you no particulars, becauſe indeed I aſked none. He is little known here. We have ſome men of letters in Florence that do honour to their country. Moſt of them read and underſtand Engliſh. I was amazed to find our authors and language in ſuch high eſteem in this part of the world. Let me name ſome of theſe *literati*. The perſon among them with whom I have the greateſt friendſhip is Dr. Cochi, a moſt worthy, learned, and ingenious phyſician. He is in himſelf a living library, and has a heart

* This learned and polite writer died ſoon after, as Dr. Warton, in his "Eſſay on the writings and genius of Pope," publiſhed in 1758, on quoting a paſſage from him, ſtyles him (p. 191) "a 'late' acute ſearcher into antiquity," and ſays, "his death is "juſtly lamented."

not

not at all inferior to his excellent head. He was in England with the late lord Huntingdon, and ſpeaks Engliſh fluently and well. So does the Abbé Nicolini, who has alſo been in England, and is a man of great family, of excellent ſenſe, thorough knowledge of books, perſons, and things, and particularly obliging and attached to the travellers of our nation. The Abbé Buondelmonte is ſuperior to moſt, and inferior in learning to none. My health hindered me from attending the exerciſes of the Cruſcan academy laſt winter; a loſs which I hope to repair the next. There Buondelmonte ſhines. There are ſeveral others, but I have ſent you a triumvirate not eaſily to be paralleled.

I ſuppoſe, the winter has abounded, as uſual, in London, with infinite productions of wit, or what wiſhes to be wit, but as yet I have ſcarce ſeen an Engliſh book. I expect ſome ſoon; amongſt them Mr. Johnſon's dictionary and Hume's hiſtory of Great Britain. The latter has made a noiſe, ſo as to raiſe the curioſity of many here. After this expected parcel, I ſhall ſcarce venture to ſend for any

more books, leſt they fall a prey to the Gallic privateers, who will drown all Engliſh books, as evil ſpirits that ought to be laid in the ſea. I am ſorry that the chorus of the popular ſong is *Bella, horrida bella.* As yet we have gained ſo little by wars, that my wiſhes are all for peace; but if we muſt have a war, let it be ſharp, ſhort, and deciſive.

Your kindneſs will make you glad to know that I am perfectly recovered; but I owe my recovery to the heat, and not to the cold, of Italy. The latter indeed was too ſtrong for me, and knocked me down. I am now enjoying the former, and, as yet, think it agreeable as well as wholeſome. The evenings are delightful. We generally walk from eight to ten, without fear of damps, which, you will allow, is a moſt happy circumſtance.

Few books are written here; ſome are, but they are local; and the Florentines are in too decaying a ſtate to produce any great or noble work, though they enjoy the fineſt and ſome of the rareſt manuſcripts in the world. The

ſcene

ſcene of Florence is melancholy. The city extremely beautiful, but poverty and idleneſs in every ſtreet. The ſhops are ſhut up four or ſix hours in the middle of the day. By that you will judge of their trade. Sir Horace Mann, the king's reſident here, does great honour to our nation. He lives nobly, keeps an aſſembly once a week, and omits no civility or act of friendſhip to his countrymen, or to the Italians; ſo that ſcarce any miniſter was ever ſo much or ſo juſtly eſteemed and beloved.

My paper draws me to an end. I will finiſh almoſt in your own words:—Objects, when viewed near, loſe their luſtre; and the admiration, which firſt poſſeſſed us, turns into a kind of familiarity, that ſometimes is the parent of contempt.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and faithful humble ſervant,

CORKE.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Earl of Corke to Mr. Duncombe.

Florence, Sept. 12, 1755.

YOU will excuſe the haſte, dear ſir, in which I write this letter, when I tell you that I am packing up my trunks, ſaddling my mules, and bridling my horſes to return to England. Buſineſs calls me, and inclination is very ready to obey the call. We ſhall leave Florence on the 20th, and as we go through Germany, inſtead of France, we may poſſibly be five or ſix weeks on the road, though we are fully reſolved to loſe no time that our diligence or health can command.

Our ſummer now is over, and therefore I can aſſure you that the heats of Italy are by no means ſo dreadful as they have generally been repreſented; nor have the climate, the people, or the proſpects anſwered the pictures that I have often ſeen drawn of them. The autumn, (ſuch I think the preſent ſeaſon) is hitherto

rainy

rainy; the mornings cool, the evenings warm; the middle of the day ſometimes ſultry. As yet September has been filled with thunder and lightning; chiefly in the nights, always violent, and often attended with high winds. . .

Mr. Johnſon's dictionary certainly deſerves the thanks and general approbation of the public. It is a vaſt undertaking to be completed by one man. I have not had time to examine it; not even to read the preface. Sir Horace Mann leaves it conſtantly on his table, and I now and then peep into it for ſome few minutes. To pleaſe all, is impoſſible: few will have candour enough to own themſelves pleaſed: ſcarce any will own themſelves improved. But were the truth known, thoſe who are forwardeſt to blame, are generally forwardeſt to ſteal from the very books at which they are ſo ſcornfully offended. The generality of readers intend to appear learned by appearing ſour and ill-natured; and ſince all books muſt have faults, the juſteſt manner of treating thoſe faults is by weighing them with

the

the perfections, and then giving the two ſcales full liberty to vibrate; but

There is a luſt in man, no power can tame,
Of loudly publiſhing his neighbour's ſhame;
On eagles wings invidious ſcandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

War, war is the theme of all diſcourſe. Tuſcany will probably eſcape in peace: here are neither riches nor men to furniſh armies or fleets. The ancient Hetrurians meddled only with arms when omens were auſpicious. The preſent Hetrurians chuſe not to meddle with any weapons more offenſive than a fiddle-ſtick; and, to avoid all omens of battles and bloodſhed, they pay their devotions more to the "Lady" than the "Lord."

I am, dear Sir,
Ever your moſt obedient ſervant,
CORKE.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXV.

HENRY JOHNSON*, Eſq; to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Berkhamſted†, Feb. 8, 1756.

I NEVER ſaw Mr. Hughes's "poems" till now, upon your mentioning them, I borrowed them of your niece, and have glanced the greateſt part of them over. Surely he was a man of very great genius, and his talent for the pleaſing and the pathetic was remarkably excellent. He proved himſelf, as you ſay, a true prophet, and the poem, called the "Ecſtacy," which you particularly recommend, is indeed "ecſtatic" and truly ſublime‡. You have done a great favour to the world in uſhering ſo noble and ſo inſtructive a work into it. Pity it is for mankind, that ſo good a man, and ſo

* Father to the ladies of ſir William Beauchamp Proctor, bart. and the late lord chancellor Yorke. He died in 1760.

† In Hertfordſhire.

‡ See Mr. Hughes's "poems," vol. ii, p. 299.

ingenious

ingenious an author, ſhould be thus ſuddenly ſnatched away in the full bloom of life and wiſdom. . . . . .

I am much obliged to you for your kind offer of aſſiſtance in the concerns of the Abbot Feijoo*. I am ſure he ſtands in need of very

* Mr. Baretti, in his "travels" lately publiſhed, gives the following account of this celebrated modern:

"Amongſt the modern writers of Spain, the moſt renowned "is a Benedictine monk, called Father Feijoo. I have ſeen an "edition of his works in eight volumes quarto. He is ſtill living "[1760] and ſtill writing, but I have not read enough of thoſe "volumes to venture upon his character as an author. By what "I have curſorily ſeen, I cannot ſay he would be looked upon on "the other ſide of the Pyrenéans with the great veneration that is "paid him in Spain. Nevertheleſs, it is a rule with me, that a "man univerſally eſteemed by his countrymen during ſeveral "years, as is the caſe with him, muſt be endowed with uncom-"mon powers, be his weakneſſes and faults ever ſo numerous. "The Spaniſh minute critics have attacked him ſeverally; and I "take it for granted, that ſometimes they were in the right; it is "ſo eaſy a matter to be ſometimes right, when hunting for faults "and weakneſſes even in the beſt writers! Yet Feijoo's general "powers have ſtood the malignant virulence of all Spaniſh re-"viewers, whoſe wiſe remarks have been forgotten as ſoon as "read; juſt as it happens in England, where minute critics are "no leſs plentiful than oyſters and muſcles."

Journey from London to Genoa, &c. vol. iii, p. 47-9.

great

great help to make him ſhow his face in an Engliſh dreſs in public: this was never any part of my intention; for what I have done in this work has been only by way of amuſement in the melancholy winter months, and as a means to make me retain, what I value beyond meaſure, the little ſmattering I have of the ſublime language of the Spaniards *. All that I have hitherto done has been only to tranſlate this valuable author out of Spaniſh, but then I am confident I have been far from putting him into Engliſh: this requires a more maſterly hand than I can pretend to. The work is large and laborious; five volumes † in quarto are enough to terrify the moſt daring from looking into it, much more from reviſing and correcting it. The ſubjects too, I doubt, are too grave and unentertaining for the preſent taſte of reading; many of the diſcourſes are metaphyſical and philoſophical, and not a few of them particularly adapted to the preſent reigning

* Mr. Johnſon, in his younger years, had reſided ſome time at Buenos Ayres, in the ſervice of the South Sea company.

† Three more volumes have ſince been added.

follies and prejudices of the Spaniards, and would ſeem perhaps too foreign and too trifling for an Engliſh reader; and yet, in general, they abound with a great deal of good ſenſe, true learning, and ſound morality. However, that you may have a better notion of the whole, I here ſend you encloſed the titles of the ſeveral diſcourſes, of which I have tranſlated the three firſt volumes complete, and thoſe marked thus † are finiſhed of the others. I agree with you, that it would be a thouſand pities to have ſo valuable a work ſuppreſſed; but who ſhall bring it to light? I am ſure I am not equal to it in any reſpect.

If Father Feijoo's ſtyle be (as you ſay) "clear "and manly" in the Engliſh tranſlation, performed by ſo poor a hand as mine, think what it muſt be when dreſſed in all the loftineſs and nervous ſtrength of the Spaniſh original. I would not be without this limb of modern learning for any conſideration, as I truly think this language, above all others, the moſt ſu-

blime,

blime, majeſtic, and copious, as far as my little knowledge extends*.

I never was in Flamſted church, but, upon what you mentioned of an inſcription therein on the Saunders family, I had recourſe to ſir Harry Chauncy's "hiſtory of Hertfordſhire," where I found it at large †, and a very noble

* In like manner, Mr. Baretti expreſſes his opinion of the Spaniſh language as follows:

"The Spaniſh language, with regard to its ſound, ſeems to "me even more harmonious than ours [the Italian.] It is at "leaſt full as ſuſceptible of muſic as ours, which is not the caſe "with thoſe of England and France. Like that of Tuſcany, it "has ſome ſoft gutturality, which renders it quite enchanting to "my ear."

† P. 568. This monument, which is very ſtately and expenſive, being all of pure Italian marble, curiouſly wrought and poliſhed, was erected by Thomas Saunders, eſq; of Beechwood (formerly a nunnery, dedicated to St. Giles in the wood) in memory of five of his children. The Engliſh part of the inſcription (above-mentioned) is as follows:

"Whoſo looketh hereon may conſider how fleeting all worldly "comforts are, and how great a vanity it is to place his affection "thereon; ſuch things there are as worldly comforts, 'tis true; "but

and moſt ſolemn compoſition it is; and there are ſome thoughts in it far from common. This put me in mind of rummaging among ſome family memoirs, for an epitaph, ſomething ſimilar, on an anceſtor of mine, the grandfather to my great-grandmother (ſir John Maſon) who lies buried under St. Paul's, and his tomb once ſubſiſted in the old church of Holy Faith under the fabrick of the old cathedral. Dugdale, in his "hiſtory of that church," has preſerved one in Latin on the tomb of the ſame perſon, and ſomething to the ſame purpoſe; but the Engliſh one, as it is ſomewhat peculiar, I here ſend you.

"but they ought to be looked on as little ſtreams, and whoever "delights in them more than in the fountain from whence they "proceed, may ſoon find them dry and vaniſhed. The truth of "which he that wrote this hath ſenſibly found, and wills others "to place their affections chiefly on that object of love which is "unchangeable, and is the centre of all true joy and felicity."

Mr. Saunders died in 1693, leaving iſſue only Anne his daughter and heir, who was grandmother to the preſent ſir John Sebright, baronet, of Beechwood.

"To

" To the memory of ſir JOHN MASON,

" Who, though but threeſcore and three years
" old at his death, yet lived and flouriſhed in
" the reigns of four princes, viz. Henry the
" eighth, Edward the ſixth, queen Mary, and
" queen Elizabeth, and was a privy-coun-
" ſellor to them all, and an eye-witneſs of
" the various revolutions and viciſſitudes of
" thoſe times. Towards his latter end, being
" on his death-bed, he called for his clerk and
" ſteward, and delivered himſelf in theſe terms:
' Lo! here have I lived to ſee five princes,
' and have been a privy-counſellor to four of
' them: I have ſeen the moſt remarkable
' things in foreign parts, and have been pre-
' ſent at moſt tranſactions for thirty years to-
' gether: and I have learned this, after ſo
' many years experience, that ſerioufneſs is the
' greateſt wiſdom, temperance the beſt phyſic,
' and a good conſcience the beſt eſtate; and
' were I to live again, I would change the
' court for a cloyſter, my privy-counſellor's
' buſtles for an hermit's retirement, and the
' whole life I have lived in the palace for an

' hour's

'hour's enjoyment of God in the chapel: all 'things elſe forſake me, beſides my God, my 'duty, and my prayer."

I thank you for lord Corke's ſentiments of Mr. Hume's "hiſtory of Great Britain*." His lordſhip's judgment of books is inconteſtable, and therefore from his character of it I ſhall become a purchaſer. . . . . .

I am, dear Sir,
Your affectionate humble ſervant,
HEN. JOHNSON.

* Viz. "The ſtyle is particularly lively and excellent. Where "he is obſcure, I believe, he is affectedly ſo. An impartial hiſ- "torian will not ever exiſt. His materials are admirably put to- "gether; many very curious remarks; ſome new facts; and all "old and known ſtories put into a new method, and perfectly "entertaining." His lordſhip adds, "The Scotch are running "away with all our literature. I never ſaw a fooliſh Scotchman: "I believe I ſhall now ſcarce ever ſee an illiterate one."

"THE

" THE

" UNIVERSAL THEATRE of CRITICISM,

" OR

" Various DISCOURSES on all kinds of matters

" for the confutation of VULGAR ERRORS.

" By the Rev. Benedictine Father, JEROM FEIJOO,

" Abbot of St. VINCENT at OVIEDO.

" VOL. I.

" The voice of the people. Virtue and " vice. High and low fortune. The beſt " policy. Uncertainty of phyſic ‡. Regimen " to preſerve health. Defence of the profeſ- " ſion of letters. Judicial aſtrology and al- " manacks. Eclipſes. Comets. Climacteric " years. The ſenectude * of the world. Proſe- " cution of the former ſubject. Againſt modern " philoſophers. Church-muſic. Parallel be- " tween the French and Spaniſh languages. " Defence of women ‡.

‡ Theſe two were publiſhed ſeparately (in Engliſh) a few years ago.

* See the next letter.

" VOL.

" VOL. II.

" Philoſophical wars. Natural hiſtory. Di-
" vining arts. Suppoſititious prophecies. Uſe
" of magic. The modes. Moral ſenectude*
" of mankind. Apparent wiſdom. Antipathy
" of the French and Spaniards. Critical days.
" Weight of the air. Sphere of fire. The
" anti-periſtaſis. Phyſical paradoxes. An in-
" tellectual map, or a compariſon of nations.

" VOL. III.

" Saluters* (or charmers.) Secrets of na-
" ture. Sympathy and antipathy. Hobgob-
" lins and familiar ſpirits. The divining rod,
" and ſecond-ſighted men (called Zahories*.)
" Suppoſititious miracles. Mathematical pa-
" radoxes. Philoſopher's ſtone. Rationality
" of brutes. Love of native country, and
" national paſſion. Scale of Aſtræa, or right
" adminiſtration of juſtice. Ambition in ſo-
" vereign princes. Philoſophical ſcepticiſm.

" VOL. IV.

" Apparent virtue †. Value of nobility,
" and influence of blood †. Inextinguiſhable

* See the next letter.

lamps †.

" lamps †. Every man his own phyſician †.
" Sacred peregrinations and pilgrimages. A-
" merican Spaniards. Merit and fortune of
" Ariſtotle †. Reflections on hiſtory †. Tranſ-
" formations, and magical tranſmigrations †.
" Fable of the Batuëcas *, and imaginary
" places. A new caſe of conſcience. Reſur-
" rection of the arts, and apology of the an-
" cients †. Glories of Spain, in two parts.

" VOL. V.

" A mathematical rule for human faith †.
" Phyſiognomony. A new art of phyſiogno-
" mony. Machiaveliſm of the ancients †.
" Common obſervations. Signs of actual
" death †. The exterminating aphoriſm *.
" Divorce of hiſtory and fable. New phyſi-
" cal paradoxes. Books of politics †. The
" grand magiſtracy of experience †. New
" properties of light †. Exiſtence of a *vacuum*.
" Intranſmutability of the elements. Solution
" of the grand hiſtorical queſtion concerning
" the peopling of America, and revolutions of

* See the next letter.

" the terraqueous globe †. Popular tradi-
" tions. A new precaution againſt the arti-
" fices of alchymiſts, and vindication of the
" author againſt a groſs calumny *."

LETTER CXXXVI.

Mr. JOHNSON to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Berkhamſted, March 4, 1756.

. . . . THE appoſite enquiries you make concerning the titles of ſome of Abbot Feijoo's diſcourſes ſhow the extreme difficulty of a juſt tranſlation of that work; for there are many words in the Spaniſh language that cannot be reduced into any other, nor is there any one tongue, ancient or modern, that abounds with

* " The honour and advantage of agriculture, the 13th diſ-
" courſe of the viiith volume," ſaid to be tranſlated by a farmer in Cheſhire, was printed for Dodſley in 1760. " This," ſays the author, " is the only art which had its origin in man's ſtate of
" innocence; other arts aroſe after the world had been polluted
" by ſin—Men were the inventors of all other arts: God himſelf
" invented agriculture."

ſo

ſo many compound words as the Spaniſh, excepting the Greek only, and if to this be added the many Arabic or Mooriſh words, engrafted on it, as alſo ſome of the ancient original Spaniſh ſtill remaining, you will eaſily conceive the difficulty, though indeed the chief part of the compoſition conſiſts of corrupted Latin. The word "ſenectude," which you enquire after, is derived from *ſenex*, *ſenectus*, and cannot be otherwiſe tranſlated, ſo as to carry any proper idea along with it, than by calling it "ſenectude;" for if, inſtead of this, we were to ſay the "old age of the world," it would not anſwer the purpoſe of the two diſcourſes, one of which is to ſhow that the world has not ſuffered any viſible decay in its "ſubſtance" ſince the creation; the other, that it has not degenerated in its "morals," but is much more virtuous now than it was two, three, or four thouſand years ago. The word "ſaluters" does not anſwer in this place to the intent of the original. I take it to be derived from the Latin *ſalus*, *ſalutator*; for theſe "ſaluters" here ſpoken of, were and are a ſet of impoſtors in Spain, who pretend to cure infection in man

and beaſt, particularly the bite of mad dogs, by blowing on the patients, as I remember here in England there were, ſometime ſince, a parcel of fellows called "ſtrokers," who made a ſhow of the ſame thing in a different manner. "Zahories" is abſolutely Arabic, and the perſons under this denomination pretend to a ſort of ſecond-ſight, ſo as to perceive mines, and ſprings, under ground. "The "Batuëcas" is a parcel of land, ſo called, which among the Spaniards is conceived to exiſt in their country, and to be inacceſſible and unapproachable. As to "the exterminating aphoriſm," I will here cite the literal tranſlation from the author, who begins that diſcourſe thus: "I give this infamous epithet "to the 52d aphoriſm of the iid book of Hippocrates, of which, if I were to ſay, that "it has taken away the lives of more than an "hundred thouſand perſons, I ſhould yet fall "ſhort of the truth. It is but juſt therefore "that ſuch a notorious homicide as this ſhould "be brought on the ſtage of criticiſm, that thus "the whole world ſhould ſee its execution. "The aphoriſm, or to ſpeak more properly,

"the

" the ſentence of death, of which we are " ſpeaking, is the following: *Omnia ſecundum* " *rationem facienti ſi non ſuccedat ſecundum ratio-* " *nem, non eſt tranſeundum ad aliud, ſuppetente* " *quod ab initio probaveris* *." Our author from hence takes occaſion to decry the miſchievous effects of this maxim, and alſo very learnedly and very wittily to expoſe the ignorance of thoſe phyſicians that adhere too cloſely to it.

I have often thought, as you do, in the affair of theſe Spaniſh diſcourſes, that if a tranſlation was ever to be printed, it might be beſt to do it by ſelecting ſome of the moſt entertaining, and printing them in one volume; but this cannot well be done, as in many of them there are references from one to the others, which makes a ſort of connection between them, though they are on different ſubjects, and as to the idioſyncratic part, ſome curious perſons might be better pleaſed with it than the

* Παντα κατα λογον ποιεοντι, και μη γινομενων τον κατα λογον, μη μεταβαινειν εφ' ετερον, μενοντος τε δοξαντος εξ αρχης.

others

others more common, it being a foible natural to mankind to laugh at the follies of other people and to neglect their own. I ſhould therefore think, if theſe things were to be publiſhed at all, they would do beſt in numbers, like our monthly magazines, and might come out one in each fortnight, and in this manner there would be time to reviſe and correct them for the preſs *. . . . . .

Pray in this diſmal time of earthquakes, had you ever the curioſity to read the account of that of Lima, publiſhed four or five years ago by Oſborne, which was a handy-work of mine, though my name was never uſed in it? The ſubject is proper enough for the melancholy ſeaſon at preſent. . . . . .

I am, dear Sir,
Your moſt obliged and moſt
obedient humble ſervant,
HEN. JOHNSON.

* Some of theſe pieces were thus printed in the Lady's Magazine in 1760.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXVII.

Rev. Mr. DYER * to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

SIR, Coningſby †, Nov. 24, 1756.

YOU have moſt agreeably increaſed my obligations: and it was very kind and ingenuous to inform me ſomewhat of yourſelf, as, in the generous freedom of your ſpirit, you broke through the little vulgarity of faſhion, and wrote to one whom you never ſaw, and to one who has been long out of the world.

Your invitation is exceedingly engaging. The ſimplicity of your manner of life, and your regular hours, to me are luxuries. And how well do you ſet forth your entertainment in the names of Mr. Hawkins Browne and the author of Clariſſa; and, if I am not miſtaken,

* Anthor of the "Ruins of Rome," the "Fleece," &c.

† Near Horncaſtle in Lincolnſhire.

in

in thoſe of Miſs Carter and Miſs Talbot*! What a bill of fare! Yet old Barzillai, though invited by David to the higheſt elegances of life, held it vain to go to Jeruſalem, when he could *no longer hear the voice of ſinging men and ſinging women.* Frailties alſo are troubleſome in company—except in Frith-ſtreet, where they are carried into the arms of humanity. In ſpring therefore, perhaps, I may quit my ſolitude here, and venture abroad with an hundred infirmities upon my head; and ſacrifice my vanity to one ſo benevolent as Mr. Duncombe.

. . . . I have not met with Dodſley's two laſt volumes, and have hitherto miſſed the pleaſure of ſeeing the "ode to health †". Though head-achs and ſickneſs make me fearful of reading much, yet I will haſte to ſee it; it will particularly ſuit me: I will ſeek it, as I ſeek health, which, alas! I very much want. Your humble ſervant is become a deaf, and dull, and languid creature; who, however, in his poor

* A miſtake—probably for Miſs Mulſo.

† By Mr. J. Duncombe, See Dodſley's "poems," vol. iv, p. 275.

change

change of conſtitution, being a little recompenſed with the critic's phlegm, has made ſhift, by many blottings and corrections, and ſome helps from his kind friend, Dr. Akenſide, to give a ſort of finiſhing to the "Fleece", which is juſt ſent up to Mr. Dodſley; but as people are ſo taken up with politics, and have ſo little inclination to read any thing but ſatire and news-papers, I am in doubt whether this is a proper time for publiſhing it.

I have read none of the Connoiſſeurs—No papers reach this lonely place. I know not how the world goes—but with Mr. Hughes, as an author, I am well acquainted, and am glad that we are to have a fuller account of the life of ſo beautiful a poet *.

Lord chancellor has been favourable to me. This living is 120l. *per ann.* The other, called Kirkby, 110l. But my preferments came in this courſe: Catthorp in Leiceſterſhire, (80l. a year,) was given me by one Mr. Har-

* In the "Biographia Britannica," by Dr. Campbell.

per in 1741. That I quitted in 1751 for a ſmall living of 75l. called Belchford, ten miles from hence, and given me by lord chancellor, through Mr. Wray's* intereſt. A year after, through the ſame intereſt, ſir John Heathcote gave me this, and lately procured me Kirkby of lord chancellor, without my ſolicitation. I was glad of this, on account of its nearneſs to me, though I think myſelf a loſer by the exchange, through the expences of the ſeal, diſpenſations, journeys, &c. and the charge of an old houſe, half of which I am going to pull down. More of myſelf (which your good-natured curioſity draws from me) is this: After having been an itinerant painter in my native country (S. Wales,) and in Herefordſhire, Worceſterſhire, &c. &c. I married, and ſettled in Leiceſterſhire. My wife's name was Enſor†, whoſe grandmother was a Shakeſpear, deſcended from a brother of every body's Shakeſpear. We have four children living; three are girls;

* David Wray, eſq; one of the deputy tellers of the exchequer, a friend to virtue and the muſes.

† Siſter of Mr. Strong Enſor, of Warwickſhire,

the

the youngeſt a boy, ſix years old. I had ſome brothers; have but one left. He is a clergyman, lives at Marybone, and has ſuch a houſe full of children as puts me in mind of a noted ſtatue at Rome of the river Nile, on the arms, legs, and body of which are crawling, or climbing, ten or a dozen little boys and girls *.

Believe me to be, Sir,

Your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

JOHN DYER.

* To the account here given may be added, that Mr. Dyer was the ſecond ſon of Robert Dyer, eſq; of Aberglaſney in Carmarthenſhire, a ſolicitor of note; that he finiſhed his ſchool-ſtudies at Weſtminſter under Dr. Freind, from whence he was called away to be inſtructed in his father's profeſſion; but not liking the buſineſs, and his father ſoon after dying, he ſettled himſelf with Mr. Richardſon, painter, in Lincoln's-inn fields. He afterwards travelled into Italy for improvement, and at Rome formed the plan of his poem on its "ruins". At his return, ill health, his love of books, ſolitude, and reflection, induced him to enter into orders. He died in 1758.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

Mr. RICHARDSON to the Rev. Mr. DUNCOMBE*.

DEAR SIR, London, July 14, 1757.

I TAKE this opportunity (by the hands of your worthy father) to attempt to thank you, with a ſtaggering pen, for the letter of the excellent lady who ſubſcribes to it the name of Sylvia. I am charmed with every line of it. A time there was when I could have written ſheets upon the contents. But now I am unhappy with theſe violent tremors. At times they quite unnerve me, and will not ſuffer me to hold a pen.

My beſt reſpects to this unworthily-afflicted, this prudent, this magnanimous, this pious lady. She has my praiſes and my prayers. She has greatly intereſted me in her ſad ſtory and

* Fellow of C. C. C. Cambridge, and rector of St. Andrew's and St. Mary Bredman's, Canterbury.

future

future deſtiny. Will ſhe not allow me to be acquainted with her progreſs to perfection? To be told in what manner ſhe is able to contend with her difficulties, ſhould they continue, and maintain her reſolution? I hope ſhe will allow me this favour.

What a glorious though painful ſituation is hers! The godlike power of forgiveneſs is all her own. Her ſupplications to the throne of grace for herſelf (who that lives has not ſome failings?) muſt ſucceed: ſhe has, let me boldly ſay, a claim to be forgiven, ſince ſhe can forgive the treſpaſſes of one, who, forgetting his vows of deſerved love and honour, can be guilty of premeditated treſpaſs againſt her; and, higher ſtill, reſolve, almoſt againſt all hopes of redreſs and earthly reward, to return good for evil!

Poor Doraſtus! what a figure makes he, placed in the eye of even mitigated juſtice, with his admirable wife! Poor (indeed poor) Doraſtus!—Oh that thou wert to read, that thou

wert

wert able to reflect duly upon, the following noble ſentiments of thy exalted lady!—

Here, my friend, my pen ſtaggering in my fingers, I was about to dictate to a faithful hand the paſſages from the lady's letter which I ſo deſervedly admire. But finding that to do her juſtice, I muſt tranſcribe the greateſt part of her letter, I forbore.

Adieu, my dear Mr. Duncombe!

S. RICHARDSON.

LETTER CXXXIX.

Rev. Mr. MEADOWCOURT* to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Worceſter, July 10, 1758.

I AM very much obliged to you for remembering a perſon who has been ſo long out of ſight, and for giving me ſo acceptable a token of your remembrance as the firſt volume of

* Prebendary of Worceſter. He died in 1760.

your

your "Horace." To the diſhonour of this place, there are no bookſellers, and but few readers of books here. Moſt of the clergy, eſpecially the incumbents on cuſhions in a cathedral, have finiſhed their ſtudies before they are lifted into preferment. Worldly cares, or worldly enjoyments, too active, or too paſſive, a life, often lead them too far aſtray from literary purſuits.

I am glad to find the biſhop of Kildare* mentioned amongſt your friends, as I am ſure that his friendſhip muſt yield you the higheſt ſatisfaction. Every good and agreeable quality meet together in his character, without the leaſt mixture of any thing bad. Nothing is wanting in him but better health, which is ſometimes in ſuch a ſtate as to occaſion extreme pain to himſelf, and no leſs concern to all who know him.

The account you have heard of my being much addicted to the peripatetic ſect is a true account. But it is in winter and in the cool

* Dr. Fletcher, He died at Dublin in 1761.

ſeaſons

ſeaſons that I venture on walks of any conſiderable length. He who travels on foot has an opportunity of wandering from hill to hill, from ſtream to ſtream, and from one rich valley to another; of dwelling on lovely landſcapes and delicious ſcenes; and of ſeeing numberleſs objects and numberleſs places, which are inacceſſible to the horſeman, and never were ſeen by any one whirled through the country in the ſtate-priſon of a coach. For theſe and many other reaſons, I chuſe to make uſe of my own legs, and prefer the wholeſome exerciſe of walking to all the modes of conveyance which effeminacy and luxury can invent. If I live to take another philoſophical journey on foot to London, Mr. Duncombe in Frith-ſtreet may depend on hearing me knock at his door.

My place of reſidence during the ſummer-months is almoſt twenty miles from hence, *in reductâ valle,*

Qua pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hoſpitalem conſociare amant ramis.

Here

Here my days pass away in peace, undisturbed by ambition and envy, not altogether devoted to solitude, nor too often interrupted by social visits. I rejoice here in the works of my hands, which are constantly employed in forming a wood into walks, in nursing a thicket of shrubs, and in adding the improvements of art to those of nature in a most delightful situation *. Was it not for such amusements as

* This gentleman, while he was fellow of Merton-college, Oxford, about the year 1729, had a very elegant garden there, in which were the following mottos. Over the door,

——— *Me sylva, cavusque*
Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur ervo.

On a bench near the entrance of the garden,

——— *Hæc est*
Vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique.

On another bench next the fields,

——— ——— *Mihi parva rura*
Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum
Spernere vulgus.

On a small pump,

Parvum parva decent.

theſe, accompanied with the entertainments of books, I ſhould probably be found at the foot of Parnaſſus, courting the muſes, and catching at ſome of that poetical ſpirit which is ſtill indulged to you. May it long be indulged to you, and be ever attended with ſatisfaction and

And on a little pyramid in memory of the founder, Walter de Merton,

Ille nobis hæc otia fecit.

On the outſide of a ſummer-houſe at the upper end of the garden,

In his ipſis rebus, quæ ad requietem animi delectationemque quæruntur, natura dominatur.

And in the inſide,

Inter cuncta leges, et percontabere doctos,
Quâ ratione queas traducere leniter ævum;
Quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum;
Quid purè tranquillet, honos, an dulce lucellum,
An ſecretum iter, et fallentis ſemita vitæ.

In his chambers alſo, over his books, was inſcribed,

His me conſolor, victurum ſuavius, ac ſi
Quæſtor avus, pater atque meus patruuſque fuiſſent.

And on one of his chairs,

Otium, non deſidia.

ſucceſs!

ſucceſs! Theſe are not the compliments, but the ſincere wiſhes, of, dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged and
faithful humble ſervant,
R. MEADOWCOURT.

I can give you but a bad account of any thing I have publiſhed of late years. Mr. Sandby, bookſeller in Fleet-ſtreet, may perhaps have reaſon to give you a worſe.

LETTER CXL.

Rev. Mr. MEADOWCOURT to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Worceſter, Dec. 4, 1758.

IT is owing to a long excurſion from home, and a more tireſome attendance on an audit, which is here an occaſion of much collegiate feſtivity, that I am ſo late in acknowledging the favour of your letter, and in thanking your ſon for his very acceptable preſent*. No author

* The "Feminead, or Female Genius, a poem." By John Duncombe, M. A. fellow of C. C. C. Cambridge. The ladies

who finds himſelf praiſed in print can be more delighted than I was, in finding proper juſtice done in the "Feminead" to the characters of Mrs. Madan and Miſs Carter, who have ever been my favourite heroines in verſe. The ſpirit which animates the poems of theſe two ladies ſeems transfuſed into Mr. Duncombe's. His muſe is a muſe of ſound judgment as well as ſtrong ſenſe. She is never unintelligible in her flights, never hides her head *inter nubila*, and never *ſerpit humi*.

I am glad to hear that you ſpent part of the laſt ſummer at Stocks. You ſeem doubtful whether I have ever been at that agreeable place. Mrs. Duncombe can tell you that I was once a troubleſome gueſt there, on your nephew Lewis's* invitation, for more than a

there celebrated are Mrs. Catherine Philips, Anne counteſs of Winchelſea, Mrs. Cockburne, Mrs. Rowe, Frances dutcheſs dowager of Somerſet, Anne viſcounteſs Irwin, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Madan, Mrs. Leapor, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Brooke, Miſs Ferrar (now Mrs. Peckard,) Miſs Pennington (ſince dead,) Miſs Mulſo (now Mrs. Chapone,) and Miſs Highmore, ſince married to the author.

* See letter xci, p. 4—6.

fortnight,

fortnight, and during that time had great ſatiſfaction in viſiting Mr. Gore's family at Tring, and my worthy friend Dr. Cowper at Berkhamſted. The beech-woods, the lawns, the hills, the well-watered valleys, and the extenſive views of the country round Ayleſbury, are ſtill ſtrongly impreſſed on my mind. The laſt viſit I paid your brother was the laſt viſit I wiſhed to pay, as I came thither, at his requeſt, with the remains of a moſt amiable and hopeful youth *, and ſaw them laid in the grave. His loſs, and the loſs of Dr. Cowper, have made me a voluntary exile from that part of Hertfordſhire, which, with all its charms, can hold forth nothing inviting to, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate and
obliged humble ſervant,
R. MEADOWCOURT.

* See note † on letter ciii, p. 52.

LETTER

LETTER CXLI.

Rev. Mr. HIRST*, F. R. S. to the Rev. Mr. DUNCOMBE.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Lenox, off Madagaſcar, Sept. 6, 1759.

WHEN we left England, three important expeditions were carrying on. The firſt under

* The writer of this letter (who was the eldeſt ſon of the rev. Dr. Hirſt, late rector of Benwell and Sacum, Hertfordſhire, and was educated at St. Peter's college, Cambridge) after having ſerved as chaplain on board ſeveral of his majeſty's ſhips, (particularly the Hampton-court, when diſpatched to Liſbon after the earthquake, in 1755, of which city he made a drawing in its ruins,) was at this time chaplain to the Lenox and ſecretary to rear-admiral Corniſh. While he was on the coaſt of Coromandel, he was preſent at the ſieges of Pondicherry, Vellour, &c. and on June 6, 1761, he made an accurate obſervation of the tranſit of Venus over the Sun at the government-houſe at Madras, in company with governor (now lord) Pigot, &c. of which an account is given in the "Philoſophical Tranſactions," vol. lvi, and in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1762, p. 177. In March, 1763, he was appointed chaplain to the factory at Calcutta, by the favour of Mr. Vanſittart, then governor of Bengal, and reſided there, in general eſteem, till the year 1765, when he returned to England, with his excellent friend, in his majeſty's ſhip the Panther. In their paſſage, Mr. Hirſt took a view of the cape of Good Hope,

commodore Moore in the Weſt Indies, the next under admiral Saunders againſt Quebec, and the third under admiral Boſcawen ſent to the Mediterranean. The event of theſe muſt now be determined and known at home. I hope they have all fully anſwered the public expectation *.

Our ſquadron ſailed from St. Helen's, in company with the latter, on the 15th of April,

Hope, which was engraved in 1766 by Mr. Canot. At the ſecond tranſit of Venus, on June 3, 1769, Mr. Hirſt was one of the aſſiſtants to the aſtronomer-royal at Greenwich, and an account of his obſervation was publiſhed in the "Philoſophical Tranſactions," vol. lviii, p. 361, and in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1770, p. 402. Being now in eaſy circumſtances, happy in himſelf and in his friends, nothing could have tempted him to "wander again "over the face of the great deep" but the ties of gratitude and the calls of friendſhip. On a heart like his, theſe had claims that were irreſiſtible. As chaplain to the commiſſion he therefore embarked with Mr. Vanſittart on board the Aurora, in Sept. 1769; and in that fatal voyage accompanied, alas! the ſupervifors to "that country from whoſe bourn no traveller returns." Let this ſuffice—the wound is too painful to bear any farther probing.

* They did moſt fully; witneſs the conqueſt of Guadeloupe and Quebec, and the deſtruction of the Toulon-fleet. Admiral Corniſh's ſquadron was no leſs ſucceſsful by contributing largely to the reduction of Pondicherry and Manilla.

1759. In the chops of the channel our two fleets ſeparated, to purſue our reſpective deſtinations.

Our firſt place of rendezvous was the iſland of Madeira, where we anchored May 2. This is a very fertile ſpot, but the generality of the inhabitants are poor; at which you will not wonder, when I tell you how much they are peſtered with ſwarms of idle prieſts and monks —mere drones, who live upon the honey of the hive!

Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.

Here I had the pleaſure of ſeeing a comet in the conſtellation Crater. From its great ſouthern latitude, I believe it was not viſible in England, as it diſappeared before it made any conſiderable progreſs to the northward. I tranſmitted a crude account of it to my good friend commiſſioner Mead, of the cuſtoms, but by being on board, and wanting proper inſtruments, could not be very exact in the obſervation. However, I traced its path in the

the heavens with ſufficient accuracy to determine its motion and inclination to the ecliptic.

After we had taken in our wine and other neceſſaries for our voyage, we prepared to leave this iſland, and were under weigh May 8. Our next rendezvous was St. Auguſtine's Bay, on the weſt ſide of the iſland of Madagaſcar, where we arrived Auguſt 11, and having completed our water, and refreſhed our people, ſailed from thence September 1.

The accounts of this place are very imperfect, from its being ſo little frequented by Europeans, except in time of war, when the Engliſh Eaſt India fleets generally touch here to be ſupplied with freſh proviſions, &c. In ſhort, it is under the ſame predicament to us that we were to the Romans, being *penitus toto diviſa orbe**. But be this as it may, it is a very

* The beſt and moſt authentic account ever given of Madagaſcar was publiſhed in 1729 by Robert Drury, who, being ſhipwrecked on the ſouth ſide of that iſland when a boy, in the Degrave Eaſt Indiaman, lived there as a ſlave fifteen years, and after his return to England, among thoſe who knew him (and he was known to many, being a porter at the Eaſt-India-houſe) had

fine iſland, productive not only of the neceſſaries but even the delicacies of life. It would fill many ſheets to acquaint you with the anecdotes I collected, and the obſervations that occurred, during our ſtay there. Suffice it to ſay (merely for the ſake of thruſting in a poetical quotation) that in the offing of St. Auguſtine's Bay we ſaw many whales, which frequently ſwim very near the ſhip, and were near half as long: an awful ſight! Theſe the natives call *tuſhes*. They ſpout water to an incredible height, and in the moſt ſtark calm will, by flouncing and laſhing their tails, ſtir

the character of a downright honeſt man, without any appearance of fraud or impoſture. In confirmation of the truth of this narrative, it exactly agrees, as far as it goes, with the journal kept by Mr. John Benbow, (eldeſt ſon of the brave but unfortunate admiral,) who, being ſecond mate of the Degrave, was alſo ſhipwrecked, and narrowly eſcaped being maſſacred by the natives with the reſt of the crew, Drury and three other boys only excepted. Mr. Benbow's journal was accidentally burnt, in the year 1714, in a fire near Aldgate, but ſeveral of his friends, who had ſeen it, recollected the particulars and its correſpondence with Drury's. To the circumſtance of its being thus deſtroyed, as well as the ſubject of it, the compiler of Mr. Benbow's life in the "Biographia Britannica," vol. i, p. 688, ſeems to have been a ſtranger. Inſtead of "a large and very comprehenſive book," it was only a journal, like thoſe kept by every ſea-officer.

the

the ſea to a tempeſt. They abound ſo much in theſe parts, that it is no uncommon ſight to ſee ten or twelve of them ſpouting together, which, at a diſtance, very much reſemble the ſea breaking on a ledge of rocks:

——— ——— ——— Huge of bulk,
Wallowing unweildy, enormous in their gait,
Tempeſt the ocean—here Leviathan,
Hugeſt of living creatures, on the deep,
Stretch'd like a promontory, ſleeps or ſwims,
And ſeems a moving land—and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk ſpouts out, a ſea.
O rare John Milton!

Madagaſcar is divided into a number of petty kingdoms or ſtates, the largeſt of which is that of Breceſs, which (as the natives informed me) abounds with gold mines, as does the kingdom of Volambo with thoſe of ſilver. And there is great reaſon to credit this aſſertion; for the teeth of many of the ſheep and other cattle killed on board our ſhip were ſo much covered with a metalline ſcale as to reſemble teeth of braſs. This the miners are

ſaid to look upon as an infallible indication of a mine being under the ſurface on which ſuch cattle graze. I will not anſwer for the infallibility of this trial, but am ſure it is more conſiſtent with reaſon than the idle tales of the divining rods. In the firſt volume of the learned Boerhaave's "Elements of chemiſtry," page 22, part ii, I met with the following obſervation: the author, treating of gold, ſays, "In Madagaſcar there is a very ſoft ſort which "runs like lead, with a gentle fire:" for the truth of this he refers to "Flacourt's hiſtory "of the iſland of Madagaſcar," ch. 49. I have not this book; yet have often obſerved a large button of a yellow caſt, like thoſe which the Dutch wear on their breeches, tied, by way of ornament, to the crown of the Madagaſcar princes heads*. This, I found, was

* In like manner Drury ſays, p. 44, "The men adorn themſelves "with 'mannelers,' which are rings for their wriſts; and theſe "both men and women of diſtinction wear. They are ſometimes "of gold, ('but where they get it is more than I know, and 'perhaps worth enquiring after,') often of ſilver, but more often "of copper; which I found at length is produced, and made "in the country, as well as iron."

Again,

remarkably ſoft, which made me think it was baſe metal, but they all affirmed it was fine gold. I ſhall mention but one circumſtance more to corroborate the above opinion. Not far from Tent-rock in St. Auguſtine's Bay, in the king of Baubau's dominions, is a mineral ſpring, which alſo affords reaſon to ſuſpect that there are mines of ſome ſort or other in its neighbourhood. However, our European Mammon has not yet ſet foot on this rich ſoil;

Again, p. 376, deſcribing the dreſs of the king of Feraingher, (called by the Europeans Yong-owl) he ſays, "On his forehead "were ſeveral gold beads; about his neck was a very fine gold "necklace, on each wriſt about ſix mannelers of ſilver, and four "rings of gold on his fingers."

And p. 393, "They have ſilver in ſome of the moſt moun-"tainous and inland parts of the country, and know how to "make ear-plates of it and mannelers; ſo that I have the ſtron-"geſt reaſon to think the country produces it; nor is there much "reaſon to doubt but gold is to be found here."

If therefore it be true that the French have eſtabliſhed a colony in Madagaſcar, theſe hidden treaſures may perhaps have been one of their inducements, and not commercial views only, for which their neighbouring iſlands of Mauritius, or Bourbon, are as conveniently ſituated,

for

for he, according to Milton, firſt taught men to value gold;

——— ——— ——— By him firſt
Men alſo, and by his ſuggeſtion taught,
Ranſack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treaſures better hid—

I am, &c.

W. HIRST.

LETTER CXLII.

JOSEPH WARD, Eſq;* to Mr. HIGHMORE.

DEAR SIR, Willington†, Oct. 14, 1761.

I RECEIVED your favour of the 29th of July, and though I am ſenſible that from the prophecies in the Old and New Teſtament,

* Barriſter at law. He died in 1767.

† Near Derby.

and

and from the hiſtory, calamities, diſperſion, and preſent ſtate and condition of the Jews a ſtrong argument may be drawn in favour of the Chriſtian revelation, yet I know myſelf abſolutely incapable to do juſtice to it; but as you ſay, "you will not admit of any excuſes from "pretended inability, which (you ſay) are trite "and you ſhall deem unkind," I have no other way than to try (however unequal I am) to perform the taſk you are pleaſed to impoſe upon me.

The moſt eaſy and natural method of proceeding in this matter ſeems to me to be

1. To conſider ſome of the moſt remarkable prophecies in the Old and New Teſtament.

2. Whether many of thoſe prophecies (tho' not all) have been completed and accompliſhed.

3. To examine, whether, ſuppoſing you lay the prophecies and their completions out of the caſe, the preſent ſtate of the Jews is not a ſtrange and unnatural phænomenon, and, according

cording to the nature and common courſe of things, wholly and abſolutely unaccountable.

In the xxviiith chapter of Deuteronomy, the Jews, as a nation, are threatened with a long catalogue of terrible evils in caſe of diſobedience, which, from the 16th verſe to the 37th, are particularly enumerated.

In the 37th verſe, *Thou ſhalt become an aſtoniſhment, a proverb, and a by-word, among all nations whither the Lord ſhall lead thee.*

45. *Moreover, all theſe curſes ſhall come upon thee, and ſhall purſue thee, and overtake thee, till thou be deſtroyed: becauſe thou hearkneds not unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to keep his commandments and his ſtatutes which he commanded thee.*

46. *And they ſhall be upon thee for a ſign, and for a wonder, and upon thy ſeed for ever.*

49. *The Lord ſhall bring a nation againſt thee from far, from the end of the earth, as ſwift as the eagle flyeth, a nation whoſe tongue thou ſhalt not underſtand:*

50. *A nation of fierce countenance, which ſhall not regard the perſon of the old, or ſhew favour to the young.*

52. *And he ſhall beſiege thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls come down, wherein thou truſtedſt, throughout all thy land, &c.*

53. *And thou ſhalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the fleſh of thy ſons and of thy daughters (which the Lord thy God hath given thee) in the ſiege and in the ſtraitneſs wherewith thy enemies ſhall diſtreſs thee:*

54. *So that the man that is tender among you and very delicate, his eye ſhall be evil toward his brother, and toward the wife of his boſom, and towards the remnant of his children which he ſhall leave:*

55. *So that he will not give to any of them of the fleſh of his children whom he ſhall eat: becauſe he hath nothing left him in the ſiege and in the ſtraitneſs wherewith thine enemies ſhall diſtreſs thee in all thy gates.*

56. *The tender and delicate woman among you, which would not adventure to ſet the ſole of her foot upon the ground, for delicateneſs and tenderneſs, her eye ſhall be evil towards the huſband of her boſom, and towards her ſon, and towards her daughter,*

57. *And towards her young one that cometh out from between her feet, and towards her children which ſhe ſhall bear: for ſhe ſhall eat them for want of all things ſecretly in the ſiege and ſtraitneſs wherewith thine enemy ſhall diſtreſs thee in thy gates.*

64. *And the Lord ſhall ſcatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even unto the other; and there thou ſhalt ſerve other gods, which neither thou nor thy fathers have known, even wood and ſtone.*

65. *And among theſe nations ſhalt thou find no eaſe, neither ſhall the ſole of thy foot have reſt: but the Lord ſhall give thee there a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and ſorrow of mind.*

66. *And thy life ſhall hang in doubt before thee, and thou ſhalt fear day and night, and ſhalt have none aſſurance of thy life.*

67. *In*

67. *In the morning thou ſhalt ſay, Would God it were even: and at even thou ſhalt ſay, Would God it were morning, &c.*

Theſe are ſome of the remarkable verſes in that chapter, which a man of humanity cannot help being wounded in the tranſcribing; nor can a man help obſerving what ſtrong painting of deep diſtreſs is therein contained!

In the xxxth chapter of Deuteronomy, verſe 1. *And it ſhall come to paſs when all theſe things are come upon thee, the bleſſing and the curſe, which I have ſet before thee, and thou ſhalt call them to mind among all the nations whither the Lord thy God hath driven thee,*

2. *And ſhalt return unto the Lord thy God, and ſhalt obey his voice according to all that I command thee this day, thou and thy children, with all thine heart, and with all thy ſoul:*

3. *That then the Lord thy God will turn thy captivity, and have compaſſion upon thee, and will*

return and gather thee from all the nations whither the Lord thy God hath ſcattered thee.

4. *If any of thine be driven out into the outmoſt parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence will he fetch thee.*

5. *And the Lord thy God will bring thee into the land which thy fathers poſſeſſed, and thou ſhalt poſſeſs it, &c.*

For though the Jews were to ſuffer all theſe calamities, to be ſcattered and diſperſed in the manner foretold, yet they were not to be abſolutely deſtroyed, as appears by ſeveral places in the prophets:—Jeremiah xxx, 10, *Therefore fear thou not, O my ſervant Jacob, ſaith the Lord, neither be diſmayed, O Iſrael: for lo, I will ſave thee from afar, and thy ſeed from the land of their captivity, and Jacob ſhall return, and ſhall be in reſt and quiet, and none ſhall make him afraid.*

11. *For I am with thee, ſaith the Lord, to ſave thee: though I make a full end of all nations whither I have ſcattered thee, yet will I not make a full end of thee;*

thee: but I will correct thee in measure, and will not leave thee altogether unpunished.

Again, Jeremiah xlvi, 28. *Fear thou not, O Jacob, my servant, saith the Lord, for I am with thee, for I will make a full end of all the nations whither I have driven thee, but I will not make a full end of thee, but correct thee in measure, yet will I not leave thee wholly unpunished*; in the margin of the bible now lying before me it is *not utterly cut thee off*, and probably it ought to be so translated.

A remnant was to return out of all the countries whither God had driven them. Jeremiah xxiii, 3. *And I will gather the remnant of my flock out of all countries whither I have driven them, and will bring them again to their folds, and they shall be fruitful and increase.*

Isaiah x, 20. *And it shall come to pass in that day, that the remnant of Israel, and such as are escaped of the house of Jacob, shall no more again stay upon him that smote them: but shall stay upon the Lord, the holy One of Israel, in truth.*

21. *The*

21. *The remnant ſhall return, even the remnant of Jacob, unto the mighty God.*

Iſaiah xi, 12. *And he ſhall ſet up an enſign for the nations, and ſhall aſſemble the outcaſts of Iſrael, and gather together the diſperſed of Judah from the four corners of the earth.*

Exekiel vi, from verſe the 1ſt to the 8th, after ſeveral judgments are denounced: verſe the 8th, *Yet will I leave a remnant, that ye may have ſome that ſhall eſcape the ſword among the nations, when ye ſhall be ſcattered through the countries.*

I ſuppoſe it not neceſſary to cite any more of the prophecies of the Old Teſtament; let us now examine ſome of the New.

In the xxivth chapter of Matthew, Jeſus foretells the deſtruction of Jeruſalem, when his diſciples were deſirous that their maſter ſhould obſerve the magnificence and beauty of the temple.

Verſe 2. *And Jeſus ſaid unto them, See ye not all theſe things? Verily I ſay unto you, there ſhall not*

not be left here one ſtone upon another, that ſhall not be thrown down.

See alſo Mark xiii, 1, and Luke xxi, 6, which are parallel places.

Again, Matthew xxiv, 3. *And as he ſat upon the mount of Olives, the diſciples came unto him privately, ſaying, Tell us, when ſhall theſe things be? And what ſhall be the ſign of thy coming, and of the end of the world*?*

* It ſhould be tranſlated "*the end of the age,*" και της συντελειας του αἰωνος, the word αἰων ſignifying *ævum*, or *ſæculum*, as well as *mundus:* that this ſhould be ſo tranſlated appears from the 34th verſe of this chapter, *Verily I ſay unto you, this generation ſhall not paſs, till all theſe things be fulfilled*; and I take it that the deſtruction of Jeruſalem was not forty years after the crucifixion of our Saviour. I am aſſiſted in this remark by the ingenious author of the "Harmony of the goſpels," who, by *the end of the age to happen at his coming*, ſays, "the "diſciples could mean nothing but the end of the poli- "tical oeconomy or form of government by heathen "governors, or procurators, which then ſubſiſted; and "they might look on their maſter's coming to deſtroy the "age or political conſtitution of the nation then ſubſiſting "as a very agreeable event; and as to the demolition of "the

4. *And Jeſus anſwered and ſaid unto them, Take heed that no man deceive you.*

5. *For many ſhall come in my name, ſaying, I am Chriſt: and ſhall deceive many.*

6. *And ye ſhall hear of wars, and rumours of wars: ſee that ye be not troubled: for all theſe things muſt come to paſs, but the end is not yet.*

The Jews were very fond of the notion of the Meſſiah being a temporal deliverer, and as the troubles of the nation were coming on, might think that if ever he was to appear, now was the time, and, therefore, in this and other places, the diſciples are cautioned not to be led away by the pretences of falſe Chriſts, that might ariſe, or terrified at the proſpects of

" the temple, they might expect a larger and more ſuperb
" building in its ſtead, proportionable to the number of
" the Meſſiah's ſubjects.—Therefore, to ſhow them their
" miſtake, Jeſus told them he was not coming to raiſe
" the Jews to univerſal empire, as they ſuppoſed, but to
" puniſh them for their perfidy and rebellion, by deſtroy-
" ing their nation."

theſe

theſe calamities, which muſt come to paſs ſome time before the deſtruction of the nation, *but the end is not yet*; "but the end of the age, or "Jewiſh diſpenſation, will not happen imme-"diately."

Verſe 14. *And this goſpel of the kingdom ſhall be preached in all the world, for a witneſs unto all nations, and then ſhall the end come*; which is thus paraphraſed by Mr. Macknight: "The perſe-"cutions raiſed againſt Chriſtians, and the "tribulations befalling the land, ſhall ſcatter "my diſciples, by which means the goſpel "ſhall be preached through all the Roman "empire; and then ſhall come *the end of the "age*, concerning which you are enquiring."

By *the abomination of deſolation* (in the 15th verſe, and in Mark xiii, 14, and Daniel ix, 26 and 27) the Roman armies are ſuppoſed to be meant, with their enſigns and ſtandards, whereon the images of their idols were painted; which armies were an abomination to the Jews, on account of their idolatry.

21. *For then ſhall be great tribulation, ſuch as was not ſince the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever ſhall be.*

27. *For as the lightning cometh out of the eaſt, and ſhineth even unto the weſt: ſo ſhall alſo the coming of the Son of man be.*

28. *For whereſoever the carcaſe is, there will the eagles be gathered together.*

Theſe two verſes are thus paraphraſed:— "The coming of the Son of man ſhall be, "like lightning, ſwift and deſtructive, yet he "will not come perſonally; his ſervants only "ſhall come, the Roman armies, who, by his "command, ſhall deſtroy this nation, as ea-"gles devour their prey." The expreſſion is ſaid to be proverbial, and beautifully applied, when it is remembered that the Romans bore in their ſtandards an eagle.

29. *Immediately after the tribulation of thoſe days, ſhall the ſun be darkened, and the moon ſhall not give*

her

her light, and the ſtars ſhall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens ſhall be ſhaken.

" Theſe (the above gentleman ſays) are " high figurative expreſſions, ſignifying the " decay of all the glory, excellency, and " proſperity of the nation; the whole Jewiſh " polity, government, laws, and religion, " which were the work of heaven, ſhall be " diſſolved." The deſtruction of Babylon is foretold in ſimilar terms, Iſaiah xiii, 10. See the prophet Joel, iii, 15. He ſays likewiſe, that " Dr. Lightfoot has proved, from the Tal- " mud, that the Jews uſed theſe phraſes in " deſcribing the ruin of a ſingle family." He quotes Maimonides, who gives the reaſon of this phraſeology: " Iſaiah, ſpeaking of ſuch " as have been conquered, ſays, *their ſun and* " *moon have loſt their light*; ſo alſo he ſays of " conquerors, that *their ſun and moon increaſe* " *their light*. For experience proves, that the " eyes of men in great miſery grow dim, and " do not ſee the light in its full ſplendor, the " nerves being weakened for want of ſpirits: " on the other hand, when by joy the ſoul is

" enlarged, and the animal ſpirits are con-
" veyed in abundance to the organs of viſion,
" the ſun and light appear greater than before."

This puts me in mind of the xiith chapter of Eccleſiaſtes, verſe 1, where we are exhorted to *remember* our *Creator in the days of* our *youth*, before the approach of old age, *while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou ſhalt ſay, I have no pleaſure in them.*

2. *While the ſun, or the light, or the moon, or the ſtars be not darkened*; after which follows a beautiful deſcription of old age, as I underſtand it to be.

To go on; Matthew xxiv, 30. *And then ſhall appear the ſign of the Son of man in heaven: and then ſhall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they ſhall ſee the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory.*

To come in the clouds of heaven is ſaid to ſignify God's interpoſing evidently to execute vengeance on a wicked generation. Pſalm xcvii, 2, and

and Iſaiah xix, 1. And the above verſe is thus paraphraſed: "They ſhall ſee the accom-"pliſhment of what Daniel foretold, by the "figurative expreſſion of *the Son of man com-*"*ing in the clouds of heaven*, for they ſhall "behold ſignal puniſhments executed on the "Jewiſh nation, by the Roman armies, ſent "for that end by the Son of man."

I confeſs there did appear to me ſome difficulties in this chapter, which perhaps may have led me out of the way, though, I think, thoſe difficulties have been in a great meaſure cleared up by the commentators; but the 31ſt verſe I cannot ſay I underſtand: *And he ſhall ſend his angels with a great ſound of a trumpet, and they ſhall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other* *.

* Dr. Whitby ſays, "Here the τοτε, *then*, in Mark "xiii, 27, ſo plainly ſhows that this relates to the ſame "time mentioned in the foregoing verſe, that no expli-"cation of theſe words, referring them to a long time "after the deſtruction of Jeruſalem, ought to be ad-"mitted as the true ſenſe of them." Dr. Lightfoot gives the ſenſe of theſe words thus: "When Jeruſalem ſhall be "reduced

To go on; Luke xix, 41. *And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it,*

43. *For the days ſhall come upon thee, that thine enemies ſhall caſt a trench about thee, and compaſs thee round, and keep thee in on every ſide,*

44. *And ſhall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they ſhall not leave in thee one ſtone upon another, &c.*

Luke xxi, 20. *And when ye ſhall ſee Jeruſalem compaſſed with armies, then know that the deſolation thereof is nigh.* Matthew xxiv, 15.

22. *For theſe be the days of vengeance, that all things which are written may be fulfilled.*

" reduced to aſhes, and that wicked nation cut off, then " ſhall the ſon of man ſend his miniſters (Chriſtians) of " ſeveral nations from the four corners of the heaven; " ſo that God ſhall not want a church, although that an- " cient nation be rejected and caſt off, the churches of " the Gentiles ſucceeding to her."

23. *But*

23. *But wo unto them that are with child, and to them that give ſuck in thoſe days: for there ſhall be great diſtreſs in the land, and wrath upon this people.*

24. *And they ſhall fall by the edge of the ſword, and ſhall be led away captive into all nations: and Jeruſalem ſhall be trodden down of the Gentiles, &c.*

Theſe and other texts need no comment, and I ſhall not multiply them.

Now I will ſuppoſe that an impartial man hath conſidered theſe and ſeveral other texts to the ſame purpoſe, both in the Old and New Teſtament; I will alſo ſuppoſe that he hath read the "Hiſtory of Joſephus," of the terrible deſtruction of Jeruſalem, and the calamities the Jews ſuffered in the ſiege, and hath likewiſe taken a view of their diſperſion into all the countries of the known world, and of their preſent ſtate and condition; I would then aſk what judgment muſt ſuch a man make of this whole matter? Muſt he not think there is ſomething extraordinary in the hiſtory of this people?

people? When he compares the prophecies with the ſubſequent facts, muſt he not acknowledge the predictions divine? When Jeſus foretold the deſtruction of Jeruſalem, it was, at that time, an event very improbable; for though the Jews were indeed ſubject to the Romans, yet it was before their revolt, when there was not the leaſt appearance of what was to come to paſs, and when the ſtate was rather in a flouriſhing condition than otherwiſe; I think this is agreed on all hands; notwithſtanding which, the deſtruction of Jeruſalem happened, I ſay, within forty years after the predictions of our Saviour, attended with ſuch terrible circumſtances as never befell to any ſtate or people before. So that the prediction that *there ſhould be great tribulation, ſuch as was not ſince the beginning of the world to this time*, looks as much like a hiſtory of paſt facts, as a prophecy of what was to come. This will appear, whether we conſider the factions and ſeditions in the city during the ſiege, the heat and animoſity of the contending parties, their exceſſive cruelties to one another, or the terrible famine they endured. "Moſt miſerable," ſays

ſays Joſephus, "was the manner of living, "and a ſpectacle which none without tears "could behold. During the famine no reve- "rence was had for any man: wives took the "meat out of their huſbands mouths, chil- "dren from their parents, and mothers from "their infants, the ſaddeſt ſpectacle of all! "No one had now any compaſſion, neither "did they ſpare their deareſt infants, but ſuf- "fered them to periſh in their arms, by taking "from them the very drops of life. Yet they "could not eat in ſuch *ſecrecy*, but ſome or "other of them ſtill came to take away from "them that whereupon they fed. Old men "were driven away, and not permitted to keep "or defend their food; women were drawn "up and down by the hair of their heads for "hiding their food; no pity remained either "to old age or infancy. They took young "babes, their mouths full of meat, and daſhed "them againſt the ground. Horrible cruelties "were deviſed to extort food from others; it "was abominable to hear what the people en- "dured to make them confeſs one loaf of

" bread or one handful of corn which they " had hidden.

" Theſe miſcreants [the heads of the parties " or factions] did not yet, for all this, feel " either hunger or thirſt, for then their im- " pieties had been more tolerable, but they " did it only to exerciſe their cruelty, pre- " paring ſix days food for themſelves before- " hand." And, a little after, he ſays, " I " am not able to recount all their iniquities, " but I think never any city endured the like ; " and that never any people ſince the memory " of man were ſo cruel and barbarous."

Book vi, chap. 11.

In another place he ſays, " An innumerable " multitude periſhed within the city through " famine, for in every place where any ſhow " or ſign of food appeared, immediately a " battle enſued ; and the deareſt friends of all " fought one with another, to take the food " from each other, neither did they believe " perſons that were dying for famine, when " they ſaid they had nothing left to eat." And in book the viith, chap. the 8th, he tells a ſhocking

ſhocking ſtory of a lady of a noble family, who, for famine, killed her ſon, whom ſhe dreſſed for meat. This lady was, in all probability, a *tender and delicate woman*, who, in the language of Moſes, might ſcarce *venture to ſet the ſole of her foot upon the ground*, and yet, through miſery, famine, and deſpair, was induced to act this tragedy.

You will pleaſe to obſerve, that the teſtimony of Joſephus, with regard to his hiſtory of the Jews, is unexceptionable. He was a priſoner in Titus's camp during the ſiege, was a Jew himſelf, and an eye-witneſs of the ruin of his country. Joſephus ſays, "1,100,000 perſons "periſhed in the ſiege;" ſo that if this prophecy of *Jeruſalem's being trodden down of the Gentiles* (admitting the truth of ſuch prophecy) was not fulfilled, there never can be any completion of any prophecy.

As to their diſperſion, it is ſaid, Deuteronomy xxviii, 64. *The Lord ſhall ſcatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth to the other*; which is the fact at this day. Mr. Addiſon

ſays, " They ſwarm over all the Eaſt, and are " ſettled in the remoteſt parts of China; they " are ſpread through moſt of the nations of " Europe and Africa, and many families of " them are eſtabliſhed in the Weſt Indies."

But though the Jews were to ſuffer theſe calamities, and to be ſcattered and diſperſed in the manner foretold, yet they were not to be utterly deſtroyed; for though God *makes a full end of all nations, yet he will not make a full end of them.* Jeremiah xlvi, 28. Though God Almighty, in the courſe of his providence, ſuffers an end to be made of all nations, by revolutions, and that when any people is conquered and mixes with any other nation or nations, they are melted down into one common maſs, ſo that it is impoſſible to diſtinguiſh their genuine deſcendants, which has been the common fate of other nations; yet this ſhall not be the caſe of the Jews, who ſhall be preſerved a people ſeparate and diſtinct from all others in the world, though without king, without country, and without government, to enforce the obſervation of their law, which is their

their preſent ſituation, and hath been their caſe for about ſeventeen hundred years.

Mr. Addiſon, in the viith volume of the Spectator, numb. 495, endeavours to enquire what natural or providential reaſons may be aſſigned with regard to the number of the Jews, their diſperſion, and adherence to their religion.

" As to their diſperſion (he ſays) it would " probably have loſt their religion, had it not " been ſecured by the ſtrength of its conſti- " tution: for they are to live all in a body, " and generally within the ſame encloſure, to " marry among themſelves, and to eat no " meats that are not killed or prepared their " own way. This ſhuts them out from all " table-converſation, and the moſt agreeable " intercourſes of life; and, by conſequence, " excludes them from the moſt probable means " of converſion.

" As to the providential reaſons that may be " aſſigned for theſe three particulars, we ſhall " find that their numbers, diſperſion, and ad- " herence

" herence to their religion have furniſhed
" every age and every nation of the world
" with the ſtrongeſt arguments for the Chriſ-
" tian faith, not only as theſe very particulars
" are foretold of them, but as they themſelves
" are the depoſitaries of theſe and all the other
" prophecies, which tend to their own con-
" fuſion. Their number furniſhes us with a
" ſufficient cloud of witneſſes, that atteſt the
" truth of the Old Bible; their diſperſion
" ſpreads theſe witneſſes through all parts of
" the world, and their adherence to their re-
" ligion makes their teſtimony unqueſtion-
" able." Thus far Mr. Addiſon.

Upon the whole, I think it muſt be owned, that the number and diſperſion of the Jews, their adherence to their religion, and their being kept ſeparate and diſtinct from all other nations, are particulars in the character of theſe people ſo ſurpriſing, that the like cannot be affirmed of any other people in the world.

But here I am very ſenſible that it is neceſſary for me to obviate an objection that may be

be made, with regard to their being a people kept ſeparate and diſtinct from all other nations, for that if this particular can be accounted for in a natural way, there is nothing extraordinary in it, and that it may be ſaid that there can be no great wonder that theſe people ſhould be kept ſeparate and diſtinct from the reſt of the world, if they were forbid to intermarry with other nations, and that this of itſelf will account for their being kept and preſerved a people ſeparate and diſtinct from the reſt of the world.

In anſwer to this objection it is alledged, that this command not to intermarry with other nations was only a temporary command, and regarded the Jews chiefly when they expelled the Canaanites, and took poſſeſſion of the land of Canaan, and at their firſt ſettling there, as a means of preſerving them againſt idolatry, and by the viith chapter of Deuteronomy, it rather appears to be ſo: but I confeſs this is not quite ſatisfactory to me, becauſe it does not appear ſo clear to me that it is a temporary command, and it is pretty evi-

dent

dent to me that the Jews did not underſtand it to be ſo, nor do they underſtand it to be ſo now, becauſe they at this time, I ſuppoſe, in general, obſerve and act in obdience to this command, and there is no reaſon, that I know of, to ſuppoſe that we underſtand their laws better than they themſelves do.

However, to this objection I anſwer, that if we conſider the hiſtory of the Jews from our Saviour's time, the unparallelled perſecutions, maſſacres and cruelties they have met with, the univerſal contempt they lie under, their being incapable to hold either lands or offices in any nation or country, ſo that the prophecy of Moſes, that *they ſhould become an aſtoniſhment, a proverb, and a bye-word*, ſeems literally to be fulfilled; I ſay, if we conſider that they now are and have been vagabonds and wanderers for above ſeventeen hundred years, without king, without country, without government, and that notwithſtanding theſe diſadvantages, they ſhould ſtill remain ſcattered and diſperſed through all nations, yet preſerved ſeparate and diſtinct from, and neither mixed nor incorporated

rated with, other nations, it is very certain there is no other inſtance of any ſuch people or nation in the world.

Could human nature ſubſiſt for ſuch a length of time under ſuch diſadvantages and inconveniences, if there was nothing providential in this matter?

The Jewiſh law abounds in burdenſome ceremonies, for the inſtitution of ſome of which it may be a difficult matter to aſſign a reaſon, unleſs they are conſidered as peculiarities adapted to a peculiar people: is not their ſtrict adherence to their law for ſuch a length of time very extraordinary, when the conſequence of ſuch their adherence ſubjects them to ſo many inconveniences, and eſpecially when there is no government to enforce it?

In all revolutions and political changes do we not ſee that the conquerors and conquered generally unite and become one people? Is not this the common fate of all nations? Is not this the experience of the world? Is this the

caſe of the Jews? If not, is there not ſomething extraordinary in their caſe?

Our own nation is a mixture of the old inhabitants, of the Saxons, Danes, and Normans, each of which denominations is now entirely ceaſed, and we are united into one body called the Engliſh, a flouriſhing people, and I hope will long continue ſo.

You may remember, that, eight or ten years ago, there was a ſcheme ſet on foot for a general naturaliſation-bill, viz. for naturaliſing all foreigners that might come and ſettle here, and even the Jews were to be included: I did then think, and do now think, that the government was right in countenancing ſuch a ſcheme, as a means of enriching us, and making us a more numerous, powerful, and flouriſhing people; but this ſcheme met with oppoſition, and eſpecially the Jews being included in it, created a good deal of ferment and uneaſineſs amongſt our own people, which the government obſerving, and ſeeing the bent and inclination of the people to be againſt it, the ſcheme was dropped

for

for fear of inconveniences, I ſuppoſe, that might ariſe if ſuch a ſcheme had been carried into execution. I would not have you think I make a miracle of every thing, but I could not help mentioning this incident, that happened in our own time, and remarking how truly they are, as well as have long been, *an aſtoniſhment, a proverb, and a bye-word*, as Moſes long ſince foretold they would be.

The adherence of the Jews to their law ſo long, and under ſuch diſadvantages, is ſo wonderful and extraordinary, that the prohibition not to mix or intermarry with other nations, ſuppoſing it not a temporary command, will not account, in a natural way, for their being kept ſeparate and diſtinct from the reſt of the world, becauſe there is no ſuch inſtance in the world beſides, nor any thing analogous to it in the common courſe of things; this is ſtill the more ſurpriſing when it is conſidered that this very people, in Moſes's time, and many ages after, were continually running into idolatry.

It was an obſervation of Cicero, that "Sparta "was the only city in the world that preſerved

" her diſcipline and laws for ſeven hundred " years unaltered and inviolate. *Qui ſoli (Lacedæmonii*, he means) *toto orbe terrarum ſeptingentas jam annos amplius unis moribus, & nunquam mutatis legibus, vivunt.*" See his oration *pro Flacco*, numb. 63. The inſtitutions and policy of Lycurgus, the Spartan legiſlator, have been much admired, and yet the duration of Lycurgus's laws hath been thought wonderful; but this bears no proportion to the duration of the laws of Moſes, who is ſuppoſed to have lived three thouſand years ago. The diſperſion of the Jews hath continued ſeventeen hundred years, and this command not to intermarry with other nations, is an inſtitution in its own nature, I ſhould think, as little likely to be complied with as any that can be imagined; and yet, notwithſtanding the diſadvantages of it, they have, I believe, in general acted in obedience to it; theſe diſadvantages could not be ſo great before their diſperſion, when they were all united into one body (and a policy and government ſubſiſting amongſt them) yet they ſtill remain a people, though vagabonds and wanderers, without a king or

govern-

government, without a country or home. Is there not ſomething extraordinary in this people? Are they not *an aſtoniſhment, a ſign, and a wonder?* And is not their preſent ſituation a kind of ſtanding miracle?

Upon the whole, I would leave it to your conſideration, whether the prophecies relating to the deſtruction of Jeruſalem, the evils and calamities the Jews have ſuffered, their diſperſion throughout all nations, as well as their preſent ſtate and condition (of their being kept ſeparate and diſtinct from the reſt of the world) do not ſeem to be accompliſhed, and whether there is not ſome reaſon to expect that the remaining prophecy will in due time be fulfilled likewiſe, I mean that of their returning to their own land, to the land their fathers poſſeſſed.

I would alſo leave it to your determination, whether, ſuppoſing the prophecies and their completions out of the caſe, the preſent ſtate of the Jews is not a ſtrange and unnatural phænomenon, and, according to the nature and common

common courſe of things, wholly and abſolutely unaccountable.

I muſt beg you would read the above as it is, a haſty compoſition, a rude attempt, a rough draught, or eſſay, upon a ſubject a little out of the way, begun at the requeſt of a friend, who I hope will read it with a friendly eye.

I am, Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant,

JOSEPH WARD.

LETTER CXLIII.

Rev. Mr. SPENCE*-to the Rev. Mr. JAMES RIDLEY†,

After the publication of the firſt four numbers of the "Tales of the Genii."

June, 1764.

WHY fluttereſt thou ſo, O my heart? And why art thou at the ſame time ſo delighted and ſo diſtreſſed?

* Prebendary of Durham, &c. See letter xci, p. 4. The ſcene of the holy Godric's miracles, who from an itinerant mer-

chant

The rays of thy brightneſs, O Horam, the ſon of Aſmar, have penetrated my moſt retired receſſes, and thy doctrines have deſcended upon me, like the dews of the morning, clad in all the colours that the ſun can give.

How ſhall I expreſs the joys that have devoured me? Or how ſhall I ſufficiently return my thanks to the moſt moral and the moſt illuminated of the ſons of men?

chant turned hermit, and wore out three ſuits of iron cloaths, was latterly Mr. Spence's retreat, being part of his prebendal eſtate.

See "Anecdotes of Britiſh topography," p. 150.

† This pathetic and elegant moraliſt, eldeſt ſon of the rev. Dr. Ridley, prebendary of Wincheſter, (a name now doubly endeared to Engliſhmen and Proteſtants,) died in February, 1765, a few days after the publication of the laſt number of his Genii. So generous a heart, ſuch an intimate knowledge of the powers and workings of nature, ſo ſerious and earneſt a deſire to ſerve God and mankind, with a chearful ſpirit and addreſs in conveying his inſtructions, make his loſs as great to the public as it was to his family and friends. A humorous paper, called the "Schemer," firſt publiſhed in the London Chronicle, and ſince collected into a volume, was alſo written by him.

The

The poor "Derviſe of the Groves" has nothing to return but prayers; and his prayers ſhall be lifted up for thee in the evening, and in the morning, and at noon-day.

May'ſt thou continue to leap over the boundaries of nature like a roe! and riſe into the higheſt regions of ſplendor, as the eagle that delighteth in ſoaring toward the ſun!

May thy inſtructions ſink into the heart of mortals! and render them, in due time, as great and good as the immortal Genii with whom thou doſt ſo intimately converſe!

Theſe are the prayers of Pheſoj Ecneps*, the "Derviſe of the Groves," for the moſt moral and moſt illuminated of the ſons of men.

* Mr. Spence's name backward. See tale the ninth, entitled "Merglip the Perſian, or Pheſoj Ecneps, the Derviſe of the "Groves," (vol. ii, p. 257) in which the author has taken occaſion to commemorate, in like manner, many other friends.

LETTER

LETTER CXLIV.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to the Rev. Dr. SHARP*.

DEAR SIR, Margaret-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare, March 5, 1765.

——HAVE you any good reaſon for ſuppoſing Dr. Goldſmith to be the author of the *Companion to the Playhouſe* †? There are many things in it which are worth knowing, but there are alſo many miſtakes, ſeveral of which I could eaſily correct.

He gives this account of *Lucius Junius Brutus*, in vol. i. "A tragedy by Mr. Duncombe, 8vo. "1735. This tragedy was 'not acted,' and "is 'only' a tranſlation of the Brutus of Vol-"taire." As it may ſerve to amuſe, I will give you the hiſtory of it.

* See note * p. 182.

† David Erſkine Baker, eſq; (ſince dead) was ſaid to be the author.

The author being intimately acquainted with Mr. Mills, ſenior, ſhowed this play to him in the year 1732. He told Mr. D. if he would give him leave, he would introduce it to the managers, Booth, Cibber, and Wilks. He did ſo. They all approved it, and promiſed it ſhould be acted. When it was read to Booth, he ſwore that the ſcene between Brutus and Titus, in the vth act, was as pathetic as any thing he had ever heard, and regretted his not being able to perform in it. He took the play out of Mr. D's hands, and repeated that whole ſcene himſelf in his delightful manner, ſuperior to any thing we have had ſince that time. He died in May, 1733. Genteel and good-natured Wilks * read it at Mr. D's houſe in Frith-ſtreet the ſame winter. He ſhed tears at the above-mentioned ſcene. He undertook the part of Titus, and promiſed it ſhould certainly come on the next ſeaſon. He was alſo to have ſpoken the prologue. His part was actually delivered out to him to get it in the ſummer. But he too was mowed down by death before that ſeaſon came.

* See vol. i, p. 167.

When

When the author appeared before the formidable poet-laureat, Colley Cibber, he treated him juſt as a pedant would a ſcholar of the lower claſs. *Cibber*. "I think, ſir, the ſubject of "your play is Junius Brutus." The author aſſented with a nod. *Cibber*. "Then, ſir, you are "to obſerve, that, if you hope to have your "play ſucceed, the character of Brutus muſt be "drawn"——Then he went on in a long harangue, which ſeemed to be ſtudied. Mr. D. once preſumed to interrupt him, ſaying, "Mr. "Cibber, if you will have a little patience, "perhaps you will find that the character of "Brutus is drawn in the manner you pre-"ſcribe." *Cibber*. "Give me leave, ſir"—and ſo went on to the end of his document. Then took three or four pinches of ſnuff, with an air of importance; flounced into his elbow-chair, and folded his arms. "Now, ſir, you "may proceed." Mr. D. did proceed accordingly. The dictator often interrupted him with remarks. Moſt of them appeared ſuperficial and trifling. Some were undoubtedly juſt. Of theſe the author availed himſelf.

The concluſion was, that Cibber agreed with his brother-managers that the play ſhould be received, and promiſed that it ſhould come on the next ſeaſon. So much for the triumvirate, and the ordeal teſt which dramatic Tyros were then obliged to undergo.

In the year 1733, theatrical affairs were in the utmoſt confuſion, Mr. Fleetwood had purchaſed the patent. Hereupon old Mills and the chief actors deſerted him, and ſet up for themſelves at the little theatre in the Hay-market. In ſuch a ſtate of tumult and confuſion it was not thought adviſeable to hazard Brutus on the ſtage.

In 1734 the revolting players returned to their colours, and enliſted under Mr. Fleetwood at Drury-lane. There was ſomewhat ſingular in the character of that gentleman. His addreſs was very genteel; he had a ſmooth oily tongue, and the utmoſt plauſibility, but not a grain of truth and ſincerity. What Milton ſays of Belial was truly applicable to this theatrical potentate:

—All

—All was falſe and hollow, though his tongue
Dropt manna——

Mr. D. having been ſo often diſappointed, unadviſedly conſented to Mr. Fleetwood's propoſal of bringing Brutus on the ſtage about the middle of November. The town was then empty, the parliament not ſitting, and Farinelli juſt then appeared at the theatre in the Hay-market. The public entertained but a mean opinion of the talents of the players; and every body crowded to hear Farinelli. In ſhort, the quavering Italian eunuch proved too powerful for the rigid Roman conſul. But, notwithſtanding all theſe diſadvantages, it was acted ſix nights with applauſe, not indeed always to crowded houſes; but on the author's two benefit-nights the houſe was quite full. There was ſcarce a dry eye in the boxes during the laſt ſcene between Brutus and Titus. If the author of the "Playhouſe Dictionary" had read the play, he would have ſeen not only that it was "acted," but alſo the names of the "actors." Notwithſtanding the prevailing prejudice againſt them, it was allowed, by the beſt judges, that the

the parts were properly caſt, and that it was extremely well performed.

Brutus by Mr. Mills, ſenior.
Titus, Mr. Millward.
Lucius, Mrs. Heron, who ſucceeded Mrs. Oldfield.
Hortenſia, Mrs. Pritchard.

But it was impoſſible for her to ſhine in ſuch an inferior part. The above-mentioned author ſays, "It is *only* a tranſlation from Voltaire." On the contrary, there is ſcarce a ſcene without variations from Voltaire. Tullia (or Lucia) dies at the end of the ivth act in Voltaire. In the Engliſh play there is in the vth act a pathetic ſcene between her and Titus *entirely new*. The author proceeds, "This "play was printed in octavo, 1735." Here is truth, but not the whole truth. A ſecond edition, with improvements, was publiſhed in 1747. To this edition is prefixed Voltaire's "Eſſay on tragedy," then firſt tranſlated. Both theſe editions are out of print.

This

This play was read in manuſcript and much approved by the author's particular friends, old Tom Southerne, and Mr. Hawkins Browne, each of which gentlemen honoured him with corrections and remarks.

Mr. Browne ſuggeſted an alteration, by which the play was greatly improved, viz. the placing the ſcene between Titus and Lucia before that between Brutus and Titus, as it now ſtands. *Dixi.*

Yours, &c.

W. DUNCOMBE.

LETTER CXLV.

Rev. Dr. JOHNSON* to the Rev. Dr. BERKELEY†,

Stratford in Connecticut, Nov. 1, 1771.

REV. AND MOST DEAR SIR,

I AM moſt intenſely thankful to our good God, that he hath ſo graciouſly preſerved my

* Miſſionary at Stratford, and preſident of the college at New York. He publiſhed (at Philadelphia) in 1752, "Elementa "Philoſophica,

dear ſon * to me and his family, and us to him, through this long abſence, and many dangers, and at laſt reſtored him to us, and given us to rejoice together in all the great goodneſs of his providence towards both him and us! And now I return my moſt cordial thanks for the great kindneſs and affection wherewith you have treated him in his abſence from us. May my God abundantly reward all your goodneſs and beneficence!

I am much grieved for the miſcarriage of your kind anſwer to my laſt letter, wherein

" Philoſophica, containing chiefly Noetica, or things relating to " mind and underſtanding:" and " Ethica, or things relating to " the moral behaviour." He died, far advanced in years, January 6, 1772. He had often wiſhed, and repeated it the morning of his departure, that he might in his death reſemble biſhop Berkeley, whom of all mankind he had moſt revered and loved, and whoſe virtues he had endeavoured to imitate in his life; and Heaven heard his prayer, for, like him, he expired ſitting up in his chair, without a ſtruggle or a groan.

† Son of biſhop Berkeley, and prebendary of Canterbury, &c.

* William Samuel Johnſon, L. L. D. four years agent in England from the colony of Connecticut.

you

you opened your mind with ſo much freedom; and I could wiſh you yet to give me a ſhort recapitulation of it.—I am yet unwilling to give up all hopes of ſeeing you in America; at leaſt of your being our firſt biſhop; for then I could truſt that we ſhould ſet out upon the foot of true genuine primitive Chriſtianity. And if you be not yourſelf the man, I beg of you, throughout your whole life, ſtrongly to intereſt yourſelf in our affairs, and as far as poſſible, that we may have one or more biſhops, and that they may be true primitive Chriſtians; otherwiſe, if they are only men of this world, we are indeed better without them.

I rejoice and bleſs God, that there is ſuch a man in theſe abandoned times as biſhop North*, and he ſo young a man too, and of a noble family too! Such an one is a Phœnix indeed!—I deſire you (if you think fit) to give my dutiful compliments to him, and to let him know that (as I am the oldeſt clergyman of the church in America) I humbly beg he

* Of Litchfield and Coventry, ſecond ſon to the earl of Guildford.

would pity our deplorable condition here, in being obliged to go a thouſand leagues for every ordination, and uſe all the influence in his power, without ceaſing, 'till we are provided with a biſhop to ordain and govern the clergy here.

I earneſtly pray God to bleſs you, my dear ſir, and that moſt worthy lady, your mother, with your lady and dear offspring, with all the bleſſings of this life, and that we may at length be happy together in a better world, with your great and good father, whoſe precious memory I bleſs as my preceptor!

I am, dear Sir, with great regard,
Your moſt affectionate friend and brother,
SA. JOHNSON.

ADDI-

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

LETTER XCV.

P. 29. "This tree is ſtill in being," &c.

Since the above was printed, the writer has been informed that this venerable oak, No more "ſacred from the "ſtroke," was cut down by the late Algernon Sydney, eſq; not long before his death, in 1768. What a theme for the elegiac muſe of a Johnſon, a Waller, or a Coventry! And, to ſpeak in the language of poets, how pathetically muſt the genius of Penſhurſt and every Hamadryad lament that a tree, planted at ſuch an æra, and celebrated by ſo many bards, ſhould at length be felled by a deſcendant of that houſe, the inheritor of ſuch illuſtrious names! But thus with the name and family to which it owed its birth it alſo expired, and, like the Sydneys, now lives only in hiſtory, tradition, and ſong.

APPENDIX.

THE CHARACTER of Mrs. BRIDGET BENDISH, GRAND-DAUGHTER of OLIVER CROMWELL.

Written in 1719, on occaſion of the cloſing words of Lord CLARENDON's character of her Grandfather*.

By Mr. SAY†.

THE character of Oliver ſeems to be made up of ſo many inconſiſtencies, that I do not think any one is capable of drawing it juſtly, who was not perſonally and thoroughly acquainted with him, or, at leaſt, with his grand-daughter, Mrs. Bridget Bendiſh, the daughter of his ſon-in-law Ireton‡; a lady, who, as

* Viz. "he will be looked upon by poſterity as a brave wicked "man."

† See note on letter iv, vol. i.

‡ Commiſſary-general Ireton married the protector's eldeſt daughter, Bridget, who, after his death, married lieutenant-general Fleetwood.

in

in the features of her face, ſhe exactly reſembled the beſt picture of Oliver, which I have ever ſeen, and which is now at Roſe-hall, in the poſſeſſion of ſir Robert Rich, ſo ſhe ſeems alſo as exactly to reſemble him in the caſt of her mind.

A perſon of great preſence and majeſty, heroic courage, and indefatigable induſtry; and, with ſomething in her countenance and manner, that at once attracts and commands reſpect, the moment ſhe appears in company, accuſtomed to turn her hands to the meaneſt offices, and even drudgeries of life*, among her workmen and labourers, from the earlieſt morning to the decline of day, inſenſible to all the calls and neceſſities of nature, and in a habit and appearance beneath the meaneſt of them, and neither ſuiting her character or ſex: and then immediately, after having eaten and drunk, almoſt to exceſs, of whatever is before her, without choice or diſtinction, to throw herſelf down on the next couch or bed

* Salt-works,

that

that offers, in the profoundeſt ſleep; to riſe from it with new life and vigour; to dreſs herſelf in all the riches, and grandeur of appearance, that her preſent circumſtances, or the remains of better times, will allow her; and, about the cloſe of evening, to ride in her chaiſe, or on her pad, to a neighbouring port*, and there ſhine in converſation, and to receive the place and precedence in all company, as a lady, who once expected, at this time, to have been one of the firſt perſons in Europe: to make innumerable viſits of ceremony, buſineſs, or charity; and diſpatch the greateſt affairs with the utmoſt eaſe and addreſs, appearing every where as the common friend, advocate, and patroneſs of all the poor, the oppreſſed, and the miſerable in any kind; in whoſe cauſe ſhe will receive no denial from the great and the rich; rather demanding than requeſting them to perform their duty; and who is generally received and regarded, by thoſe who know her beſt, as a perſon of great ſincerity, piety, generoſity, and even profuſion of charity. And

* Yarmouth.

yet,

yet, poſſeſſed of all theſe virtues, and poſſeſſed of them in a degree beyond the ordinary rate, a perſon (I am almoſt tempted to ſay,) of no truth, juſtice, or common honeſty; who never broke her promiſe in her life, and yet, on whoſe word no man can prudently depend, nor ſafely report the leaſt circumſtance after her.

Of great and moſt fervent devotion towards God, and love to her fellow-creatures, and fellow-chriſtians; and yet there is ſcarce an inſtance of impiety, or cruelty, of which perhaps ſhe is not capable.

Fawning, ſuſpicious, miſtruſtful, and jealous, without end, of all her ſervants, and even of her friends; at the ſame time that ſhe is ready to do them all the ſervice that lies in her power; affecting all mankind generally, not according to the ſervice they are able to do *to* her, but according to the ſervice their neceſſities and miſeries demand *from* her; to the relieving of which, neither the wickedneſs of their characters, nor the injuries they may have done to herſelf in particular, are the leaſt exception,

exception, but rather a peculiar recommendation.

Such are the extravagances that have long appeared to me in the character of this lady, whoſe friendſhip and reſentment I have felt by turns for a courſe of many years acquaintance and intimacy; and yet, after all theſe blemiſhes and vices, which I muſt freely own in her, he would do her, in my opinion, the greateſt injury, who ſhould ſay, *ſhe was a great wicked woman:* for all that is great and good in her, ſeems to be owing to a true magnanimity of ſpirit, and a ſincere deſire to ſerve the intereſt of God and all mankind; and all that is otherwiſe, to wrong principles, early and ſtrongly imbibed by a temperament of body, (ſhall I call it?) or a turn of mind, to the laſt degree enthuſiaſtic and viſionary.

It is owing to this, that ſhe never hears of any action of any perſon, but ſhe immediately mingles with it her own ſentiments and judgment of the perſon, and the action, in ſo lively a manner, that it is almoſt impoſſible for her

to ſeparate them after; which ſentiments therefore, and judgment, ſhe will relate thence forwards with the ſame aſſurance that ſhe relates the action itſelf.

If ſhe queſtions the lawfulneſs or expediency of any great, hazardous, and doubtful undertaking, ſhe purſues the method, which, as ſhe ſays, her grandfather always employed with ſucceſs; that is, ſhe ſhuts herſelf up in her cloſet, till by faſting and prayer the vapours are raiſed, and the animal ſpirits wrought up to a peculiar ferment, by an over-intenſeneſs and ſtrain of thinking: and whatever portion of ſcripture comes into her head at ſuch a ſeaſon, which ſhe apprehends to be ſuitable to the preſent occaſion, (and whatever comes in ſuch circumſtances, is ſure to come with a power and evidence, which, to ſuch a heated imagination, will appear to be divine and ſupernatural,) thence forward no intreaties nor perſuaſions, no force of reaſon, nor plaineſt evidence of the ſame ſcriptures alledged againſt it; no conviction of the impropriety, injuſtice, impiety, or almoſt impoſſibility of the thing can

can turn her from it; which creates in her a confidence and induſtry that generally attains its end, and hardens her in the ſame practice for ever. "She will truſt a friend that never "deceived her." This was the very anſwer ſhe made me, when, upon her receiving a conſiderable legacy at the death of a noble relation, I urged her to ſuſpend her uſual acts of piety, generoſity, and charity, upon ſuch occaſions, till ſhe had been juſt to the demands of a poor woman, and had heard the cries of a family too long kept out of their money; for, "how," ſaid I, "if you ſhould die, and "leave ſuch a debt undiſcharged, which no "one will think himſelf obliged to pay, after "the deceaſe of a perſon from whom they have "no expectations?" She aſſured me ſhe would never die in any one's debt.—"But how is "it poſſible you ſhould be aſſured of that, who "are for ever in debt to ſo many perſons, "and have ſo many other occaſions for your "money than diſcharging of your debts, and "are reſolved to have ſo many as long as you "live?" Her anſwer was as before mentioned.

[ADDED AFTER HER DEATH.]

And the event juſtified her conduct; if any thing could juſtify a conduct, which reaſon and revelation muſt condemn.

Such was this grand-daughter of Oliver, who inherited more of his conſtitution of body, and complection of mind, than any other of his deſcendants and relations with whom I have happened to be acquainted. And I have had ſome acquaintance with many others of his grand-children; and have ſeen his ſon Richard *, and Richard's ſon Oliver †, who had ſomething indeed of the ſpirit of his grandfather; but all his other diſtinguiſhing qualifications ſeemed vaſtly inferior to the lady, whoſe character I have ſincerely repreſented as it has long appeared to

S. S.

* Richard died at Cheſhunt in Hertfordſhire, July 13, 1712, aged 86.

† William Cromwell, eſq; ſon of this Oliver and great grandſon of the protector, died in Kirby-ſtreet, Hatton-garden, unmarried, on July 9, 1772, aged 85. Mr. Oliver Cromwell, an attorney of the Million Bank-office, and Mr. Thomas Cromwell, now in the Eaſt Indies, ſons of Mr. Thomas Cromwell, of Snow-hill, and the protector's great grandſons, are now the only ſurvivors of his male line.

ON

ON THE USE of MONOSYLLABLES in POETRY.

By GEORGE JEFFREYS, Eſq;

WHAT I have to offer on this ſubject may be called a vindication of our language, and of our beſt poets, who have authoriſed the uſe of monoſyllable lines by frequent examples of them, not out of choice, but becauſe they could not avoid them, between the multitude of Engliſh monoſyllables, and the reſtraint of rhyme and meaſure. Pope, in his *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, expoſes monoſyllable verſes, that are rough; but there, and in his other poems, he is free enough in the uſe of thoſe that are ſmooth *; and ſo are Dryden †, Waller, Prior,

* As one inſtance (among many) there cannot be a ſmoother, and at the ſame time a ſtronger, line than the following, compoſed wholly of monoſyllables, in Pope's admirable elegy "On an "unfortunate lady,"

"And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart;"

&c. Hammond is an harmonious writer, and yet the very ſhorteſt of his Love Elegies (if I remember right) has three monoſyllable lines,

" She nurſ'd my hopes, and taught me how
" to ſue:
" She is my ſaint; to her my pray'rs are
" made:
" One tear of hers is more than all my pain."

Theſe three, in a poem of thirty-ſix lines, exceed, by accident, the uſual proportion of ſuch lines, which are not above two or three in a hundred; and as for lines with but one word of more ſyllables than one, which are likewiſe blamed, you will generally meet with about five and twenty of them in every hun-

an obſervation that has lately been made, together with ſome other judicious remarks on this ſubject, in one of the Monthly Reviews.

† How ſwiftly, for inſtance, do the following lines of Dryden, ſlide off the tongue, though the firſt of them conſiſts entirely of monoſyllables, and much of the ſecond,

" The firſt to lead the way, to tempt the flood,
" To paſs the bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling wood!"

dred.

dred. As far, therefore, as the conſtant practice of our moſt celebrated poets can be of weight, monoſyllable verſes are juſtified; and, to prove that they deſerve to be ſo, inſtead of being only excuſed, as ſlips and defects incident to the beſt writers, I ſhall admit what a certain author ſays, that "verſes ought to run like "Ovid's, or walk like Virgil's, and not to "ſtand ſtock ſtill like doctor Donne's;" if therefore monoſyllable lines, under proper management, can both "walk" and "run," when occaſion requires them ſo to do, nothing better can be expected from polyſyllables, by thoſe who are fondeſt of them: and this will always be the caſe, when "well-vowelled "words" (as Dryden calls them) are choſen, and where there is a convenient mixture of liquids and ſhort ſyllables, though long ones will, now and then, ſerve the turn, if they open upon one another more or leſs, by beginning or ending with vowels; for which reaſon it is to be hoped that this line,

How

How they are lodg'd, and on what food they live*,

may be allowed to "walk," though compoſed of long monoſyllables; and this other,

One is the love in all, and one the will,

to "run," by the help of its ſhort ſyllables: the ſame may be ſaid of the firſt line in Dryden's "Tranſlation of the Æneid,"

"Arms, and the man I ſing, who forc'd by
"fate,"

where, of ten ſyllables, five are ſhort, and more ſhort ones would be too many; the firſt foot is indeed a ſpondee, but the ſecond is a pyrrich, and the three laſt are iambics; this

* In a tranſlation, by this writer, of book xiii of Vaniere's "Prædium Ruſticum" (on doves) ſtyled by a late ingenious eſſayiſt "a long and languid production," and if ſo, (as Mr. Jeffreys elſewhere obſerves,) "Vexat cenſura columbas muſt be "the doom of his poor doves, notwithſtanding the pathetic me-"tamorphoſis with which the book concludes."

verſe

verſe therefore muſt neceſſarily "run," whereas the ſecond line of Milton's *Paradiſe Loſt*

"Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte,"

muſt "walk," though it has one diſſyllable, and one triſſyllable; nor can it be otherwiſe, as it conſiſts of long ſyllables, viz. five ſpondees, and the communication between the words is pretty much cut off by their generally beginning and ending with conſonants. The author of *Cooper's Hill*, ſpeaking to the Thames, ſays,

"O could I flow like thee, and make thy
"ſtream, &c."

He has his wiſh, and flows like the Thames, in monoſyllables*: and, without doubt, the prejudice againſt them is grounded upon the practice of our antiquated poets, who, having little help from the Latin, dealt frequently in Teutonic monoſyllables, and thoſe generally

* See Mr. Hughes's Minutes for an Eſſay on Harmony, &c. in the appendix to vol. i.

rough; and hence aroſe the conſequence *ab abuſu non ad uſum*, from rough monoſyllables, to monoſyllables as ſuch, though ever ſo ſmooth, and from the many which occur in our old Engliſh, to the very few that are required in the courſe of our modern verſification, upon any ſubject whatſoever: but, were they many more, and not offenſive to the ear, it is hard to ſay, why they ſhould be cenſured. Of the four following lines, in *Cooper's Hill*,

" Like him in birth, thou ſhould'ſt be like
" in fame,
" As thine his fate, if mine had been his
" flame;
" But whoſoe'er he was, nature deſign'd
" Firſt a brave place, and then as brave a
" mind,"

three are monoſyllables, and more ſmooth than the other; though indeed each of them takes up more room upon paper, if that be an objection: and now we are upon *Cooper's Hill*, we ſhall find that it has many more monoſyllable lines, in proportion to its length, than any other

other good poem in our language; but if, notſtanding its character, its authority ſhould be thought not ſufficiently modern, take the following couplet from the *Hind and Panther*,

"Good life be now my taſk; my doubts
"are done;
"What more could fright my faith, than
"three in one?"

And if theſe two monoſyllable lines, ſucceeding each other, give you more diſguſt than any one of them would have done, they ſhall be turned into diſſyllables, with a proper mixture of triſſyllables and monoſyllables, merely for the ſake of variety, viz.

Goodlife benowmy taſk; my doubts aredone;
Whatmore could frightmyfaith, than threeinone?

Here your objection is entirely removed; you wanted polyſyllables, and you have them; ſo that if the lines are not rough in all ſhapes (which would be another queſtion) you are bound, upon your own principle, to be pleaſed

with them. And yet, pray, why ſo? (as doctor Trapp would have ſaid) the ſyllables, in this new form, are the very ſame they were before, and follow one another in the ſame order; ſo that of neceſſity they muſt have the ſame effect upon the ear, which they had when they were all monoſyllables. Suppoſe a foreigner, acquainted with the meaſure of our poetry, but a ſtranger to our language; ſhow him the two foregoing lines, divided into their five feet, and aſk him his opinion of their harmony, he will have no other way to anſwer but by conſulting his ear, without enquiring how many ſyllables they contain, or whether there are as many words as ſyllables. Again: take the ſmootheſt line, conſiſting of polyſyllables, that you can find, and it will continue ſmooth if you divide it into monoſyllables; and a rough line of monoſyllables will be equally rough, when you have turned them into polyſyllables. I have dwelt the longer on this argument, as, I think, it places the queſtion in that point of light which amounts to a demonſtration; and proves that the objection againſt monoſyllable lines is imaginary, as it is grounded on a diſtinction without

out a difference. The moſt galloping of all meaſures is an hexameter of dactyls,

Pulverulenta|putrem|ſonitu|quatit|ungula|campum.

And you may compoſe ſuch another, when you pleaſe, of Engliſh monoſyllables, viz.

Whīle ŏn ă|plaĭn wĕ trĭp|īt, bў ă|grōve, ŏr ă|ſtrēam, ŏr ă|grēen hĭll.

Something like this occurs in the meaſure of ſome of our ballads, when they gallop away in monoſyllables,

" When young at the bar, you firſt taught
" me to ſcore,
" And bade me be free of my lips, and no
" more."

Upon the whole, it ſeems clear, from what has been laid down, that monoſyllables, or polyſyllables, are not the queſtion, but harmony, or diſſonance; no modern verſificator can have occaſion for monoſyllable lines, except

kept it be now and then; and when he has occaſion, it will be no hard matter for him to ſecure their harmony by the quantity, the ſound, and the ſituation of his ſyllables; after which, he will be in a fair way of carrying his point, by appealing from the reader's eye to his ear.

To Mr. POPE.

Occaſioned by reading Mr. ADDISON's account of the greateſt Engliſh poets.

By CHARLES Earl of MIDDLESEX*,
At the age of eighteen.

IF all who have invok'd the tuneful nine,
In Addiſon's majeſtic ſtrains ſhould ſhine,
Why then does Pope, ye bards, ye critics, tell,
Remain unſung, who ſings himſelf ſo well?
Attend, great bard, who can'ſt alike inſpire
With Waller's ſoftneſs, or with Milton's fire,
Whilſt I, the meaneſt of the muſes throng,
To thy juſt praiſes tune th' advent'rous ſong.

* Late duke of Dorſet.

How

How am I fill'd with rapture and delight,
When gods and mortals mix'd in mimic fight!
Like Milton then, though in more polish'd strains,
Thy chariots rattle o'er the smoaking plains.
What though archangel 'gainst archangel arms,
And highest heaven resounds with dire alarms,
Does not the reader with like dread survey
Th' embattled gods repuls'd with fond dismay?
But when some fair one guides his softer verse,
Her charms, her matchless features to rehearse,
See how her eyes with quicker lightnings arm,
And Waller's thoughts in smoother numbers charm.
When fools provoke, and dunces urge thy rage,
Flecknoe improv'd bites keener in each page.
Give o'er, great bard, thy fruitless toil give o'er,
For still king Tibbald scribbles as before;
Poor Shakespear suffers by his pen each day,
Whilst Grub-street alleys own his lawful sway.

Now turn, my muse, thy quick poetic eyes,
And view gay scenes and opening prospects rise!
Hark! how his rustic numbers charm around,
Whilst groves to groves and hills to hills resound;
The herds and flocks stand list'ning while he sings,
And birds attentive close their useless wings;
The nymphs and shepherds trip it o'er the plain,
And think old Spenser is reviv'd again.

But

But when once more the rapt'rous poet sung,
The words smooth flowing from his tuneful tongue,
Ravish'd they gaze, and struck with wonder say,
"Spenser ne'er sung so sweet a roundelay.
"Sure once again Eliza glads our isle,
"That thus propitiously the muses smile!"
O why d' ye gaze, why all this wonder, swains?
'Tis Pope that sings, while Carolina reigns.

But cease, my muse, thy awkward verse betrays
Thy want of skill, nor shows the poet's praise;
Cease then, and leave some abler bard to tell
How Pope in every strain can write, in every strain excel!

Oxford, 1729.

The following verses were written by Mr. JEFFREYS, in the name of a Winchester scholar, and are therefore not inserted in his works. He was then 72.

To his R. H. GEORGE Prince of WALES, On the death of his FATHER, 1751.

ACCEPT, illustrious prince, the muse's tear;
For Wykeham's muse, though tardy, is sincere;
And pierc'd by grief she never felt before,
By stifling it so long, has made it more:

But

But if companions in diſtreſs impart
Relief and comfort to the throbbing heart,
If many lighten pain which many ſhare,
Divide the burden, and deceive the care,
That ſolace we beyond example find,
With millions in the common ſorrow join'd;
The common ſorrow to our loſs is due,
The loſs is common and the ſorrow true.
Funereal black maintains the pomp of woe,
But oft the feeling ends before the ſhow;
A wider compaſs ſhall our mourning take,
And when the dreſs is chang'd the wound will ach;
Succeeding years will the ſad tale repeat,
And heavy hearts beneath gay habits beat.
"O early loſt!" dejected Britain cries;
And "early loſt!" her ambient ſea replies:
The ſea, the land their patron-prince lament,
Alike on commerce and on arts intent:
The muſe's labours by his ſmiles were crown'd,
And him a friend ev'n want and merit found;
The doleful cries of ſuppliant want to ſtill,
Large was his power, but larger was his will.

Thus far my ſong, inſpir'd by love alone,
To ſooth your wailings, has indulg'd my own;
But though our eyes, with waking anguiſh red,
O'erflow in deep affliction for the dead;

And, unprepar'd for ſo ſevere a ſhock,
We ſtruck at once upon the lurking rock,
The balm of time ſhall miniſter relief,
And you, who more than ſhare, ſhall heal the grief;
Your ſwift advances into man ſhall raiſe
The drooping muſe to ſtrains of joy and praiſe.
And when, matur'd by George's royal care,
You know to wield the ſceptre you ſhall bear,
The ſceptre, nature for your ſire deſign'd,
(Fair was his proſpect, but his fate unkind)
The bliſs our better ſtars reſerve for you,
Shall give us back your ſire and grandſire too;
The fruits of commerce ſhall exalt our iſle;
You ſhall be great, and your Auguſta ſmile.
So when the riſing ſun the day renews,
The weeping flowers are hung with pearly dews,
'Till, climbing by degrees the ſouthern ſkies,
Aurora's tears on nature's face he dries;
His ſtronger influence gives the grape to flow,
The gem to ſparkle, and the ſpice to blow.

END of VOL. II.

MUSEUM BRITANNICUM